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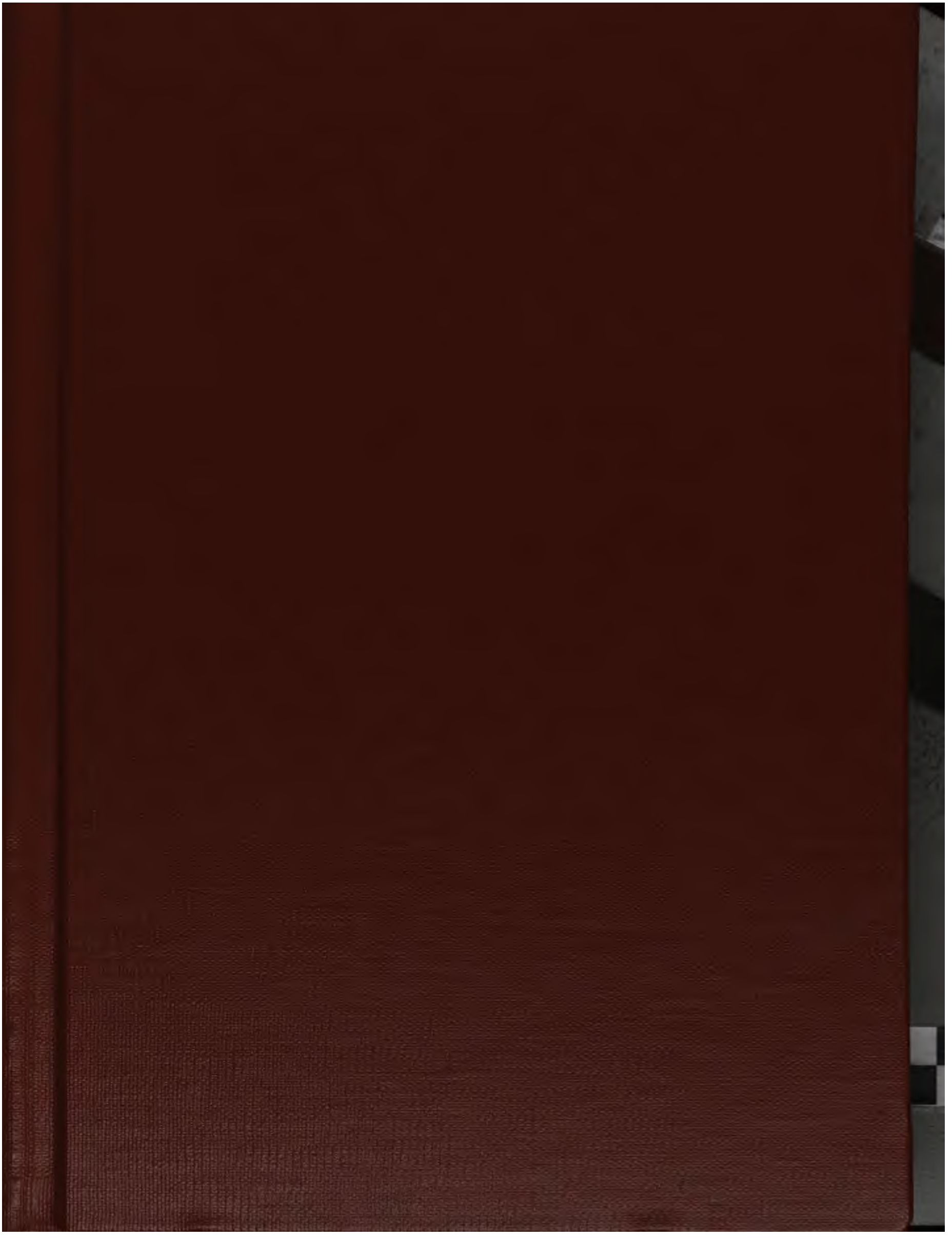

MANUFACTURE OF HUNTING POISON BY THE YAHUA INDIANS.

TRAVELS

IN

SOUTH AMERICA

FROM THE PACIFIC OCEAN TO THE ATLANTIC OCEAN.

BY

PAUL MARCOY. pseud.

ILLUSTRATED BY FIVE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD,
DRAWN BY E. RIOU,
AND TEN MAPS FROM DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR.

VOLUME II.

TUMBUYA—SARAYACU—TIERRA BLANCA—NAUTA—TABATINGA—
SANTA MARIA DE BELEN.

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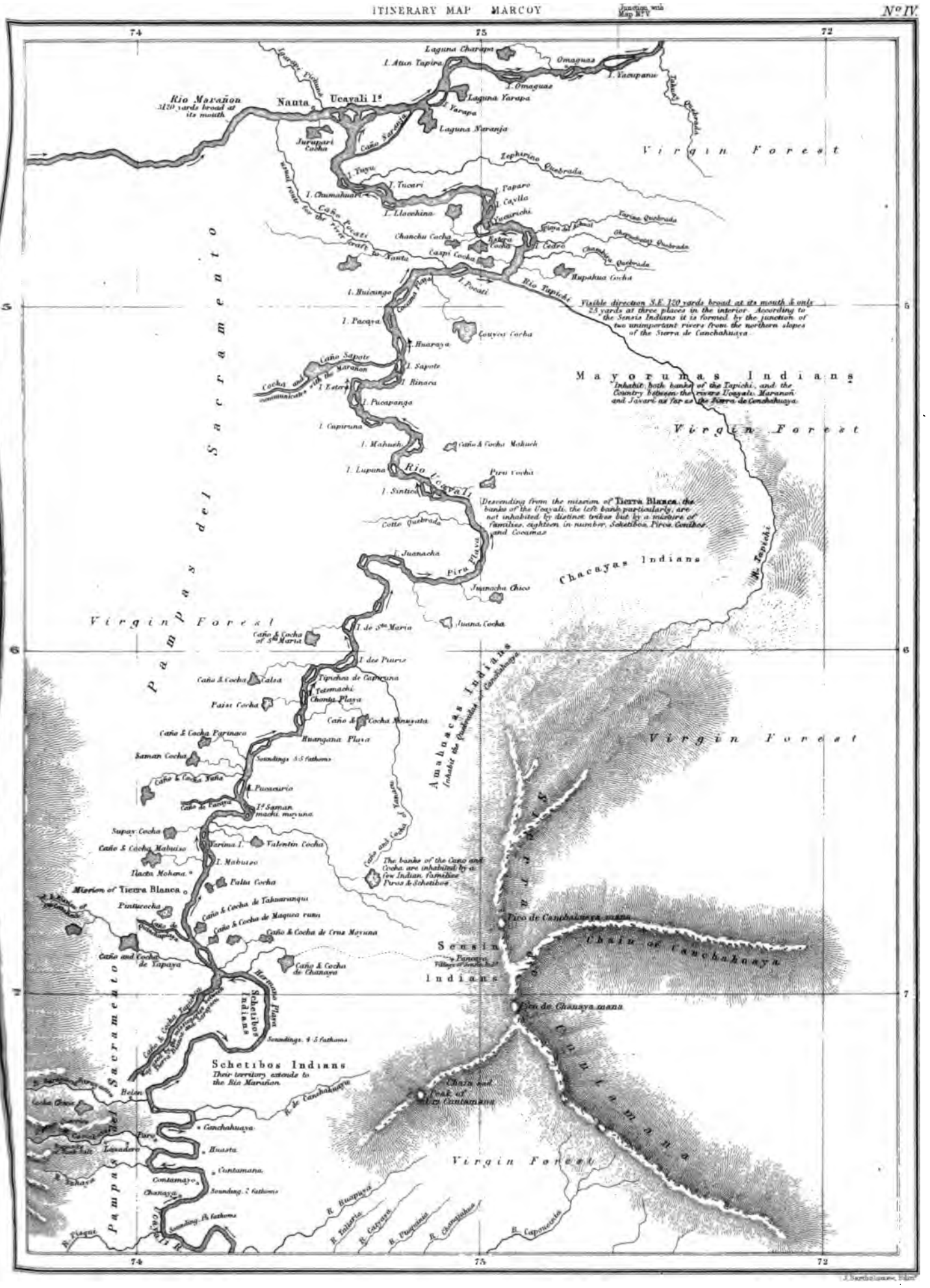
ITINERARY MAP MARCOY

Junction with Map N°V

N° IV.



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ITINERARY MAP MARCOY

Ramification of the Cordillera of Pasto, called Sierra del Napo by the inhabitants of the banks of the Marañon

Oregones Ind.s

Communication with the Napo at 50 miles from its mouth

Mayna

The banks of the Napo as far as its junction with the Curaray, are inhabited by the Cotos Indians, to these succeed the Angueteros. These two tribes spring from the Oregones Nation on the Rio Ambiaco and in the neighbouring Quebradas.

Cotos Indians

R. Napo; visible direction N.N.W. 800 yards wide at its mouth

Rio and Quebrada of Ambiaco; visible direction S.S.W. 90 yards wide at its mouth

R. Apayaco

L. Apayaco

Old Omagua

Virazion

Apayaco

Ambiaco

Pevas

Bellavista

Old Orom.

Orom

Lagoon

Napo I.

Simeuro

Iquitos Indians

Cochiquinas

I. of Cochiquinas

Mahuayaco

Perubuate I.

Perubuate

Marahuas Indians

Some families of this tribe inhabit the villages of Cochiquinas, Mahuayaco and Perubuate. The remainder of the tribe live in the neighbouring Quebradas, mixed with the Mayorunas Nation, whose dialect they speak and of whom they appear to be a separated branch.

Mayorunas Indians

Virgin Forests

R. Marañon or Upper Amazon

R. Nanay; visible direction N.N.W. 150 yards broad at its mouth. Its banks are inhabited by the Iquitos Indians

Chuchu Lagoon

Barati Lagoon

Iquitos

Iquitos I.

Parinuta I.

Jabuti Lagoon

Ihuaya Lagoon

Chica Lagoon

Mayoya Lagoon

I. Mayoya

Tamiya Quebrada

Yacupana

Tahuay Quebrada

R. Tapiche

Pevas

Virgin Forests

Ticunas Indians

Lake Yacarete

Perubuate I.

San Pablo I.

Allaro I.

Yahuara I.

Morromorete

Cocheras I.

Lake Caballo Cocha

Caballo Cocha Mission

Caballo Cocha I.

Yanayacu Cocha

Cacao I.

Acura I.

Cuyari I.

Urucutea I.

R. Cajaru

Jabuma I.

Panima I.

Ronda I.

Frontier of Brazil

Tabatinga

Araçatena I.

Aramasa Islands

Javari I.

R. Javari; visible direction S.W. 1040 yards wide at its mouth

After six days navigation against the current, the bed of the Javari is only 220 yards wide, and only 87 yards after its junction with Curuca-tetia. From that point it continues to narrow and its current increases in violence from the mouth to the source. It is devoid of islands and is equally free from cascades and rapids.

R. Curuca-tetia

R. Tapiche

Virgin Forests

Mayorunas Indians

Virgin Forests of Upper Amazon

From Pevas to S.ta Maria de los Yahuas the R. de los Yahuas receives 97 tributaries

S.ta Maria de los Yahuas

El Puerto

From this point distant 16 miles from the Old Mission of S.ta Maria, the R. de los Yahuas is navigable for paraguas and aguarbas to the R. Iça

The Quebrada of Atucuari from its mouth to Lake Yacarate is inhabited by Brasilian deserters with women of the Tecunas from that point to the First Cascades, 50 miles from the Rio Iça or Putumayo, and 120 miles from the Marañon or Upper Amazon, the banks are inhabited only by the Tecunas mixed with some Yuris Indians from the Rio Iça.

First Cascades of the Rio Atucuari

R. Atucuari

R. Yacanga

R. Yanaquina

Quebrada Atucuari

Cocha and R. Tarapote

Loreto Yacu

Amacu Yacu

Nuestra Señora de Loreto

Quebrada Yanachera

R. Yacanga

Tecunas and R. Tarapote

Cocha Huapapa

Tahuay Quebrada

Tapiche Quebrada

Tapiche affluent

Yahuas affluent

Cochiquinas affluent

Mayorunas affluent

Pevas affluent

Quebrada Yacarate

Quebrada Yanachera

Quebrada Atucuari

Quebrada Yacanga

Quebrada Yanaquina

Quebrada Tapiche

Quebrada Tahuay

Quebrada Yacanga

Quebrada Cajaru

Quebrada Tapiche

Quebrada Javari

R. Tapiche

R. Javari

R. Curuca-tetia

R. Tapiche

R. Javari

Quebrada Tapiche

R. Tapiche

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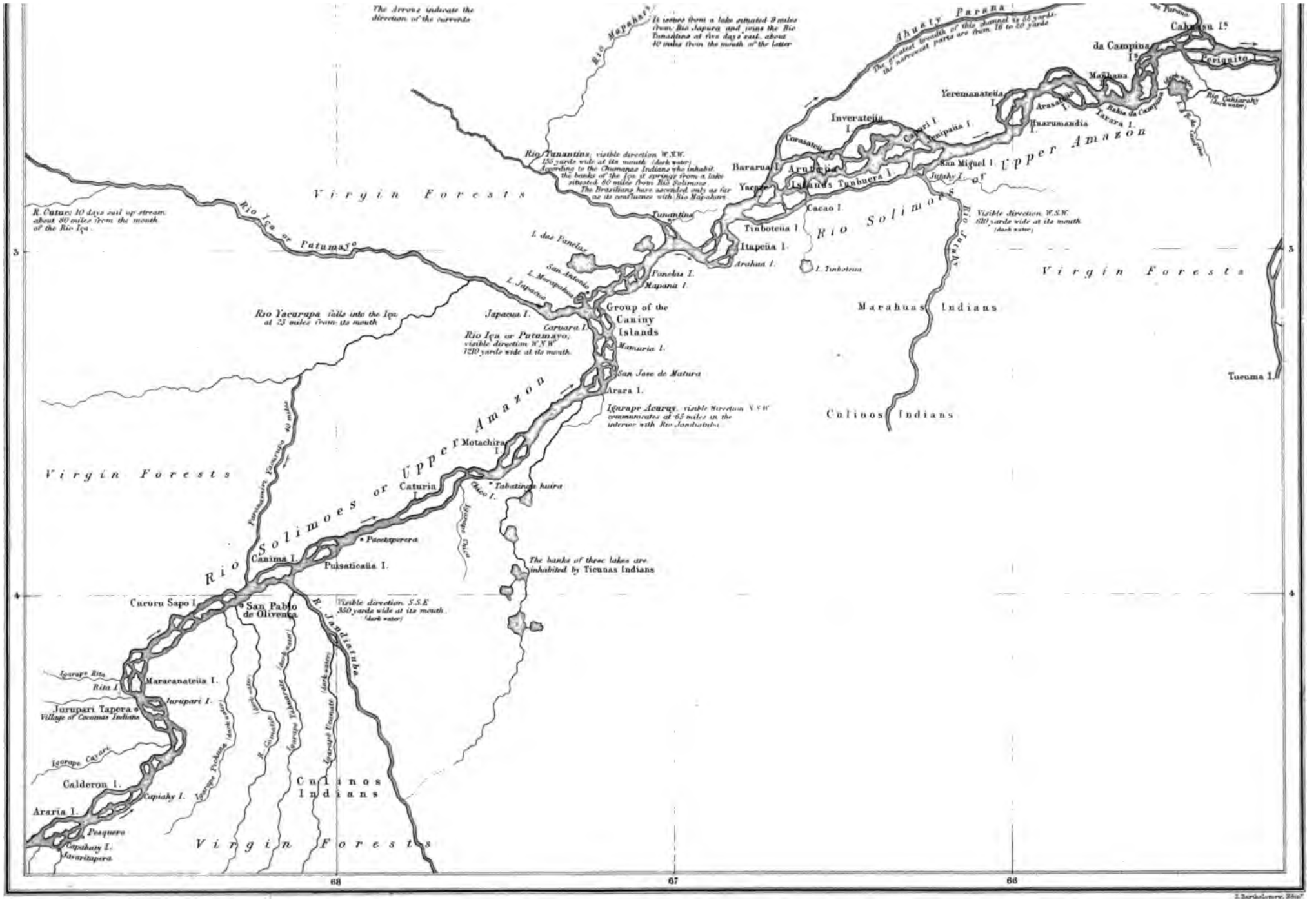
J. Bartholomew Edin.r



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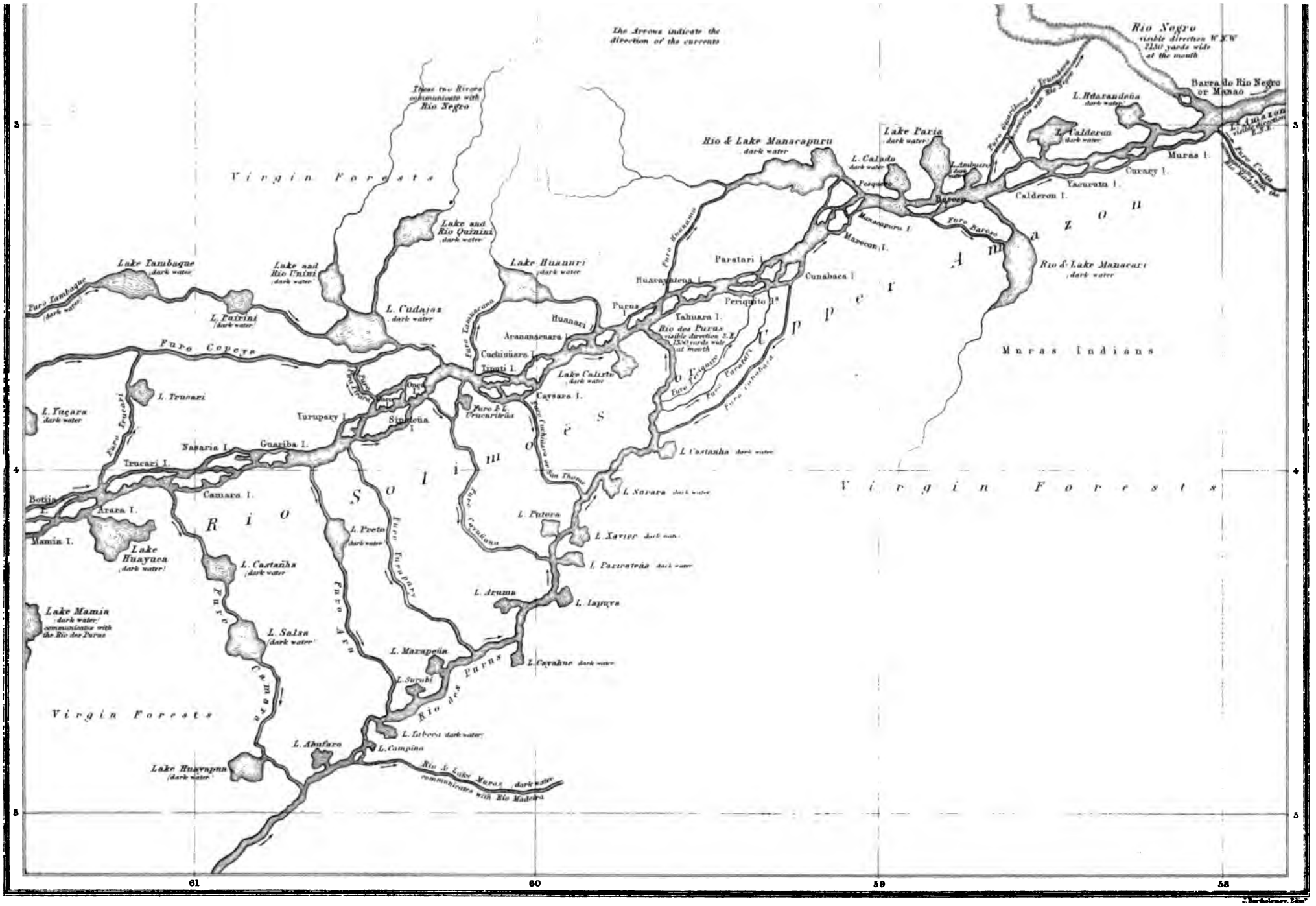
The Arrows indicate the direction of the currents.
Virgin Forest
Rio Japura
Visible direction N.W.
Mouth of Rio Japura 2400 yards wide dark water.
Furo Yahuacaca dark water.
Coracé Parana
Arenapo Parana
Lake Ipeca dark water
Lake and Rio Tayasu dark water
Lake Pucasu dark water
Muras Indians
Lake Amana dark water
Furo Amana dark water
Virgin Forest
Furo Copeya
Furo Huanana
Most of the lakes and channels between Rio Japura and Lake Cudajaz are bordered with forests of wild Cacao.
Muras Indians
Furo Amana
Furo do Tambaque dark water
Furo Copeya
Rio Solimoes or Upper Amazon
Rio Jurua
Visible direction S.W. 1150 yards wide at the mouth
Isla Grande
Marahuas Indians
Virgin Forest
Catahuichis Indians
Rio Andera
Rio Teffe
Visible direction S.W. width of entrance 550 yards From Ega to Nogueira 8 miles.
L. Ega or Teffe
Rio Chadaruni
Temporary Lakes
Lake Preguiça dark water
Lake Fasara dark water
Bahia de Tahuatio
Lake Juteca dark water
Rio & Lake Catua dark water
Lake Ipichuna dark water
Lake Cuanaru dark water
Virgin Forest
Rio & Lake Apoara dark water
Lake Coary dark water
Rio Urauá dark water
Cruçu Parana dark water
Barreira de Camicki
Huenna I.
Furo Yugara
Catua I.
Carapanatena I.
Camara Coary I.
Cuanaru I.
Apoara I.
Uarunai I.
Tapuna I.
J. Bartholomew, Edin.



The Arrows indicate the direction of the currents
Rio Negro
visible direction W.N.W.
2150 yards wide at the mouth
Barra do Rio Negro or Manao
L. Hdarandeña
dark water
L. Amazon
visible direction E.N.E.
L. Calderon
dark water
Muras I.
Curary I.
Yacurutu I.
Calderon I.
Lake Paria
dark water
L. Calado
dark water
Rio & Lake Manacapuru
dark water
These two Rivers communicate with Rio Negro
Virgin Forests
Lake and Rio Quinini
dark water
Lake Huanuri
dark water
Lake and Rio Unini
dark water
Lake Tambaque
dark water
Furo Tambaque
dark water
L. Puirini
dark water
L. Cudajaz
dark water
Furo Copeya
L. Trucari
L. Yuçara
dark water
Furo Trucari
Yurupary I.
Sinateña I.
Nasaria I.
Guariba I.
Trucari I.
Camara I.
Botija I.
Arara I.
Mamia I.
Lake Huayuca
dark water
Lake Mamia
dark water
communicates with the Rio des Purus
L. Castañha
dark water
L. Salsa
dark water
Furo Camara
Furo Aru
Furo Yurupary
L. Preto
dark water
Furo Cayuñana
L. Putera
L. Xavier
dark water
L. Parirateña
dark water
L. Aruma
L. Iapuya
L. Cayahue
dark water
L. Marapeña
L. Surubi
Rio des Purus
L. Lubeca
dark water
L. Campina
L. Abufaro
Lake Huayapua
dark water
Rio & Lake Muras
dark water
communicates with Rio Madeira
Rio Solimões
Upper Amazon
Rio & Lake Manacari
dark water
Muras Indians
Paratari I.
Cunabaca I.
Huaxaytena I.
Periquito I.
Yahuara I.
Rio des Purus
visible direction S.E.
1350 yards wide at mouth
Purus I.
Huanari I.
Arananacuara I.
Cuchiñara I.
Tinuti I.
Lake Calixto
dark water
Caysara I.
Furo I. L. Urucuriteña
Furo Cuchiñara or San Thome
L. Castanha
dark water
L. Surara
dark water
Furo Huanamo
Furo Paratari
Furo Cunabaca
Furo Periquito
Furo Guaribocca or Trumbeta
Furo Barozo
Furo Cuesta
Furo Tamanacana
Furo Pirara
Furo Cayuñana
Virgin Forests
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CONIBO HUTS AND BANANA TREES.

EIGHTH STAGE

(SECOND SECTION).

TUMBUYA TO SARAYACU.

First relations with the Conibo Indians.—The mosquito region.—The author accumulates a number of interjections in order to give the reader an idea of the torments he endures.—Manufacture of mosquito-curtains under difficulties.—Tumbuya and its banana-trees.—How the members of the Franco-Peruvian expedition, and the author of these lines with them, were taken for so many devils, by the natives of the country.—The small-pox among savage nations.—Massacre of turtles.—A bad night.—A Conibo *bouillon* composed of green bananas and turtles' eggs.—The chief of the Franco-Peruvian expedition, taking counsel of his vanity, buys an Impétiniri slave for the sum of eighteenpence.—Concerning the river Pachitea, its sources and its affluents.—A projected mission at Santa Rita.—The two chiefs of the expedition, for the last time, wash their dirty linen at home.—A singular proposition.—How the author compares himself to Hippocrates refusing the presents of Artaxerxes.—Relative situations.—Pleasures and troubles of a journey.—Theory of the mosquito-curtain.—A man-hunt among the Remo Indians of the river Apujau.—Dissertation on the past history and present state of the Conibo Indians.—Landscapes and animals.—The slipping down of the shores of the Ucayali.—The author has to brave a danger which will make more than one of his fair readers, with a sensitive nature, tremble for him.—*Auto-da-fé* of peccaries.—Arrival among the Sipibo Indians.—A *ragout* of turtles fresh from the egg.—The Sierra of Cuntamana and its ramifications.—Encounter of two Christians on a certain shore.—A mill to crush sugar-canes.—A few remarks on the past history of the Sipibos.—Arrival among the Schétibo Indians.—The shore of the *Sarah-Ghéné-Sara-Yacu*.—Sudden and magnificent transformation of the Count de la Blanche-Epine.—Effect which may be produced by a black dress in the midst of a virgin landscape.—The Malgache courier.—Arrival of the converts of Sarayacu.—Explanations by torchlight.—A Yankee mechanician.—Departure of visitors.—The members of the united commission sleep pell-mell while awaiting the morrow.

It was with real pleasure that we parted with our friends the Chontaquiros, who, for ten days, had kept us in tutelage, and treated us with no more ceremony than so many bales of merchandise. Having completed our arrangements with the Conibos, we quitted Paruitcha, and headed for the north. Two hours' rowing sufficed to establish us on more intimate relations with our new acquaintances. These indigenes appeared

to be of a lymphatic temperament and meek disposition; and if they were not so clever as the Chontaquiros in the management of the oar and the paddle, they possessed, on the other hand, such qualities, as sweetness, patience, and courtesy, to which our thieves of Santa Rosa were quite strangers. With our new companions we should have deemed ourselves the luckiest travellers in the world, if Heaven, as a counterpoise to our felicity, had not mixed with its honey a strong dose of bitters. When we set foot on the territory of the Conibos, we had unconsciously entered the region of the *zancudos* (or mosquitoes proper, as explained on a previous page).

A hundred pages filled with notes of exclamations and interjections, with all the *ohs! ahs! ughs! alas's!* and other expressions of disgust and horror borrowed from every language, effectively combined and raised to their hundredth power, would but give an imperfect idea of the horrible torture and incessant rage in which we were kept by these wretched insects; which pitilessly assail their victim at every point, baffle his every effort, make sport of every calculation, and laugh at his fury as at the suffering they inflict, hold him breathless at the spear's point, and exult over him with an ironical *fanfaron* of the trumpet with which they constantly return to the charge. At the bare recollection of this whirlwind of flying needles, this simoom of poisoned arrows, I feel a cold shiver run down my spinal marrow, and my very hair stand on end. If America had been discovered in the time of Dante Alighieri, and the great poet had himself been able to make an experimental acquaintance with these free-lances, we should have seen in his *Inferno* some of the miserable damned foaming at the mouth and grinding their teeth with agony at the torment inflicted by these insects.

A twenty-four hours' struggle with these diptera would have provoked to burning wrath and indignation the most peace-loving soul alive. During the day, by a perpetual resort to St. Vitus' dance, kept up to the tune of the slaps and blows dealt by our fists upon every part of the body, we were able to keep the enemy in check and maintain our ground. But the night!... Oh! the night!... Here we renounce the impossible task of depicting our sufferings. We were within a little of going mad and biting one another. On the morning after that fatal night, we looked three months older.

Resuming our voyage at daybreak, we arrived, about noon, at a residence of the Conibos, called Tumbuya, where we purchased some fowls. As long as the day lasted we might have rejoiced over this acquisition, and sharpened in advance the branch of green wood that was to serve us as a spit; but for the last twenty-four hours we had felt there was something even more urgent than the desire to eat a roast fowl, and this was to protect ourselves in some way against the mosquitoes. We took counsel as to some means of manufacturing mosquito-curtains, our friends, the Conibos, having refused to sell us theirs.[1] Each took stock of the various odds and ends in his wardrobe. Wrappages, tarpaulins, towels, pocket-handkerchiefs, cravats, anything with a few square inches of surface was fitted and sewn together. It was necessary that we should each have a piece of stuff that would cover a space six feet long, by three feet wide, and

[1] It was on this occasion that one of these indigenes made the singular reply to our question which we have given in a note at the commencement of our "Eighth Stage," and *apropos* of the outrage committed by the Antis Simuco in the quebrada of Conversiato.

three feet high. The rich in our company—there were such—gave to the poor—there were such also—a few square feet of calico (*cotonnade*). Our cholo interpreters and the slaves of the Count de la Blanche-Epine ripped up some pantaloons and woollen stockings to make up the requisite measure. That night, when we were able to rest under the work of our hands, and hear the horrid vampires, greedy for our blood, buzzing within three inches of our noses, was one to be marked in a man's life, and we have each preserved an indelible record of it.

At the distance of two days' journey from Tumbuya, we looked up, still on our left, another dwelling of the Conibos, surrounded with banana-trees, so green and

RESIDENCE OF CONIBOS AT TUMBUYA.

flourishing, that we had a fancy to inspect it more closely, and, at the same time, provision ourselves with the appetizing fruits with which we supposed the trees to be laden. Our rowers, to whom we expressed our wish, put us in the way of satisfying it by rowing towards the point indicated. As we drew near the shore, a dozen of indigenes, of both sexes, rushed out from beneath the shadow of the banana-trees, and, exclaiming and gesticulating in a scared and bewildered manner, signed to us to return into the stream. As our rowers took no notice of this order, but pulled closer in to shore, the men struck the ground with their bows, and spoke a good deal of menacing gibberish, whilst the women uttered sharp cries and waved their arms before us, as if in the act of mesmerizing. In the meantime we continued to advance, our eyes wide open with surprise and quite ignorant of the meaning of these demonstrations, when an old woman—gaunt, hideous, and almost naked, looking like a witch escaped from one of Goya's pictures—ran forward, stretching towards us her skinny arms, and bending over the bank in such a manner that we thought she would leap into the nearest canoe. But the haggard sybil contented herself with looking us steadily in the white of the eye and spitting two or three times in the river, as if performing an act of witchcraft. Her

incantation ended, she made a horrible grimace, and as she retired we discovered her senile repulsiveness in another aspect.

The ungracious reception given by these indigenes did not prevent us from landing. Hardly had we climbed the shore, on which they had arranged themselves in a half-circle, than men and women fled, with all possible speed, towards their dwelling, uttering dreadful cries. We fearlessly followed them under their own roof. Then the very

AN ACT OF EXORCISM.

abasement of fear succeeded to their mingled wrath and terror. They trembled in every limb when we gave them the customary salutation, took our hands, even those of the dirtiest among us, and kissed them with an air of compunction by which it was impossible not to be touched. A few bawbles, that we distributed among them, assisted to calm the nervous trembling with which they were agitated.

When the panic which our appearance had caused had a little abated, they offered us some mats, made of the palm, upon which we seated ourselves in oriental fashion. The pythoness, who had exorcised us on the shore, crushed between her hands a few cooked bananas, and having put the pulp in a bowl, to which she added a little river water, presented us all round with this beverage (*mazato*) in evidence of the hospitality of the indigenes. Each of us pretended to taste it, but did no more than wet his lips. When the bowl, after passing from hand to hand, was returned, still full, to her who

had prepared it, we asked the proprietors of the homestead for an explanation of the strange manner in which they had at first behaved towards us. The explanation was given.

Three days ago, they said, a canoe containing a family of Sensis Indians[1] had arrived at the same place at which we ourselves had landed. They were escaping from the small-pox, which was then raging among their people, and having deserted their roof of palms and abandoned themselves to the current of the river Capoucinia, had floated down into the waters of the Apu-Paro, which river they had ascended in their search, like Virgil's Elisa, of pure air, and a suitable place to erect another ajoupa. To this news, which surprised us a little, but with which our hosts were terrified, they added, that on seeing us approach, wearing beards and strange garments, they had taken us for evil genii sent by Yurima, the spirit of darkness, to bring the epidemic into the country. Little flattering as it was to have been taken for so many devils, it was impossible to make an angry reply to our hosts, considering the fever of fear into which we had involuntarily thrown them.

Of all the scourges to which the indigene is subject, he dreads most the small-pox. To ordinary danger, privations, and fatigue, he is insensible; hunger even has less terror for him than might be supposed, because he cheats its rage by drinking his thick mazato. The small-pox alone has the power of stirring his bile and melting the ice of his nature. On the first announcement of the epidemic, he takes to precipitate flight, and, without looking behind him, traverses forests and rivers as if the great *diable* in person were spurring him on with his crooked claws. He seldom turns his head until he has left a hundred or a hundred and fifty miles between himself and the place from which he fled. In his eyes, this disease is simply the *avant-coureur* of death, and the little pustule which the virus raises on the surface of the skin is equivalent to a stroke of the monster's dart. So many individuals, families, whole tribes, have fallen under his eyes, victims of this strange malady, a manifestation of the wrath of the Great Spirit, that he judges it perfectly useless to struggle against it. On the first symptoms of the cutaneous eruption appearing, when the fever begins to burn in his blood, the only remedy, or rather the only palliative, is to run to the river, plunge into the water up to the chin, and remain immovable until the cold reaction takes place. The result of this treatment may easily be guessed.[2]

A moment's conversation with these Conibos sufficed to reassure them, and dissipate the evil opinion they had formed of us. Thanks to their changed humour, we were able to obtain some fowls, a turtle, and a few régimes of bananas. The old Hebe who had presented us with the local ambrosia, and to whom we had given a

[1] The Sensis tribe, a minimum fraction of the great Pano nation, now extinct, was formerly collected in one of the missions. It dwelt in the neighbourhood around the Chanaya-Mana, the western spur of the Sierra of Cuntamana. We shall have something more to say of these indigenes when we come to speak of the missions of the Ucayali.

[2] It is to the small-pox as much as to the intestine wars, and to the *experiments* in civilization—attempted, on the one hand, by the Peruvians, on the other by the Brazilians—that we must attribute the total extinction, or the sensible diminutions, of the indigenous tribes which, in the eighteenth century, still inhabited the shores of the Huallaga, the Ucayali, and the Amazon. Of a hundred and twenty-seven tribes located at this period on the Upper Amazon and its affluents, between the embouchure of the Ucayali and the Barra do Rio Negro, there now remain hardly twenty-nine.

few sham pearls, made of coloured glass, to heighten her sexagenarian charms, ran after us at the moment we were going towards our canoes, and with a frightful grimace, which she no doubt believed was a kindly smile, presented me with a little bag, artistically woven of rushes and filled with roasted earth-nuts.

During the five days that we took to reach the embouchure of the river Pachitea some few diversions, in defect of adventures, broke a little the monotony of the journey, and refreshed our brain, which threatened to be dried up by the heat of the sun. On the first day, in the afternoon, a fancy of some kind having caused my rowers to keep along shore, instead of mid-stream, my attention was caught by

A MASSACRE OF TURTLES.

hearing repeated exclamations of *ché*, *xi*, and *schisto*, interjections in the Conibo idiom expressive of surprise in different degrees, immediately on which they drew to the shore and leaped out. Curious to see what they saw, I followed them. The shore, elevated some three or four feet above the level of the river, was covered, in a circumference of about two hundred paces, with the upper and under shells of turtles, violently separated by blows of a hatchet, and with rags of flesh still adhering to them. The streams of blood which had ran during this massacre had left their traces in reddish furrows on the sands. Here and there, perched on the *testudo* of the unhappy chelonians like owls on the tombstones in a cemetery, were urubu vultures, settled down on account of their inability to fly, perfectly still, their beak resting on the breast in an attitude of digestive contemplation. I walked over this strange battle-field, on which I counted three hundred and nineteen corpses. A dozen of Conibos, relatives or friends of my rowers, had alone made all this carnage, not for the sake of provisioning themselves with turtles' flesh, as one might suppose, but to obtain from the intestines the fine yellow fat which overlies them, and which is one of the most precious articles of commerce between the Conibos and the missions. We shall have to recur to this kind of traffic and these massacres in our monograph on these indigenes.

Our visit to this Waterloo of turtles had detained us more than an hour. Launching again into the stream we rowed hard to overtake our companions, whom we rejoined at sunset at a place where they had already lighted the camp-fire. A band of Conibos, strangers to the caravan, were with them. The presence of these indigenes was explained by its being the period at which the turtles lay their eggs. For two hours we were almost deafened by the exchange of syllables and consonants between these strangers and our rowers. At the end of that time, as the affairs of the former called them elsewhere, they took leave of us and re-embarked.

I do not know if this accidental meeting foreboded evil, but the night which

RESIDENCE OF CONIBO INDIANS.

succeeded it was not surpassed in discomfort by that at Sintulini, after the death of Father Bobo, our chaplain. Lightning, thunder, and rain, alternating with gusts of furious wind, extinguished our fires, tore away our mosquito-curtains, dishevelled our hair, and soaked us to the bone. If we passed that frightful night in shivering with cold, and cursing, up and down, the day we were born, it must be admitted, on the other hand, that we were not once bitten by a mosquito. Thus, evil is never unmixed with good.

At early dawn we quitted this inhospitable shore, and, our eyes swollen by sleeplessness, resumed our course down the stream. About eleven o'clock we halted at a Conibo house, where they cooked for us, in a great jar, a thousand turtles' eggs, mixed with green bananas, principally for the purpose of giving a violet colour to the *bouillon*. This ragout of eggs (*chupè*), notwithstanding that it was heavy on the stomach, agreed marvellously well with us. From this hour we neglected no opportunity to provision ourselves with turtles' eggs, which it was the more easy to do, as the laying season of the chelonians, which sets in motion the whole population, savage and civilized, of these countries, had already taken place on some privileged spots.[1]

[1] The earlier or later increase or decrease of the waters of the Ucayali-Amazon, and of its great affluents which we shall

In the house where we partook, for the first time, of this indigestible concoction was a young savage about twelve years old, as naked as when born, except that his nose was coquettishly adorned with a piece of silver, which concealed his upper lip. The features of this lad, which recalled the type of the Quichuas, the Antis, and the Chontaquiros, contrasted so strikingly with the round, easy-going, and smiling faces of the Conibos, that we were curious to learn something about him. They told us that he was born on the wooded banks of the Tarvita, an affluent on the right of the Apu-

SEARCHING THE SAND FOR TURTLES' EGGS.

Paro, and that he belonged to the nation of Impétiniris. The Conibos had captured him in a razzia made by them on the territory of the latter, whom they accused of having come by night and stolen their bananas. During a year that the young Impétiniri had lived under the roof of his masters, who treated him as one of their family, he pretended to have quite forgotten the place of his birth, and spoke with contempt of the authors of his being. The cholo Anaya, instigated by the chief of the

see further on, depends, in the more or less immediate neighbourhood of the sources of these rivers, with the snows of the Andes. Hence a difference of fifteen days, three weeks, or even a month, in the rise or fall of the elevation of all these rivers. Hence also, *pari passu* with the water, an earlier or later annual laying season of the turtles, and, of course, of the gathering in of this harvest by the river-side Indians. Our Apu-Paro, and the river of the Purus, notwithstanding the distance of more than 900 miles between the mouth of the one and that of the other, are, of all the tributaries of the Upper Amazon running from south to north, those which decrease the first. After the 15th of August their shores are dry, and the turtles can deposit their eggs; whilst they are excluded from the shores of the Javary, the Jurua, and other large water-courses, till towards the end of September.

Peruvian commission, having expressed his desire to buy this young indigene, the people of the house sold him to him for three knives, representing a value of eighteen-pence. The captain of the frigate was enchanted with his acquisition. Till now, the chief of the French commission, master of a Malgache, hired at Lima for the occasion, and possessor of a little Apinagé Indian, whom he got in exchange for an old gun in a pass of the Araguay, had secretly humiliated our friend by this display of despotic

PURCHASE OF A YOUNG IMPÉTINIRI INDIAN.

luxury. Henceforth he would have, like his rival, a slave of his own, who might fill his pipe, come and go at his command, lie down at his feet, or follow him at a distance. This idea was like a salve for his wounded self-love, and a compensation for the real losses he had suffered.

If the joy of the captain of the frigate was excessive, great was the consternation of the Impétiniri when his new master pushed him before him, had him conducted to the shore, and made him enter his canoe. Hardly had we got out into the stream, when the tears of the poor boy began to flow. Our colour, our beards, our clothes, our language, and our manners, were so different from anything he had previously seen, that he felt stupified and afraid. When evening arrived, and we had lighted our camp-fire on the shore, the sight of the wrought-iron pot in which we cooked our supper astonished him, and he redoubled his tears and began to tremble. Perhaps he feared

we were going to make a stew or a broil of him,—and, let me remark, in passing, that he would have been a tender morsel for a small party of anthropophagi. We said all that was possible to relieve him of that fear, but it was so strong on him that he obstinately refused to taste any of the food we offered him, and passed the night making a sort of cadenced moan, of which we could not understand the meaning, but which might be either a child's complaining cry, or a death-chant, after the custom of his nation.

Two days after his instalment among us, the little chap was so thoroughly tamed that he would come at meal-times like a young dog, and, sitting between our knees, snatch from us quite familiarly the morsels he coveted. More than once we were obliged to call him to order by a slight rap on the knuckles. In a little while he began speaking Quichua with our cholos; and when we arrived at Sarayacu, the central mission, the converts of both sexes welcomed so warmly the young infidel, and made him drink so many bowls of mazato, that the first day on visiting the huts of the village, we had frequently to raise and set up on his legs this hopeful young Impétiniri, who was too drunk to stand.

On the third day after the purchase of the young savage, we reached the embouchure of the river Pachitea, the broadest, if not the longest, of the tributary streams we had passed. An island situated at its mouth divided the stream into two arms. The total breadth of this affluent of the Apu-Paro appeared to be about a thousand feet. It is formed, at the distance of about 250 miles in the interior, by the reunion of the rivers Palcaza and Pozuzo, which rise from two opposite points of the Cordillera of Huanuco. Twenty-four miles lower down, the Pichi rolls into it the tribute of its waters on the right, and three unimportant streams, the Carapacho, the Cosientata, and the Calliseca, debouch in it on the left.

Beyond this point the Tampu-Apurimac, which, as we have said, after its junction with the Quillabamba Santa Aña, takes the name of the Apu-Paro, or the Grand Paro, exchanges it again for that of the *Ucayalé*,[1] which is again repudiated, after its junction with the Marañon, for that which it retains to its junction with the Atlantic Ocean—the river of the Amazons.

Opposite the mouth of the Pachitea, on the right bank of the Ucayalé—which, by the way, geographers have deprived of the final *e*, supplying its place with an *i*—there stretches a sandy shore which abuts on a kind of dune or low hill, some parts of which were covered with cecropias, reeds, and other spoils of vegetation. A space of some two hundred paces separated the river from the hill. Near the edge of the water a score of ajoupas, which appeared as if they had been hastily constructed by the indigenes for their halts at night, served as the advanced post of a village, or projected mission, which the Indians were engaged in erecting on the hill, and to which they had given the name of Santa Rita. This was like a pendant to the mission in process of gestation among the Chontaquiros at Santa Rosa.

This village, on which fell the direct rays of a burning sun, was laid out in the form

[1] Meeting, junction, confluence—the indigenes only give the name of Ucayalé to the actual place where the waters of the two rivers—the Apu-Paro and the Marañon—meet. The missionaries, and the geographers after them, have taken the part for the whole, and given the name Ucayalé to the Apu-Paro after its confluence with the Pachitea.

of a parallelogram. We counted ten dwellings, of which three were large, and three of a medium size. Each of the latter would be capable of accommodating three families. The buildings were not yet all finished, but were expected to be ready almost immediately. The central one was meant to be used as a church; yet it was only distinguished from its neighbours by a row of stakes fixed in the sand so as to mark out indifferently well an apsis. A wooden cross, roughly made with a hatchet, and

PROJECTED MISSION AMONG THE CONIBOS OF SANTA RITA.

painted with rocou, was set up at a few steps' distance from the church. The style of all the edifices was the same as those we had previously seen belonging to the Chontaquiros and Conibos. Some of the roofs were made of plaited reeds, others of palms.

Behind the church, along a belt of those giant reeds which had now, for some time, kept us faithful company, extended, like pieces of stuff sewed end to end, little patches of ground carefully cleared, even weeded, and planted with manioc, cotton, and water-melons, the first green leaves of which made a pleasant contrast with the yellow sand. These little gardens, though they demonstrated the existence of an agricultural tendency in the proceedings of the converts, were hardly yet in a condition to supply the community with its daily bread; a man with a good appetite would have been able to eat their entire product without assistance in eight days.

A hundred-and-twenty Conibos, moved in spirit, were gathered together on

this spot. The most part of them were just now away in the forests, or along shore, hunting and fishing; thirty individuals of both sexes remained at the mission. These indigenes, when their dwellings were completed, proposed to go to Sarayacu and request the apostolic prefect of the missions of the Ucayali to provide them with an ecclesiastic to baptize and instruct them in the Christian faith. They would engage to take the greatest care of him, and not to detain him longer than three months if the air of the river Pachitea did not agree with him, or if the place were not to his taste. These details, which I penned under the dictation of one of our interpreters, were given to him by a stout jovial-looking Conibo, daubed with arnatto, who promenaded about the

MOUTH OF THE RIVER PACHITEA.

mission, and himself contributed to its embellishment, in order that the residence of the future *papa*[1] might be agreeable as well as healthy.

Setting aside the satanic mosquitoes, which left us no repose, allowed us no truce, and threatened to devour us alive, nothing could be more pleasant than our navigation of the Ucayali at this point. To the bickerings and other annoyances which had signalized our stay for twenty-four hours at Santa Rita, had succeeded a profound peace. The two chiefs of the expedition, having given free vent to the bitterness of their hearts, had been thrown back upon themselves, and were now reposing like volcanoes after a period of activity. Following their example, I also had withdrawn into my shell, not to prepare myself, like them, for new combats, but to laugh more at my ease at a certain *arrangement* proposed by the assistant-naturalist, the result of which, in his opinion, would surpass my most ambitious dreams and highest hopes. His idea was that I should lay at his feet, as it were in the way of liege duty, the designs, maps, plans, notes, and documents which I had accumulated, and that formality accomplished, enrol myself under his banner, and finally accompany him into France, where his first care on arriving would be to decorate the button-hole of my coat

[1] *Papa* or *tayta* (father) is the name given by these peoples to all priests, monks, and missionaries.

with a bit of red ribbon. That first favour would bring a crowd of others in its train, and sinecures, honours, and dignities would be showered upon me like hail. The arrangement, as the reader sees, was of the simplest kind; but it was proposed in such a roundabout manner, that the mortification of a refusal, if I should refuse, would fall upon the secretary-naturalist, and leave untouched the honour of his patron. Oh! diplomacy, these are thy triumphs! I thought to myself while listening to the charming young man, who, after having vainly scattered in my path all the flowers of his rhetoric, was fain to retire amid the final burst of laughter with which I answered him.

NATIVES PLAYING AT CUP-AND-BALL.

From that moment the cards were thrown up between the apprentice diplomatist and myself, and the behaviour of his lord and master was completely changed towards me. But from that moment also my own position relative to them was more clearly defined than heretofore. Without openly declaring myself a Guelph or a Ghibelline, a partisan of York or Lancaster, without displaying either the red or the white rose, I could quietly take the part of the just against the unjust, of the oppressed against the oppressor, which, till then, had not been possible. Perhaps my outward acts, unconsciously to myself, translated in some measure my inward thought, for the chief of the French commission condescended to honour me with a special mark of frigidity. Farewell the melting smiles so often wasted upon me, and the sweet compliments so often addressed to me in his most musical voice! The great man avoided any meeting with me as carefully as he had before sought my friendship; and his icy look, if by chance it fell on me, froze my blood even at a temperature of 90° F.

In my inmost soul, as his friendship and esteem had been but little flattering, his indifference did not much affect me. Nevertheless, the study of his idiosyncrasy, which, like certain soils, rested on a stony bottom, always interested me; and I should have preferred to continue the series of my observations on his manners and actions without

interruption. Since our departure from Santa Rita, the great man seemed to have acted on the maxim, that if "speech is silvern, silence is golden," and the toilette of his nails had received his exclusive devotions. To have seen him thus self-contained, one might have supposed him calm, insensible, and substantially happy. But the calm with him was only apparent. A secret tempest agitated his soul, and broke in bitter waves on the slaves crouched at his feet. The tachydermist himself was not altogether sheltered from these domestic storms. Sharp reprimands and tart summonses reached him more than once in the course of our voyage from Santa Rita to Sarayacu. But the amiable young man consoled himself for these mischances by inflating one of his cheeks and making a clacking sound when his patron turned his back, or by quavering the duet of *Indiana et Charlemagne.*

These little tempests which the chief of the French commission raised around him from time to time, like another Æolus, served as an emulctory to the bile which he so abundantly secreted, and kept at bay the jaundice which menaced him; only the sclerotic coat of his eyes became of the colour of saffron, which they retained till our arrival at Sarayacu.

Since, on entering these calm waters, and on touching at Paruitcha, the first point inhabited by the Conibos, we had left behind us for ever the stones and rocks, the trunks of fallen trees, and the dangerous rapids of the river, existence had seemed to us one long holiday. If we did not sing like the birds in token of our freedom from care, our felicity was not the less real. The plentiful supply of food we now obtained would alone have made us happy. At the houses of the Conibos we obtained every day—in exchange for needles, fish-hooks, and little bells—banana-fruits, yucca-roots, and flesh of the sea-cow, the tapir, the ape, and the turtle. Our rowers caught fine fish, which they willingly let us have; and in the evening we had only to search in the sand of our camping ground to obtain thousands of turtles' eggs. What a contrast between this jovial style of living and our lenten fare for sixteen days among the worthy Antis!

Our evening repast being finished, we formed a circle round the fire which had been lighted on the shore, not to frighten away the mosquitoes—the mosquito, like the lizard of Buffon, is the friend of man, and follows his every step—but to scare away the jaguars and crocodiles, taciturn and hungry brutes, which roam the solitude when the rest of the world is sleeping. This tertulia, in which the Count de la Blanche-Epine took no part, for fear of compromising himself with *all sorts,* but which our Conibo rowers brightened with their presence, was devoted to a recapitulation of the day's doings, and to a topographical study of our next day's route. There were interludes indeed filled up by the malicious fibbing of our savage friends relative to the neighbouring nations, or by the information we elicited from them concerning the manners and customs of their tribe. When, at length, the hour of repose arrived, each unrolled his mosquito-curtain and suspended it by means of two oars or two reed-stems fixed in the sand. So far, all was simple enough; but the difficulty was, how to lift the curtain and slip one's-self in without admitting a legion of mosquitoes. It will be a kindness, in keeping with our general benevolence, to explain how this was done.

and dreams so much the rosier, because you will hear outside, within six inches of your nose, a veritable tempest of buzzing and trumpeting.

This charitable lesson, of which any father of a family may avail himself for the instruction of a son whom the reading of Cook or Bougainville may have inspired with the idea of travelling in distant countries, like the pigeon in the fable, was followed in every particular by each. By dint of practice, we had acquired such dexterity in the handling of the mosquito-curtain, that we frequently succeeded in getting under the shelter without admitting a single enemy. Nothing could well look more singular than these squares of white, gray, or brown stuff dotted over the vast carpet of the sandy shore. With a slight effort of the imagination, aided by a glint of moonlight, they might have been taken for the tombstones of travellers who had perished while crossing the desert.

One night when we were sleeping like the blessed beneath our extemporized shelter, a tumult of wild voices resounded through the camp. At the risk of being torn to pieces by the mosquitoes, we lifted the folds of the stuff, and threw around a terrified glance. A moon, as brilliant as the sun in Europe, deluged the landscape in light. It might have been supposed that the sands were at a white heat.

The commotion was caused by the arrival of a dozen Conibos. Coming from the interior by way of the river Apujau, which debouched a short distance from our camp, they had found the shore occupied, and recognizing in the clear moonlight the brown mosquito-curtains of their companions, they announced themselves by screaming and shouting.

In the twinkling of an eye all the sleepers were afoot. Our new friends told their story. They were returning from a man-hunt on the territory of the Remo Indians, whom they accused of having stolen a canoe with all its rigging and equipments, that is to say, two oars and a paddle. To chastise the audacity of these indigenes, and recover their property, the Conibos had embarked at nightfall and ascended the river Apujau as far as the first habitation of the Remos. The hunters flattered themselves they would surprise the hare in her form. But the noise of the oars, the suash of the water, and the friction of the canoe against the reeds—sounds so slight, that the ear of a European would not have detected them—gave the alarm to the savages. While, therefore, the Conibos manœuvred to take the Remos in front, the latter escaped in the rear, for their dwelling had two entrances. Postponing their more complete vengeance to a better opportunity, the Conibos had satisfied themselves, for the present, with pillaging and burning the hut.

We very soon reached the limit of the Conibo territory, and entered on that of the Sipibos. The river Capoucinia, which takes its rise from the western flanks of the Sierra de Cuntamana, and debouches in the Ucayali on its right shore, serves as the boundary of the two countries. The Conibos and Sipibos, sprung from the same stock, speaking the same language, have the same *physique*, the same customs, and, although separated for several centuries, live on sufficiently good terms.

Before going further, and notwithstanding that our Conibo rowers, whose personal qualities we appreciate more and more, are to accompany us as far as Sarayacu, we will

settle our ethnological account with them: short reckonings make long friends, as our travelling companion, the geographer, observed on a certain occasion. In order, therefore, to give each his due, and to introduce something like order in our nomenclature of the Conibos, Sipibos, Schétibos, and other natives in *os*, we will trace separately the

TYPE OF A REMO INDIAN.

monograph of their tribes. There is no other way to escape the rock on which a modern traveller has struck who finds it "*difficult to avoid confusion when speaking of the savages of the Ucayali.*" It is true the said traveller had only hearsay to guide him, and had not seen them; and every one knows, either from having experienced it himself, or having read a verse in Horace to that effect, how difficult it is to give a clear account of anything we have not clearly understood. This premised, without any evil intention, we proceed to our business.

When the Franciscan monks from Lima first explored that part of Peru comprised

between the rivers Huallaga, Marañon, Ucayali, and Pachitea,[1] they found already established on the banks of the small river Sarah-Ghéné (now the *Sarayacu*), which feeds the Ucayali on the left, a once flourishing nation, of which the type, the idiom, the clothing, the manners and customs were common to six neighbouring tribes, which appear to have separated from it at an epoch which cannot be precisely fixed. This nation was that of the Panos.

Having primitively descended from the countries of the equator by the river Morona, this tribe first established itself at the mouth of the river Huallaga, where

PANO INDIAN OF PURE BLOOD.

its subdivision into tribes appears to have taken place. Later, in consequence of coming into collision with the Xébéro Indians of the left bank of the Tunguragua-Marañon, it had abandoned this territory, and after wandering for a long time about the plains of Sacramento, had finally established itself 150 miles south-south-east of its first possessions, in the neighbourhood of the river Ucayali, then called the Paro.

[1] It is to the monks of the convents of Lima that we owe the foundation of the missions of the Upper and Lower Huallaga, the most ancient in Peru, just as those of Maynas and of the Upper Amazon were due to the labours of the Jesuits of Quito. The apostolic college of Ocopa in the province of Jauja, whence issued at a later time so many missionaries, was not yet founded in the 17th century, and indeed not until 1738, by Father Francisco de San José. To this monk and his successors Peru is indebted for the foundation of the missions of Cerro de la Sal, Pajonal, and Pozuzo, as well as those of the Ucayali. Of all the missions of Peru, which in the middle of the 18th century numbered nearly 150, nine still remain: two on the river Huallaga, one on that of Santa Catalina in the neighbourhood of Sarayacu, three on the Ucayali, and three on the Amazon.

Although this nation in its migration from the north to the south had never passed the 8th degree, nor had come into contact or relationship, by the intermediation of the Chontaquiros and the Antis, with the populations of the Sierra, from which its type differed in other essential particulars, all its characteristics, manners, customs, clothing, and religious practices recalled the traditions of Higher Mexico, which the Collahuas, the Aymaras, and later, the Incas, had imported into this part of America.

PANO INDIAN OF MIXED BLOOD (MÉTIS).

Besides the loose tunic which the Panos borrowed from the nations of the northern hemisphere, and which they called, according to its length or the embroidery which adorned it, *husti* or *cusma*, they manufactured a paper from bark which reminds us of the Mexican papyrus or *maguey*. On this paper they recorded, by means of hieroglyphic signs, memorable dates, important facts, and divisions of the year. Images of their deities, carved in wood or moulded in clay—axes of obsidian, provided with two little ears which served to attach them to the handle—were found in their possession by the monks who became their teachers.[1] In fact, mysterious

[1] One of these axes was given by Father Narciso Girbal to Alexander von Humboldt when he visited Lima on his return from New Grenada, where M. Aimé Bonpland had accompanied him in the character of botanist.

practices relative to the double worship of the sun and fire, a peculiar rite of circumcision, the custom of burying their dead in painted jars, after having painted, adorned, and swathed them in bandages—all the customs for which we find no equivalents amongst the populations of the south, and concerning the origin of which the Panos maintained profound secrecy, had attracted the attention of the first missionaries.

Towards the end of the 17th century the Pano nation, much thinned, owing to its struggles with the neighbouring populations, after its division into the tribes of Conibos, Sipibos, Schétibos, Cacibos, Chipeos,[1] and Remos, inhabited, as we have said, the shores of the river Sarayacu, where Father Biedma, one of the first explorers of the Ucayali (1686), paid it a visit. A hundred years later, Fathers Girbal and Marquès, who continued the work of their predecessors Fathers Miguel Salcedo, Francisco de San José, and other monks of the college of Ocopa, in re-establishing the missions of the Ucayali, founded by these in 1760, and which had been destroyed by the new converts in 1767, after the general massacre of the missionaries, estimated the strength of the tribe at a thousand men, a number which may safely be reduced by one-half.

These relapsed Panos, assassins and iconoclasts, were re-converted to Catholicism by the missionaries, who joined to them the Conibo Indians, river-side dwellers of the Ucayali. In six years the whole of the Panos received baptism; but a minimum fraction of the Conibos only were regenerated in its waters.[2] The greater number of

[1] This river tribe of Ucayali, for a long time friendly and allied with the Conibos, died out half a century ago.

[2] We may perhaps be permitted to translate here *in an informal manner* some lines of a letter addressed by the Fathers Girbal and Marquès to the father guardian of the apostolic college of Ocopa. This letter, relating to the reconstruction of the destroyed missions and to their foundation, is dated April 3d, 1792. If savants do not find in this epistolary fragment the solution of any great scientific problem, pious readers will respire with pleasure the odour of virtue and honesty which it exhales.

" . . . The Conibos have declared to us that they wish to live separate from the Panos, not in the parts adjacent to Sarayacu, but on an island of the Ucayali situated at a little distance from the mission. They give as their reason for this determination: the necessity of profiting by the cultivation which they have already bestowed on this island; but their real motive is their secret jealousy and dislike of the Panos, with whom they nevertheless maintain an appearance of perfect harmony. . . .

" . . . Our beloved Panos are sufficiently quiet. We have been able to persuade them to permit their children from seven to thirteen years of age to come daily and say their prayers at the convent. Some of them already know the paternoster and the credo. The adults take part in the mass, and the salve regina, although under the influence of a little coercion. We have much trouble to make them kneel during the consecration. However we must not complain. The harvest of infidels is abundant and appears hopeful. A portion is already ripe, the other on the way to ripen.

"To reap it wholly and bring to God all these *heathens* (*aquel gentilismo*) certain things are necessary, of which we are in need and of which we shall be in need. Send them to us; God and our most blessed father San François will know how to acknowledge it. . . . You will find added to our letter a note of these requisitions. . . . 400 axes, 600 cutlasses, 2000 straight knives, 1000 curved knives, 4 quintos of iron, 50 pounds of steel, 12 books of small fish-hooks, 8000 needles, one case of false pearls, 500 flints and steels (*eslabones*), 4 gross of scissors, 2 gross of rings, 3000 brass crosses, 1000 vares of calico (*tocuyo*) to cover the skin (*pellejo*) of those who are naked, an assortment of colours to paint our church, a very immaculate Virgin (*una purisima*), and some ornaments. We also want two skins of wine, both for the celebration of the holy sacrifice and to stop diarrhœa and bloody flux among the infidels. It is a sovereign remedy when the precious grains of puchiri recently discovered are infused in it. . . .

"I occupy myself actively here (it is Father Girbal who speaks) in the commission intrusted to me by his excellency the viceroy on his departure from Lima in respect to the subject of the carbuncle or bezoar. I have met in the journey from Tarma to the river Pachitea a Piro Indian (*Chontaquiro*) who not only knew the bird in the

these last prefer the worship of liberty and barbarism under the covert of the woods to the advantages of civilization in a Christian hamlet. If our predominant tastes, as some physiologists assure us, are to a certain point the very conditions by which we exist, it is conceivable that the persistency with which the Conibos retained their idolatry in spite of all opposing influences, was the reason that they still survived when the Christian Panos had long been extinct.[1] The regimen of the Spanish missionaries in respect to the health both of the soul and body, was never very favourable to the indigene of Peru.

At the period when the Panos inhabited the quebrada of Sarayacu the Conibos occupied almost all the affluents on the left of the Ucayali, and freely navigated that river from its junction with the Pachitea to its confluence with the Marañon. That talent of territorial acquisitiveness is still conceded to them, but their possessions are much diminished, whether by the successive encroachments of their neighbours the Sipibos, or by their own abandonment of the country in order to keep aloof from the missions of Belen, Sarayacu, and Tierra Blanca, and to withdraw themselves from their influence.

The present territory of these indigenes is bounded, as I have said, on the south by the site of Paruitcha, the boundary of the Chontaquiro Indians, and on the north by the river Capoucinia, where the territory of the Sipibos commences. Within this extent of a little over 200 miles, we have counted eight settlements of the Conibos on the left bank of the Ucayali, and two upon the right bank, which being added to the group of dwellings of Santa Rita and to seven or eight houses upon the banks of the little rivers Cipria and Hiparia, appear to indicate a total population of from six to seven hundred souls.

The stature of the Conibo Indians varies from five feet to five feet three. Their figures are lumpish, the chest prominent, the face round, with high cheek-bones; their eyes, which are a sclerotic yellow, with pupils of the colour of tobacco, are small,

maw of which the carbuncle is to be found, but who told me he had killed one and had thrown away the stone which he had found in it as an object of no value. The Indian, moreover, informed me that there are two varieties of the bird in question: one about half a vare in height, the other about a quarter of a vare. The veil under which he hides his splendour (*la cortina con que cubre su resplandor*) is an exquisite plumage (*muy esquisito*), variegated with lively tints about the breast. The Indian calls this bird *inuyocoy*. He has promised to bring me a dead one, for it is impossible to take it alive.

"I have treated this Indian in the best manner possible, so that he may keep his word. He was highly satisfied on leaving me, promising that he would not return without the bird. So soon as I can procure such a precious jewel (*tan preciosa alhaja*) I will send it to his excellency the viceroy. . . ."

As we have not found in the correspondence of Fathers Narciso Girbal and Buonaventura Marquès any note relative to the return of the Piro Indian with his inuyocoy bird, we are unable to inform the reader whether the carbuncle or bezoar expected by the viceroy of Peru was sent to him by the missionaries.

[1] As we shall occasionally have to speak of the Pano Indians apropos of the converts of the missions, it is necessary to inform the reader that the Panos in question are only the descendants of the old race united formerly in the Ucayali missions with the Cumbaza and Balzana Indians, refugees from the missions of the Huallaga. One Pano of *pure blood*, born at Sarayacu in 1793, under the apostolic prefectorate of Father Marquès, and who at a later period accompanied Father Plaza to Lima, was still living in the mission at the period of my visit. This man, who had received at baptism the name of Julio, from having been born in the month of July, added to the knowledge of his own idiom that of the Spanish and the Quichua. He was alternately—sometimes in the same day—my interpreter, my domestic, my collector of birds and plants, and my art-assistant. Out of gratitude for his services, and esteem for the personal qualities of the *last of the Panos*, I have handed down his portrait to posterity.

oblique, and set wide apart. The nose, short and flattened, is large at its root; the thick lips when opened display well-set but yellow teeth, and gums dyed black with the yanamucu (*Peperomia tinctorioides*).

The habitual expression of these indigenes is that mixture of strangeness and sadness which characterizes the physiognomy of the Peruvian Indians generally. But

TYPICAL PORTRAIT OF A CONIBO INDIAN.

the roundness, almost spherical, of the face, gives it a stamp of *bonhomie* and simplicity which corrects a little the disagreeable impression which the first sight of them is apt to make.

The colour of their skins—if one may say so without offence to Father Girbal, the first historiographer of the Conibos—is very dark, and presents no analogy to the tint of the Spaniards, to whom that missionary in 1790 compared his new converts.[1] Being incessantly punctured by mosquitoes, their epidermis is rough to the touch like shagreen; the oils with which they anoint themselves to ward off the attacks of these insects have existed only in the imagination of the travellers who have visited them. Their hair is black, abundant, and rugged. The upper lip and chin grow with difficulty a few

[1] I much regret that printer's ink must fail to give an idea of the colour of the Conibos, whose mixed and undecided shade between new and old mahogany was exactly represented in my water-colour sketches of these indigenes.

scattered hairs, and it was all in vain that we sought among these indigenes for a single individual with the bushy beard which Father Girbal has so benevolently conferred upon them.

The Conibo women are small, obese, and disagreeable-looking, but without some of the special features of ugliness which characterize so many of their sex in the south.

TYPICAL PORTRAIT OF A CONIBO WOMAN.

Their only clothing is a strip of brown cloth, notwithstanding their constant exposure to the attacks of mosquitoes. Like the women of the Antis and the Chontaquiros, they cut their hair like a brush to the level of the eyebrows, leaving the rest to flow freely over their shoulders. Their colour is as dark as that of the men, and like them they stain their gums with the young shoots of the *yanamucu*.

The clothing of the men consists of a loose sac of woven cotton (*tari*), like that of the Antis and Chontaquiros, but dyed brown and ornamented with a border of the Greek pattern, lozenges, zigzags, and other designs, traced in black with a pencil and imitating embroidery.

The custom of painting the face, although common to both sexes among the Conibos, is nevertheless more universal among the men than the women. Red and black are the colours consecrated by custom; the first is obtained from the *Bixa*

orellana or rocou-tree (generally known as *arnotto*); the second is extracted from the *genipa* or *huitoch* (*Genipa americana*). The red is used for the face only; the black is applied to all parts of the body. I have seen some of these indigenes with sandals painted on their feet as far as the ankles; others with a sort of buskin as high as the knee, like riding-boots. Some have a jacket or coat painted, open at the breast, and festooned round the hips: the less pretentious content themselves with

AN INDIAN WIFE AND BEAST OF BURDEN.

painting on their hands gloves or mittens. Most of these designs being half-hidden by the tunic of the Indian, are only visible when he is bathing.

Among these indigenes coquetry appears to be the exclusive attribute of the men. Their toilette is made with the most fastidious care, hours being spent in removing stray hairs, painting themselves, or smirking in a bit of broken looking-glass, if they happen to possess such a thing, and admiring their personal attractions.

Besides the common designs in every-day use, they have for solemn occasions and gala-days arabesques of the most complicated character, which they apply to their faces and other parts of their bodies by a process of stencilling similar to that employed by the Etruscans in the decoration of their vases with those elegant silhouettes which are universally admired. Besides these elegant designs, the Conibos adorn themselves with jewels composed of white and black pearls (*chaquiras*), which they procure at the missions of Saracayu and Tierra Blanca. These jewels, which are of their own

fashioning, consist of ear-rings and a sort of cravat-collar which encircles the neck and hangs down on the breast like a parson's bands, but in one breadth instead of two. The women wear necklaces of these pearls, to which they suspend a piece of silver, a copper coin, or in default of metal, a finger-bone of the howling ape (*Simia belzebuth*). Both sexes wear also bracelets and anklets of cotton, woven on the limb sometimes, as before described, and fringed either with small black hairs, with the teeth of a monkey or a fish known as the *huamouï* (*Maïus osteoglossum*), or with large scales of a carmine and azure colour.

A CONIBO WOMAN WEAVING.

Some of the men visit the neighbouring missions once a year to exchange for axes, knives, and imitation pearls, the turtles they catch, the prepared fat of those amphibia, or the wax they have collected. These individuals have learned by their excursions in a Christian country the use of straw-hats, which they make of a pointed form, with large flaps slightly turned up, like the roof of a pagoda, from the folioles of the palm. Occasionally the plaiting is so open that the sun shining through it marks on the face of the wearer a chess-board in light and shade.

While the Conibo passes half his time in making himself spruce, and in gossiping or drinking with his friends, his wife is occupied with the care of the household, and in the drudgery of still more painful labours. She looks after the little clearing, if by chance there is one; weeds it, gathers the fruits or the roots, which she stores up in the house in a receptacle made of bark; fetches wood and water, prepares the food and the mazato (the chicha of manioc or fermented bananas); weaves the cloth for their garments; collects wax and honey; kneads the clay to make pottery, bakes the vessels when made, paints and varnishes them; and fills up her spare time by walking behind her lord and master, loaded with the produce of his hunting or fishing, and the oars and the paddle of his canoe. In the desert woman is man's beast of burden rather than his companion.

The talent of these poor helots for the manufacture of pottery, and afterwards painting and varnishing it, is deserving of a more detailed notice.

With no other tool than their fingers and one of the shells of those great mussels which are found in the lakes of the interior, they fashion water-jars (*amphoræ*), jugs, cups, and basins, whose contours recall the best period of the Ando-Peruvian ceramic manufacture. They roll the clay into thin cakes, which they lay one upon another and unite with such exactness that it would be impossible to discover in their work an equivocal line or a doubtful curve. The potter's wheel is not more mathematically true.

A CONIBO WOMAN MANUFACTURING POTTERY.

It is in a clearing of the forest, always situated a few steps from their dwelling, and which the men use as a timber-yard for the construction of their canoes, that the women establish their earthenware manufacture. To bake and varnish their work, a clear fire is lighted on the shore. Whilst they overlook the progress of the operation, an old woman sings and dances round the pile to prevent the evil spirit from touching the vessels, which the contact of her hand would instantly cause to crack. When the vessels are cooled, the women varnish the interior with the gum of the sempa-tree (gum-copal), and then proceed to their exterior decoration.

Five simple colours are all that these native artists make use of. The art of mixing and the transition shades are either unknown to them or not available. A black obtained from smoke (lamp-black), a yellow extracted from one of the *Guttiferæ*, a violet-tinted blue yielded by the American indigo, a dirty green obtained by macerating the leaves of a capsicum, and a dull red got from the rocou (arnotto), form their entire array of tints.

Their pencils are made of three or four blades of dried grass fastened in the middle, or even of a cotton wick, rolled up like those paper "stumps" which artists make for themselves as they want them. The slight stability of these implements prevents the

artist from tracing her design in any but one direction, so that the work consists in mechanically drawing the pencil from left to right.

Besides Greek borders, lozenges, intersecting lines, and other ornamental fancies, which they employ in the decoration of their pottery, their painted designs include some curious, and indeed charming, hieroglyphics suggested by the plumage of the beautiful heron of the country (*Ardea helias*). The fantastic markings of this bird,

BAKING POTTERY.

extremely rare and nearly always solitary, which naturalists have surnamed *the little peacock of the roses*, has given to the Conibo women the idea of a special kind of arabesques for their vases and woven stuffs, as the spatula-shaped tail of the seal has furnished the men with the model for their paddles.

Before commencing a voyage on the great river, and whilst the women are occupied in equipping and provisioning the canoe, the men throw into the bottom of the vessel the clods of damp earth on which is to be placed the hearth for cooking their food during the journey. The Conibo, seated on the beach, then gravely inspects his *picha*, or bag, in order to ascertain that none of the objects necessary for his toilet are wanting. This bag, a kind of wallet of cotton stuff, which the Conibo always carries saltier-wise, and never allows to go out of his possession, generally contains, like that of the Antis, a few kernels of the rocou and an apple of the genipa, for colours; a

bit of broken looking-glass, a comb made of the spines of the chonta-palm, a bit of virgin wax, a ball of thread, a pair of tweezers to pull out stray hairs, and finally, a snuff-box and snuff-taking apparatus.

The tweezers (*tsanou*) are formed of the two shells of a *mutilus*, united at their end by a hinge made with thread. The operator uses this little instrument with much address. I have seen nothing more comical than the grimace of one of these Conibos, with his nose stuck against his broken looking-glass, in the act of pulling out the half-dozen hairs that may be scattered over his chin or his upper lip.

The snuff-box (*chicapouta*) is made of the shell of a bulimus (a species of *helix*): its possessor fills it to the orifice with a tobacco, which has been collected in the

A CONIBO WOMAN PAINTING EARTHENWARE.

green state, dried in the shade, and afterwards reduced to an almost impalpable powder. The use of snuff (*chica*) is not a mere habit or a pleasure among these indigenes, but simply a remedial. When they feel their head heavy, or their pituitary membrane is irritated by a cold, they, like the Antis and Chontaquiros, beg a comrade to blow down the empty tube of their snuff-taking apparatus (*chicachaouh*), constructed in the same manner as that of their neighbours, and thus inject into their cerebral cavity the powdered nicotine with which the other tube is filled. That done, the Conibo, with his eyes almost out of his head, blowing, snuffling, and sneezing, puts back his snuff-box and snuff-taking apparatus into his wallet, and exhibits his perfect satisfaction by a singular smacking of the lips and tongue.

This Conibo fashion of smacking with the lips and tongue is analogous to the European custom of rubbing one's hands in token of some kind of pleasure or satisfaction. Among these indigenes it expresses, moreover, pleasure or pride in having overcome a difficulty, their formal adhesion to a project or a plan submitted to them, and even their assurance of its certain success. This curious gesture has indeed a vast

variety of applications. The Conibo uses it when he is satisfied of the elasticity of his lately bent bow; or of the goodness of an arrow which he has rolled between his fingers, poised in his hand, and glanced along from end to end before using it. It expresses his satisfaction with the food he eats and the drink he prefers; in a word, with whatever object he covets, and whatever thing he admires.

GYNERIUM SACCHAROIDES.

The arms of the Conibo are the bow and arrows, the club, and the shooting-tube. The shield made of tapir's skin and the lances of palm-wood, of which mention is made in the narratives of the first missionaries, have long since disappeared from their panoply. The wood they use for the manufacture of their bows and clubs is that of the chonta-palm (*Oreodoxa*). The bow-string, made of the folioles of the *Mauritia* palm, is plaited by the women. It is the business of the old people of both sexes to make the arrows, and to collect every year the flowering stems of the *Gynerium saccharoides*, which they employ for this purpose, after having tied them in bundles, and kept them for six months in the shade to dry. The wing-feathers of the curassow, the penelope, or the vulture-harpie, serve to feather them.

The shooting-tube used by the Conibos, as by most of the indigenes of the Ucayali and the Marañon, is made by the Xébero Indians who dwell on the left bank of the Tunguragua-Marañon, in the interior between its two affluents, the rivers Zamora and Morona. The Conibos obtain it from the Xéberos in exchange for wax, which they collect from the hollow trunks of the cecropias. The commercial value of this weapon is about eight shillings. Its utility in the chase has extended its use among the converts of the missions of the Ucayali, and the river-side inhabitants, savage and civilized alike, of the Upper Amazon.[1]

[1] The Xéberos are not the only indigenes who make shooting-tubes or *pucuhunas;* the Ticunas, the Yahuas, and some other nations of the Upper Amazon, also manufacture them. The manner in which this is done is so little known that we

The arrows used with these shooting-tubes are in reality knitting-needles. They are made of the petiole of the palm. The head is winged with a tuft of vegetable silk obtained from the *Bombax* (cotton-tree); and the sharp end, notched so as to break in the wound it makes, is dipped in the poison prepared by the *Ticunas*.[1]

This poison, the composition of which has been but imperfectly understood, and which we shall by-and-by see is prepared by the Ticunas and Yahuas, assists the hunter to capture the quadrupeds and the game on which he subsists. No danger attends its introduction into the digestive apparatus; it only acts upon the animal when it comes in contact with the blood, and is thereby carried into the circulation. Its effect is stupifying. When a bird is touched by one of these arrows, though the prick indeed should be almost imperceptible, its legs stiffen, its feathers stick up, it totters, and in about two minutes falls to the ground. Monkeys endure the agony for seven or eight minutes. The large rodentia, wild boars (peccaries), not falling for more than twelve or fifteen minutes, have time to fly, and die in some retreat; such animals therefore are generally attacked with the bow and arrows.

The Conibos in particular, and the indigenes of the Ucayali in general, only employ this poison for the destruction of animals. Their spirit of fairness, or whatever sentiment it may be, forbids them to employ it against men, whom they fight with their ordinary weapons. But these scruples do not avail among the greater number of the natives of the Amazon, whose war-lances are almost always poisoned.[2]

It is in vain that the forests and the waters offer to the Conibo an abundant and varied commissariat. He has no taste for anything but turtles, and that predilection, will devote a few lines to the purpose of describing it. Two reglets or wands varying in length from two to four yards, and two or three inches square, are made from the stem of a chonta-palm, and form the rough body of the shooting-tube. On one face of the rod the workman cuts out with a knife a canal or gutter in a half-circle, so that on adjusting the one to the other a round channel is formed like the barrel of a gun. To make the tube perfect, the operator, after having roughly cut it with his knife, sprinkles the channel with sifted sand, and with the assistance of a strong leathern strap, made from the skin of the seal, hardened by exposure to the air, the other end of which is held by one of his companions, subjects it to continual friction by drawing the strap backwards and forwards like a long saw. This labour occupies about two days, and after it is completed the two hollows receive their final polish from a glazing tool made of the humerus of a seal, in the same way that a shoemaker gives a smooth surface to the soles of his boots and shoes. It then remains to adjust the two halves carefully, to reduce the exterior angles, and to round the whole, which is solidly bound round from one end to the other with a ligature of thread. This ligature is coated with a preparation of wax, resin, copal, and lamp-black, and as no joint or want of continuity is visible, it is easy to mistake one of these long tubes for the hollow stalk of a bamboo or the pipe-like stem of some dwarf-palm. At the lower extremity of the shooting-tube are fastened the two fangs of a wild boar, which combine to form a mouth-piece for the lips of the hunter, and so prevent the tube from shifting its position. Lastly, a sight is placed on the upper surface of the barrel precisely as in European fire-arms.

[1] The Cumbaza Indians, converts of the missions of the Huallaga, the inhabitants of Lamas, Tarapote, and Balzapuerto on the same river, finally the Xéberos and the Yahuas of the Upper Amazon, make a trade of the poisons they fabricate for the use of the shooting-tube. But their poisons are far from possessing the same value as the poison of the Ticunas, a pot of which, no bigger than a hen's egg, represents in the markets of the Amazon a commercial value of about twelve shillings, whilst the products of the other makers fetch no more than three or four shillings. According to the river-side indigenes and the missionaries, salt and sugar are the only antidotes which arrest and neutralize the effect of this poison. It is sufficient, in order to restore the wounded animal, to fill its mouth or its beak with powdered sugar or salt immediately after the wound has been made. Unfortunately, salt is so rare in the country, and powdered sugar is so little known, that, among the Peruvians of the Ucayali and the Marañon, as among the Brazilians of the Upper and Lower Amazon, they sweeten coffee, gruel, and generally every kind of drink, with black syrup or molasses. Owing to this fact, the prompt application of either of these remedies is so difficult, if not impossible, that the wounded animal, whatever it may be, is certain to die.

[2] Some war-lances of the *Ticunas*, *Orejones*, and *Mirahnas* that I have in my possession have the point poisoned, and notched in such a manner as to break off and remain in the wound.

On the first appearance of daylight the massacre commences: under the axes of the indigenes the shells of the amphibia fly to splinters, their smoking intestines are torn out and handed over to the women, who separate from them a fine yellow fat, superior in delicacy to the fat of the goose. The disembowelled corpses are finally abandoned to the vultures, the vulture-harpies, and the fisher-eagles, who flock from all sides to the scene of carnage.

THE TURTLE-FISHERY OF THE CONIBO INDIANS.

Before commencing this butchery, the Conibos have selected two or three hundred turtles, which are destined for their subsistence and their traffic with the missions. To prevent these animals from struggling, and finding with their feet some point of support which would enable them to regain their natural position, they cut the sinews of the feet (*membranes pédiculaires*), and tie them together in pairs. The turtle, unable to move, withdraws his head into his shell and makes no sign of life. To prevent the sun from baking the inert bodies, the fishers dig a trench, into which they throw them pell-mell, and cover them with green rushes.

Men and women proceed, then, to the manufacture of the grease, which they melt, and skim with the help of wooden spatulas. From the yellow and opaque condition in which it was taken from the animal, this grease has now become colourless and light. The Conibos put it into jars, the openings of which are then covered with

compels, on the part of the constructor, a constant watchfulness lest the fire, the principal agent in the work, should extend beyond certain limits; to prevent this, wet leaves are applied to the places which the fire is not to touch; the axe and the knife complete at last the work roughly accomplished by burning. When the canoe is finished, the men raise it on their shoulders and convey it to the water.

Notwithstanding the time and the labour expended on these canoes, made in a

CONIBO INDIANS CUTTING OUT AND HOLLOWING A CANOE.

single piece, their possessor will sometimes barter away one of them for a hatchet. Nevertheless their price varies according to size, and some of them are valued at six hatchets. After being ten years in the water, the wood of this false-acajou is as sound as on the first day. The missionaries eagerly seek to possess themselves of these large canoes, which they cut into planks and apply to various uses.

Whether it be owing to idleness or improvidence, it is a fact that any idea of a provision for the future, or an economic reserve, appears to be utterly unknown or antipathetic to these indigenes. Without care for the morrow, they live from day to day, and do not even follow the chase except when hunger spurs them. Their promptness in fishing the turtle, and making a commercial profit of the oil and grease thus obtained, is rather for the sake of procuring from the missions axes and knives, so indispensable to them, or to gratify their vanity by the purchase of sham pearls and glass-beads, than to satisfy

the demands of their stomachs. The tithe of the produce which, on this great occasion, they set aside for their own needs, is so freely distributed among their friends and acquaintances as to be completely exhausted at the end of two or three days. This constant poverty of their larder does not, however, prevent our Conibos from offering, with the best grace in the world, to the friend or traveller who visits them, the last banana, the last morsel of turtle, or the last leg of monkey left in the hut. Never in the desert were the laws of hospitality more generously practised than by these indigenes, continually tormented as they are between two insatiable appetites.

GOING TO WORK ON A PLANTATION.

Those among the Conibos whom their commercial relations have brought into contact with the missionaries and the missions, have acquired, from their journeys to Sarayacu, Belen, and Tierra Blanca, some notions of clearing and culture. Their plantations, always concealed in the middle of an island or in a corner of the forest—and recalling, by their sparseness, those of the Antis and Chontaquiros—consist, like these latter, of a few banana-trees, a dozen sugar-canes, two or three cotton shrubs, for the sake of the cloth woven from them, and a few plants of rocou, tobacco, and earth-nuts (*Arachides*). Their mode of clearing is the same as that practised by the Indians of the south: they cut out a space in the forest, leave the fallen trees to dry, then burn them, and sow or plant on the fertilizing ashes. The instrument they use for moving the ground is a spade formed of the shoulder-bone of a seal, to which they attach a stick for a handle.

The aptitude of these indigenes for taming, without depriving of their liberty, birds and quadrupeds, is something wonderful. It is by no means rare to see young tapirs and peccaries, of immature age, following the steps of their master with the docility of the spaniel and obeying his every command. Aras (macaws), caciques, toucans (*Ramphastos*), carassows—all these birds, of beautiful plumage, come and go between the huts of the Conibos and their native forests with the most touching confidence. But the animal which the Conibo prefers to all others is the ape, with whose natural petulance and agility he is highly amused. Their affection for the animal, however, does not extend to sparing him in their drunken fits. When the brain of the master is disturbed by fermented liquor, the poor monkey, like the other inmates of his dwelling, has to feel the stick.

Among the Conibos there is but little ceremony connected with the marriage relation; the husband, or him they so call, scarcely, by way of acknowledgment, makes a slight present to the parents of his wife, whom besides he may repudiate when he pleases. Bigamy is tolerated, and polygamy would not have been regarded as an enormity if they had not long since made a law that no one should take more women than their proverbial idleness would enable them to keep.

The custom of compressing the head of a newly-born child between two pieces of wood padded with cotton, to give it a flattened form, was once observed amongst the Conibos. For about a century, however, they have discontinued this strange custom, which was common in former times to their congeners of the Sierras of Peru and the shores of the Amazon. The proof of this is that among the octogenarians of the Conibo nation whom we have seen, there was not one whose cranium did not show the result of the depression or flattening process alluded to.[1]

It is not until they are ten years of age that the boys leave the maternal wing to accompany their father on the river or in the woods. Until that time they amuse themselves in perfect liberty with companions of their own age, playing with little canoes on the ponds, throwing the palm-leaf ball, playing at cup-and-ball with the skull of a turtle, which they throw into the air and catch again at the end of a sharp rod, trying to draw the bow, and grappling each other by the hair of the head for a contrary word. In general, among these Indians childhood is as turbulent as mature age is grave and old age is taciturn.

The Conibos have an idea of an Omnipotent Being, the creator of heaven and earth, whom they call indifferently, when they happen to address themselves to him, *Papa*, father, and *Huchi*, grandfather. They represent him to themselves under the human form, filling space, but concealed from their eyes, and say, that after having created this

[1] To read the account of a French traveller who mentions, under date of 1861, this custom of the Conibos of flattening the head of a newly-born child, we might have taken it for the narrative of a journey made a century ago. It is high time that certain common ethnologic topics, belonging to errors long since condemned, as well as certain nations that have been extinct for more than a century, but which are obstinately kept alive by a class of writers, were finally dismissed from works which are intended to give the public an exact idea of the present state of the science. We shall hereafter have something to say about this custom of flattening the head which the tribes of the Amazon, anterior to the Conibos, had adopted, not from an affectation of originality or coquetry, or to distinguish themselves from their neighbours, but to rebut the accusation of cannibalism brought against them by other tribes of their nation.

globe, he fled away to the sidereal regions, from whence he continues to watch over his work. For the rest, they neither render him any homage nor recall him to mind, except at the moment of an earthquake, which so frequently happens in the Sacramento Plain.[1] These movements of the soil, according to the Conibos, are occasioned by the displacement of the Great Spirit, who abandons, for a moment, his celestial abode, in order to satisfy himself that the work of his hands still exists. Then the Conibos run in a crowd from their dwellings, leaping and making extravagant gestures, and each

A NURSING MOTHER.

exclaiming, as if in reply to the call of an invisible person, *Ipima, ipima, evira iqui, papa, evira iqui!*—A moment, a moment, behold me, father, behold me!

Opposed to this good Spirit, for whom we know of no other name than that of father or grandfather, there is a spirit of evil called *Yurima*, dwelling in the centre of the globe. Whatever evils afflict the nation are attributed to him, and the Conibos fear him so greatly, that they avoid, as far as possible, pronouncing his name.

[1] It is to the centre of volcanic activity in the *Mesa* of Pasto, in the Popayan province, belonging to the same chain as the volcanoes of the equator, and in direct communication with them, that we must attribute the geological catastrophes of the north-west part of the basin of the Amazon and the commotions which are felt every year in the Sacramento plains. While this phenomenon lasts, the earthquake wave, as we have often observed, invariably propagates itself in a direction from north-west to south-east. At the last eruption of the volcano of Pasto, which took place at about seven o'clock in the evening, the column of igneous matter projected from its crater reached such an altitude that it lighted up a space of 600 miles. The inhabitants of Sarayacu and the neighbouring places took the glow which crimsoned the heavens for the reflection of the Northern Lights. A month after the eruption they were made acquainted with the fact.

Among the Conibos, as elsewhere, there are some more cunning than the rest, who claim in the devil's name a power which has no real foundation except in the weak understanding and credulity of the tribe. These great men, at once sorcerers, jugglers, and doctors, carry in their bag of charms a number of tricks with which they impose on the credulous public. They heal the wounds made by serpents, rays, and insects, trade in charms, productive of good or ill luck, and even in love-philtres, in the composition of which the eyes of the cetacea *cuchusca* (*Delphinus amazoniensis*) are used. Owing to the mystery with which these *yubués* or professors of magic surround themselves, to their general reticence, and to the secret conferences which they pretend to have with Yurima, their patron, by means of a lethargy caused by some narcotic, their prestige and their credit is solidly established in public opinion. They are consulted on all occasions and on every subject; and it is scarcely necessary to say that each consultation is accompanied by a little present.

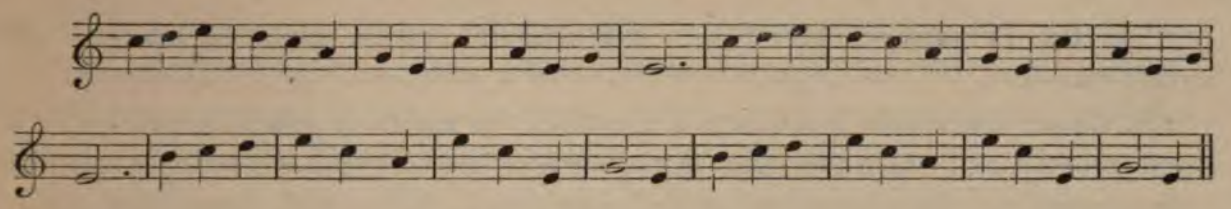
But as there is no mountain without a valley, and no fortune without a reverse, it happens sometimes to our *yubués* that they have to pay dearly for the terror and admiration they impose on the vulgar crowd. The stick wielded by their admirers takes cruel revenge for the sick whom they have slain, after having publicly boasted of healing them.

Like the Scandinavian heroes, the Conibos after death dwell in a heaven of warriors where jousts and tournaments make their pastime. The daughters of Odin are there represented by the *Aïbo-Mueaï* (courtezans), who present the Conibo warrior with *mountains* of food, and *rivers* of drink.[1]

On the death of a Conibo the women assemble under his roof, wrap the corpse in its *tari* (loose sac), place in his right hand a bow and arrows, that he may not want for subsistence in his journey beyond the tomb; and after having daubed him with rocou and genipa, cover his face with the half of a calabash, intended to serve him as a drinking-cup.[2] The deceased, thus accoutred, is bound round with straps, cut from the fresh skin of a seal, and thus done up looks very much like a bundle of tobacco. These sad formalities having been accomplished, the women place the corpse on the ground of the hut, with its head to the east, and its feet to the west; then unloosing the strip of cotton which they wear round their body, they rearrange it in the manner represented in the engraving. This fashion of wearing their only garment is only adopted on the occasion of a funeral, and bears the name of *Chiacquèti.* This done, the dance and the song for the dead, called *chiringui,* commences. We give the notation for the information of the reader.

[1] We regret, on our readers' account, that we cannot give the name of the Mahomet of the Panos and Conibos, who, to flatter the tastes of the nation, promised that they should enjoy abundantly after death the alimentary satisfactions which it had been the painful business of their lives to procure in this world. In like manner the Prophet of the Koran has flattered the idle humour and the voluptuous tastes of his faithful disciples by promising them, after coming into another state of existence, the ecstatic torpor of opium-begotten dreams under the shade of the tupa-tree, and in the company of white, green, and red houris.

[2] It would be curious to trace what connection there may be between customs of this kind and the various forms of ancestral worship which prevailed in the earliest ages of mankind. "The dead," says Lucian, "who has left no son, receives no offerings, and is exposed to a perpetual famine." See Lesley on *Man's Origin and Destiny.*—Tr.



To this air of the *chirinqui*, as here mechanically reproduced, there are wanting two things—the soul and the life. It is like the head of a corpse, in which the cavities of the

THE CHIRINQUI OR CONIBO FUNERAL CEREMONY.

mouth and eyes still exist, but from which the word and the look are absent. The notes of the gamut cannot render the threnodic style and manner of this savage melopœia, harsh and *veiled*, yet singularly sweet and melancholy.

The women sing it slowly without words from the depth of their throat, in which one might suppose they had inserted a tube; and while singing they follow each other in file round the corpse with their arms so bent that their hands, brought up to the level of their shoulders, have the palm turned to the ground. This funeral ceremony, at which the men assist, but outside the hut, lasts for half a day. When the women are tired of their circular promenade, or hoarse with their singing, custom admits of their halting to take breath and empty a cup. The men for their part drink two, and even

four, as the Peruvian cholos of the coast and the Sierra might do under similar circumstances.

At sunset the corpse is put into a great jar, the mouth of which is sealed up with wood and clay, and which they bury in the earth on the very spot where the women had danced round it. The ground in some Conibo huts is riddled with these excavations—deep chinks, shaped like the mortuary pits in which we have sometimes plunged a stick to gauge their depth.

The funeral of a child differs from that of a man, inasmuch as they completely efface all memory of the latter by breaking his earthenware vessels, scattering the ashes of his hearth, and cutting down the trees which he had planted, whilst a portion of the child is actually received back by the parents who gave it life. Hardly is it dead when the women cut its hair and give it to the mother, who divides it into two equal parts. While this is being done the father goes to the river-side, where his arrow, scorning all larger fish, strikes only the young fry; then having bathed and rolled in the sand, he returns to his hut and gives to the mother the produce of his fishing, which she instantly boils. One half of the child's hair is burned and its ashes mixed with this food, the other half is also burned and drank with the water in which the fish was boiled. This last formality being accomplished the corpse is interred, and for three months afterwards, whenever it thunders, the father and mother in turn trample the ground over the grave with their feet and utter cries of lamentation. When the ground in any hut is so occupied with graves that there is no room for another, they erect a fresh one a few steps distant and leave the old roof to decay.

To complete this monograph of the Conibo Indians, as much from respect for truth as for our love of local colour, we must here mention the decided taste of these indigenes for their own vermin and for those of their neighbours. A Conibo male or female seated with the head in the shade and the feet in the sun, and searching in the hair of a compatriot for food to satisfy this strange hunger, is happier than a Tériaka raised by opium into the seventh heaven of delight.

Besides this taste for parasites, the Conibo has a passion for insects. A mosquito gorged with blood is such a delicate morsel in his eyes, that he never fails, on feeling the insect digging into his flesh, to watch it with a cunning expression. In the measure that the flaccid and transparent abdomen of the drinker fills with a crimson stream, the face of the Conibo expands with pleasure. At the instant when the mosquito has become as round as a ball, he pounces down upon it and pops it into his mouth.

The Conibo nation, fallen from the rank which it occupied in the seventeenth century among the peoples of the Sacramento plain, is at present divided, as we have seen, into clans of two or three families, which only acknowledge their natural chiefs, and live in a dispersed condition upon the shores of the Ucayali and the two affluents on its left shore. The bloody struggles of that nation with its rivals have ceased from very weariness of war, as if an indefinite armistice had been concluded between the belligerents. The hatred of the Conibo for his neighbours the Cacibo Indians (now the Cachibos) of the river Pachitea, and for the Remos and the Amahuacas of the right bank of the Ucayali, has even lost its intensity, and seems to have declined to the level of vulgar contempt.

Formerly these tribes execrated and exterminated each other, now they only pillage and abuse one another. Now and then a hand-to-hand struggle in consequence of some damage sustained by one of them, or a theft committed to his prejudice, alone testifies to the old national enmity which divided them.

This indifference to war and pronounced tendency to peace, as journalists say in their grand style, which we remark among the Conibos, is observable at the present time

CONIBO INDIANS HARPOONING A LAMANTIN.

among most of the red-skins of South America. The thirst of hatred, extermination, and pillage with which these nations were so long possessed, appears to have abated during the last half-century; and their proverbial ferocity, the bugbear of monks, of the inhabitants of the Sierra, and of travellers, has sunk into a sort of gloomy apathy.

This twilight condition between barbarism, properly so called, which no longer exists, and civilization which has hardly yet dawned, sensibly impressed us during our stay among these peoples of the wilderness; and we might here seize the opportunity to discourse on the probable results, but as our ethnographic notice draws to its end we will leave to the reader the care of deciding, on the faith of these observations and of those which follow, if the existing dulness of the native American is to be regarded as a reflection from the day-dawn of his civilization to come, or as the sign of a swift descent to his final destruction. Our own opinion, however, is already formed.

CONIBO VOCABULARY.

God	Papa, Huchi.
devil	Yurima.
heaven	naï.
sun	vari.
moon	uché.
star	huirti.
day	nété.
night	yanta.
air	niuhé.
rain	hui.
dawn	nété-sabataï.
twilight	yambué.
water	unpas.
fire	chi.
cold	madei.
man	buebo.
woman	aïbo.
husband	buené.
child	baqué.
head	busca.
hair	bu.
face	buemana.
forehead	buetongo.
eyebrow	buesco.
eye	bueru.
nose	recqui.
mouth	quebi.
tongue	ana.
tooth	seta.
ear	pabiqui.
neck	pitaniti.
chest	suchi.
shoulder	bapuesco.
arm	puya.
hand	mueque.
finger	muebi.
belly	puru.
navel	pucutésé.
leg	vitaï.
calf (of the leg)	vipucu.
foot	tac.
bone	sau.
blind	buedta.
lame	yedtété.
thief	yumuedsumis.
fear	racqué.
tree	giuhi.
leaf	puei.
stone	maca.
sand	mari.
charcoal	chisté.
smoke	cuhi.
cinder	chimapu.
house	sobo, tapi.
canoe	nunti.
raft	tappa.
cotton	huasmué.
sugar	sanipoto.
cacao	turampi.
canella (a species of bark)	chitani.
rocou	masé.
genipahua	nané.
manioc	adsa.
maize	séqui.
tobacco	chica.
thread	yuma.
needle	sumu.
thorn	musa.
fish-hook	misquiti.
bow	canuti.
arrow	piha.
sac (the garment)	tari.
necklace	tenté.
bracelet	uncé.
bell	tununuati.
looking-glass	bueiseté.
tinder	hisca.
pot	quienti.
plate	quencha.
knife	chichica.
basket	bunanti.
string	risbi.
feather	rani.
dance	ransaï.
tapir	auha.
bear	huiso.
serpent	runi.
wild-pig (peccary)	yaüamaeüa.
ape	rino.
dog	huchété.
vulture	schiqui.
cock	ituri buené.
hen	ituri.
egg (of a hen)	ituri bachi.
turkey-cock (wild)	cosho.
parrot	baüa.
perroquet	tunui.
pigeon	nubué.
partridge	cuma.
fish	huaca.
spider	rinacuo.
fly	nabu.
mosquito	xio.
ant	gima.
butterfly	puempué.
sweet-potato	cari.
ground-nut (pistachio)	tama.
banana	paranta.
papaw-tree (*papaya*)	pucha.
inga (gen. of the Mimoseæ)	shenna.

ananas (pine-apple) . . .	canca.
one	atchoupré.
two	rrabui.
three	—
four	—
five	—[1]
wilt thou?	aueque mibi.
I will	aueque evira.
what?	aueiqui.
what is thy name?	auequenaqui mibi.
yes	hiequi.
no	hiccama.[2]

In terminating this rather long notice of the Conibos—a side-dish which we could not omit from our bill of fare—let us resume, with our route, the thread of our daily observations. The reader will probably remember, or if he has forgotten it we will recall the fact, that the territory of the Conibo Indians, which we are traversing together from south to north, beginning from Paruitcha, on the left shore of the Capoucinia, comprises about two hundred miles of river frontage, and that to the territory of these indigenes succeeds that of the Sipibos, which extends from the right shore of the river Capoucinia to the river Cosiabatay, covering an extent of one hundred and eighty miles, beyond which commence the possessions of the Schétibos, who are spread abroad as far as the confluence of the Ucayali-Amazon with the Marañon.

The dangers, the privations, and the suffering which had marked the commencement of our journey, had passed for us into the land of dreams; but the mosquitoes, that eighth plague, unknown to the author of the Pentateuch, had succeeded to them, and these hateful insects alone tormented us as much as all the storms, the cataracts, the shipwrecks, the hunger, and the misery we had previously endured put together. The Ucayali, relieved of all obstacles, rolled its waters majestically towards the north, and, notwithstanding that the rapidity of its current was singularly slackened, the slope of its bed in some places was still visible to the eye. Its depth, always very variable, even after its junction with the Pachitea, had not exceeded an average of three fathoms.

After passing the Capoucinia our river makes a grand sweep, and, like a gigantic snake, unrolls its broad rings for a length of six miles. The long stretches of sand which had formed its shores, and the monotony of which had become fatiguing, were now replaced by ochry slopes shaded with lofty forests, the islands succeeded each other at more frequent intervals, and from the midst of the masses of balisiers (Canna) which engirdled them rose the lofty trunks of the fig, the cotton-tree, and the capirunas or *canoe-trees*. As a compensation for the incessant torment of the mosquitoes, we had, in the midst of ravishing landscapes, such daybreaks, twilights, and moonlight nights, as would have made the sensitive lover of nature gaze with delight. Early morning was sweet beyond expression. Hardly had day appeared, when the nocturnal vapours gathered on the shores were rent as it were to rags, and remained floating a moment or entangled with the branches of the trees and then were carried away by the light wind. A thousand sweet sounds broke from the woods to welcome the rising sun. The river

[1] These cardinal numbers do not exist in the Conibo language, as we have remarked in our monograph on these indigenes. Before availing themselves of the idiom of the Quichuas, they had to count by duplication, like most of the tribes of South America.

[2] During my stay in the missions of the Sacramento plain, I composed, with the assistance of the missionaries and of a Pano Indian, a combined grammar and vocabulary of the Pano language, still spoken in our days by the Cachibos, Conibos, Sipibos, Schétibos, Remos, Sensis, Amahuacas, and Chacayas. The extent of this work not admitting of its intercalation in the narrative of my travels, I have contented myself by giving the above specimen of the vocabulary.

Ucayali, entrenched between its double wall of gloomy verdure, rolled in a grand silence its pale yellow waters, in striking contrast to the fluttering of the leaves and the movement of birds and quadrupeds. The sun, as it rose, whitened the volume of water and crowned with a luminous aigrette the ridge of every wave. A legion of living creatures, concealed during the night in the waste of waters, but attracted to their surface by the light of day, mingled their strange forms with the smooth or rugged lines of the landscape, and added to its grandeur a character of powerful originality. Caymans ploughed up the sands of the shore in oblique furrows; seals hidden in the reeds timidly stretched out their ill-shaped muzzles to take a draught of fresh air and seize a stalk of the sara-sara (*pseudo-maize*), and immediately withdrew into their liquid domain with a double provision of respirable air and food. In the solitary bays, sheltered from the wind and undisturbed by the steerage of the canoes, spouting dolphins, whose flexible and zinc-coloured skins sparkled in the falling shower, swam four abreast like the horses of a quadriga, or executed the most absurd gambols. Along shore, on the trunks of fallen trees, fished in consort, jaguars, otters, herons white or gray, jabirus (*Mycteria americana*, a species of stork), and flamingoes. In the neighbourhood of these animals trotted, with short, quick steps, the cultirostre commonly called the peacock of the roses (*Ardea helias*). With its partridge-like gait, its pretty delicate head, its slender neck, its fragile legs, its plumage of a modest colour, but more richly gemmed with eye-like markings than the wings of the sphinx, this graceful bird excels the most brilliant of his congeners: *e.g.*, the couroucous, clothed in green, red, and gold; the manakins, with their changing streaks of colour; the orioles and toucans, the parrots and perroquets, the great king-fisher, with his azure back and white wings fringed with black, which we beheld skimming the shore, and snapping perchance at some young *païsi*,[1] escaped from the maternal fin.

These charming spots, where the eclogue and the idyl reign supreme, were often witness to little cataclysms, which every time they occurred under our eyes cost us a tremor approaching to fear. These cataclysms, or whatever you please to call them, consisted in the sudden crumbling down into the river, and with a loud noise, of a part of the river-banks. These lands, composed of sand and vegetable détritus, secretly undermined by the waves, suddenly detached themselves from the firm ground for a

[1] *Païsi*—the *pira-rocou* or rocou-fish of the Brazilians and the *Vastus gigas* or the *Maïus osteoglossum* of ichthyologists. This fish, of the size of a sturgeon, is cuirassed with magnificent scales some six centimetres square, of a brilliant red colour with an edging of cobalt. It abounds in the tributaries and the lakes of the Upper Amazon. It is this fish which the Peruvians and Brazilians of those countries prefer to others for salting, its meat being not unlike that of the cod. Besides the great consumption of the païsi in its fresh condition by the missions of the Ucayali and the villages of the Amazon, they send away considerable quantities every salting season into the neighbouring provinces, and even to Para. The Cocamas are, of all the indigenes with whom we are acquainted, those who show themselves the most dainty in their preference for the pira-rocou, a fish despised by the Conibos, who call it *huamué*, little known among the Chontaquiros, and altogether ignored by the Antis, whose rivers are too cold for its residence. To find anywhere on the shore of the Ucayali the scales and bones of the païsi is sufficient to inform the river-side tribes that a family or a band of Cocamas have passed that way. This fish is the only one that we have seen in the rivers of South America swimming in company with its progeny. It is by no means rare to see, in the calm and solitary bays, an enormous female païsi escorted by her little ones, in the midst of whom she looks like a three-masted ship surrounded by sloops. The young païsis, from twelve to fifteen inches long and as yet without scales, are brown, like an eel, on their backs; that colour, however, becomes less decided as it rounds the flanks, and is altogether lost on the belly, the lower part of which is a yellowish-white.

length of a mile less or more, dragging with them the trees they had nourished and the bundles of lianas which, like cables, link them one to another. These landslips, which we often heard at a distance of nearly ten miles, sounded like heavy discharges of artillery.

REEDS (CANNA) OF THE UCAYALI.

A singular episode, which might have had a tragical result, and afforded me the honour of being ripped up like the beautiful hunter beloved of Venus, happened on one of my day's journeys. It occurred between the rivers Tallaria and Ruapuya, affluents on the right of the Ucayali (I cannot fix more precisely the scene of the incident), and

at three o'clock in the afternoon. My companions were about a mile in advance. My canoe, manned by three Conibos, kept along shore for the sake of the shade. The rowers, sitting at their ease, exchanged from time to time a few words, which they emphasized with a dish of mazato. The pilot alone manœuvred the canoe. Suddenly our ears were struck by a dull sound, such as might have been produced by a hundred pickaxes at work. This noise, which the Indians listened to with profound attention, seemed to come from the depths of the forest along which we were coasting. Tired of listening to it without comprehending its meaning, I was about to ask one of my rowers for an explanation, when, guessing my intention, he imposed silence on me by a brusque gesture. After some minutes' attentive listening, the Indians, who seemed to understand what to me was so mysterious, consulted a moment with each other, and then rowed lustily towards the shore. As we approached the bank they threw off their sacs, seized their bows and arrows, and springing on the shore as naked as they were born, they disappeared in the forest. I was left alone to take care of the canoe.

Some time had passed, when, tired of waiting for my rowers, and tormented besides by the mosquitoes, I fastened the canoe to a branch, and disembarking in my turn, entered the forest. A profound silence reigned there. I seated myself upon a fallen trunk, and as I had taken my album with me in the hope of utilizing one of its pages, I began to sketch one of those beautiful palm-trees of the genus *Chamædorea*, with its régime of drupes, mixed black and orange. While I was absorbed in this occupation, the earth trembled under my feet. It seemed as if a volcano were roaring under the ground. At one bound I was on my feet; the shocks became more and more violent, the oscillations appeared to proceed from south to north. As to the noise, it was like the distant galloping of a squadron of cavalry. All at once, while my eyes were searching with anxiety the gloom of the woods, a troop, or rather an army, of peccaries, those American wild hogs, burst from the woods like thunder at the distance of twenty steps. I looked everywhere for some corner in which I could hide myself, or some tree to climb, and seeing nothing within my reach but the pendent lianas, I seized hold of them and raised myself from the ground by the sheer force of my wrists, like a professor of gymnastics. The formidable troop passed at full gallop, leaving behind it a revolting odour. I know not what effect I may have produced on the boars, suspended there by my hands and clothed in a red robe; but the bewildered state of my faculties allowed of no doubt that they had caused me a dreadful fright.

Behind the battalion of veterans, who stained the grass with the blood that trickled from their wounds, came on a detachment of cadets. These little beasts, with their noses in the wind and their tails twisted like cork-screws, galloping in the footprints of their big relations with extraordinary eagerness, had such a grotesque look that in other circumstances I should certainly have laughed at them, but my situation was too serious for this. The Conibos, howling, swearing, laughing, ran after these young pigs, and pressed them so close that they might have caught them by the tails. The stampede had lasted five minutes. I had at last the key to the enigma: the strange sound that we had heard was caused by these peccaries digging round a tree for the purpose of

terms, had, in fine, disappeared from the right shore. Having no longer anything to fear from neighbourhood of enemies,[1] the Sipibos, dwelling by the river-side on the Sacramento plain, profited by the circumstance to cross the water and make themselves at home on the opposite shore. The information that we collected on this subject was in agreement with our opinion.

In the course of a few miles only we passed, on one or the other shore, some fourteen residences of the Sipibos, which appeared to us a prodigious number in comparison with those which we had counted among their neighbours of the south. A patriarchal hospitality was offered us under the roof of palms belonging to one of these families, where we tasted for the first time some turtles just hatched. These animals, which the natives collect by thousands on the shores of the Ucayali at the instant when they leave the egg, are thrown by their women into an earthen pot containing a little water, covered with a handful of leaves, and thus cooked by the steam like chestnuts or potatoes. They eat them like prawns, crunching the still soft shells of the amphibia. It is a strange kind of food, exquisitively soft and delicate in taste, which I have no hesitation in recommending to those who appreciate a lenten cuisine.

In the degree that we travelled northward nature displayed a remarkable luxuriousness of vegetation. Reedy or barren shores only appeared at long intervals. Two lines of forest skirted the shore in profile, while the winding river, looking in the distance like a slender thread, was lost in the haze of the horizon. Groups of islands, from fifteen to eighteen miles in circumference, clothed with dense forest, stretched far away in the middle of the river, and were often mistaken by us for the mainland; it was only after we had passed them that we discovered our error. By way of compensation for the extraordinary breadth of the Ucayali, its depth was very slight. In some places, especially off the mouth of the river Pisqui, an affluent of its left shore, the plummet marked only a fathom and a half. Fifteen miles further it increased to two fathoms, being four fathoms less than the depth of the river where it leaves the gorge of Tunkini. From this constantly observed inequality of its bed, we have come to the conclusion that the Ucayali—perhaps the most picturesque and most serpentine river in the world—seems destined never to carry any vessels but those of a slight draught of water. What a disappointment for the travellers and geographers, who, during a century past, have been obstinately bent on establishing a net-work of river communication across South America, and by means of combinations, on the ingenuity of which

[1] The tribes which extend from the valleys of the Apolobamba to the river Tarvita, an affluent of the Ucayali, and whose territory is situated between the seventy-second and seventy-third parallels, are the *Cucicuris*, on the confines of Carabaya; *Siriniris*, of the valleys of Marcapata, Ayapata, and Asaroma; the *Tuyneris* and the *Huatchipayris*, of the valleys of the Madre de Dios; the *Pucapacuris*, of the shores of the Mapacho or Paucartampu-Camisia; lastly, the *Impétiniris*. These indigenes, friends and connections, go naked, speak the same language, and observe the same customs. The Antis, the Chontaquiros, and the Conibos of the left bank of the Ucayali are at war with the Pucapacuris and the Impétiniris.—The *Remos*, the *Amahuacas*, and the *Chacayas*, whose territory succeeds to that of these indigenes, and who hold no relation with them, are victimized by the greed of the Conibos, Sipibos, and Schétibos, although they speak the language of these latter, and have sprung like them from the great Panos nation, now extinct. It is perhaps to that kinship which united them in times past that we may attribute the antipathy rather than the hatred that the Conibos and their allies of the left shore of the Ucayali appear to cherish against the Remos, the Amahuacas, and the Chacayas of the right bank. They all pillage them, harass them, and even knock them about a little; in a word, treat them as a people with whom it is by no means necessary to stand on ceremony.

they pride themselves, but to which nature is energetically opposed, unite the trans-Andean provinces of Peru with its cis-Andean possessions. We shall have something more to say about this system of commercial hydrography when we ascend the rivers Jurua and Purus.

One morning we passed on our right the east-south-eastern link of the chain of the Sierra of *Cuntamana*, a trachytic hill rising finely in the midst of the plains of the Ucayali-Amazon. It was marvellous to reflect, that in a circumference of nearly a thousand miles round this stony mass we should have looked in vain among the sands of the river-side and in the rich mould of the forests for a stone as big as a tomtit's egg. That sierra, violently thrown up at some distant period by a crater opened in the subjacent formations, rather than spread in a molten state over a fault in the stratification, must have risen from the earth in one mass and in a semi-fluid condition. This mass, sinking down upon itself and seeking a level, filled the surrounding cavities, and determined four mountain-chains, which extending from the centre or *nudus* like the spokes from the middle of a wheel, took the direction of the four quarters. The northern chain bears the name of *Cuntamana*, which is that of the parent sierra; the southern chain is called *Uri-Cuntamana;* the eastern, *Canchahuaya;* the western, *Chanayamana.* The base and flanks of this sierra are clothed with great forests, its summits alone are barren. These forests abound in timber fit for building and for cabinet-work, besides sarsaparilla, cacao, styrax,[1] vanilla, copahu (or terebinth), gums and resins, honey and wax, and in medicinal and dye plants. The Sensis Indians (a remnant of the great Pano nation, to which the four tribes[2] which now people the Sacramento plain are related), the cleanest, best-mannered, and decidedly the most honest of all these indigenes, dwell in the forests of Chanayamana, where their tribe, which is highly esteemed in the neighbouring missions, counts a dozen or fifteen families, representing about a hundred individuals.[3]

We were now but three days' journey from the mission of Sarayacu, of which our Chontaquiro friend Jeronimo had given so grand a description. Not daring to put faith in all he said, we consulted our Conibo rowers, to know to what extent the assertions of the bell-ringer were credible. Instead of extenuating the hyperbolical account given by that individual, our friends improved upon it to such a degree that we firmly believed the Enim, the Païtiti, and the El Dorado so vainly sought by the Spanish conquerors, could be no other than the place we were approaching. The evident anachronism between the period of the search for these enchanted places and the foundation of the Christian village could not destroy our deeply-rooted illusions. It is true none of us dreamed at that moment of considering the two epochs in relation to each other, or remarked that a lapse of a hundred and ninety years separated them.

The three days' journey which remained to be accomplished in order to reach this

[1] An elegant shrub of the natural order *Styraceæ*, from which the gum-benzoin of commerce is obtained.—Tr.

[2] The Cacibos, the Conibos, the Sipibos, and the Schétibos. Its other inhabitants consist only of a few groups of two or three families of various origin.

[3] The Sensis are in reality Schétibos who separated themselves from the majority of the tribe about half a century ago, and established themselves on the right bank of the Ucayali. These indigenes live on good terms with all the neighbouring tribes.

American Canaan—where, New Hebrews, we expected to find a supply of manna and fat quails, and which, if our rowers had not been afraid of fatiguing themselves, might have been accomplished in two—had been divided by them into three stages of twenty-one miles each. On the evening of the first day we camped on a part of the shore named Chanaya,[1] where we found on arriving two individuals, a man and a woman. The canoe in which they had arrived was fastened by a rope made from the palm-tree to an oar fixed in the sand. These strangers, whom we first took for Sipibos, were converts of the mission of Sarayacu, who were ascending the river to look for honey and wax, more especially the latter, in the trunks of the cecropias which form the store-houses of the wild bees. The man, already old and deprived of his right eye, was named Timothy. He had been baptized by a missionary, in whose company he had afterwards made a journey to Lima. The woman, still young, told us that her name was Maria, and that she was born at Sarayacu of Christian parents. This couple, legitimately married, were of the Cumbaza nation, and originally from the shores of the Huallaga, but had drifted, through I know not what ups and downs, to the missions of the Ucayali. Timothy, although a Christian, made no scruple of fraternizing with our rowers, of drinking mazato with them by way of welcome, and handing round his powdered tobacco, contained in a tin extinguisher of which he had made a snuff-box. On the indigenes refusing to take it in this way, the man snuffed up three or four pinches without the aid of an apparatus, in European fashion, which he had probably learned to do from the chiefs of the mission. Timothy's companion stood aside during this scene. At the sight of our Conibos she had manifested at first a pious horror, and when, after drinking a few cups with her husband, they approached to examine, in their simplicity, her bracelets of red pearls, she turned her back on them, calling them, half aloud, *heathens* and *dogs!*

The intolerance of this Cumbaza shocked us the more because, in her features, the colour of her skin, and her costume, she differed in no respect from the savage women we had met on our journey. The only particularity which distinguished her from these ladies was her hair, which, instead of wearing as they do, floating over her shoulders and cut straight across the forehead at the level of the eye-brow, she had twisted up in chignon fashion, and fastened with a horn-comb. Apart from this little vanity of civilization of which she seemed proud, our Christian friend was as brown and as flat-nosed as her sisters of the wilderness; her figure was certainly quite as grotesque, and to complete the resemblance, her only garment was a *pampanilla* or strip of brown cotton cloth which reached from her hips to her knees.

This woman, so slightly gifted by nature and education, affecting unusual modesty, and vain of her horn-comb, excited our dislike at first sight. It wanted but little that the hostile sentiment she inspired should react upon the mission which had baptized her. "As the sign is, so the wine is," we were on the point of saying. Fortunately it was not long before she and her companion re-embarked, and, he rowing, she steering, the couple continued their uncertain course in search of wax.

[1] From the name of the lesser chain west of the Sierra of Cuntamana, at the foot of which it is situated, and which is called Chanaya-Mana (*cerro of Chanaya*).

This specimen of the two sexes of Sarayacu had given a rude blow to my enthusiasm. For days past I had heard so much of the central mission, its monks and its converts, that I had grown accustomed to see them in a certain light, and could not see

TYPE OF THE SIPIBO INDIANS.

them otherwise. In my imagination, imbued with the maxims of Chateaubriand, the virgins of Sarayacu were so many Atalas, Milas, and Celutas; the male converts, their companions, I could find no worthy comparison for, except in Outougamiz the Simple, or Chactas, sons of Outalissi. As for the portraits of the chiefs of the holy place, I had traced them faithfully from that of the venerable Father Aubray. They all had the shaven crown, the white beard falling to their waists, the bent shoulders, and a knotted staff to support their steps. If the landscape in which I placed these imaginary creations had no tulip-trees, magnolias, or venerable moss-covered oaks, no gigantic cypresses, throwing their shadow on pools of crystalline water, it was because

I knew that these trees, peculiar to North America, are not found in the South. This was the only drawback that I had anticipated to my ideal; but behold! the strongest of all my illusions had waned from an Atala, daughter of Simaghan, with

TYPE OF THE SIPIBO WOMEN.

the bracelets of gold, to a kind of female ape with spider-like legs, sour, ill-tempered, intolerant; behold the Chactas of my dreams metamorphosed into a one-eyed Indian, taking snuff out of an extinguisher, and drinking chicha with my rowers. O poesy! O lie! O deplorable effect of the well-rounded periods of genius! I was on the point of exclaiming while scanning the abyss into which an unreflecting admiration of the author of *Natchez* had led me. What now remained to be done? Should I be justified in remounting from the effect to the cause, and from what I saw of the convert conclude as to the missionary? But what then must be the shepherds of a whole flock of such sheep? Only to think of such a thing made one shiver.

The embouchure of the river Pisqui, which yawned on our right, turned my thoughts in another direction. This stream, rising from a detached arm of the central Cordillera, and about thirty yards broad at its confluence with the Ucayali, counts on both banks about a dozen residences of Sipibo Indians.

One of their dwellings, erected on the left shore of the great river, in which we had stopped to dine, was furnished with a machine of a remarkable form, the model for which, we were told, had been furnished by the converts of Sarayacu. This machine was used for crushing sugar-canes. Curious to know what local drink they might make from the juice of the cane, we questioned on this subject the man to whom the machine belonged. "*Ron,*" he said, smiling and making a gesture as if swallowing some kind of liquid. We understand at once that he meant rum or tafia; but what appeared to us incomprehensible, was the manner in which the indigene accented that

MILL FOR CRUSHING SUGAR-CANES.

syllable, and the enthusiastic gesture by which he commented on it. This Sipibo, who traded with the missions of Sarayacu in wax, seal-oil, and turtles' fat, understood a little Quichua. With the help of an interpreter and our own resources, we obtained from him some explanation of the decided taste which he showed for strong drink. This taste, which he told us had been acquired by his intercourse with the converts to whom he sold his wares, had become with him a habit; but habit, as we know, is second nature, and the Sipibo, unable to live without his rum, had planted a few sugar-canes and made a *trapiche* to crush them. The converts, after having assisted him to construct the machine, came every now and then to ask for a drink of rum in testimony of their sincere friendship. The Indian was delighted with his cleverness in distilling a liquor which procured him on the same day, and according to the dose which he took, dreams all *couleur de rose,* or an access of melancholy. We left this man, scandalized by his conversation, and by the fact that the near neighbourhood of the missions and the missionaries had not inspired him with some other desire than that of rum-drinking.

At Cosiabatay the territory of the Sipibos ends, and that of their brothers and allies, the Schétibos, commences. The three missions of Sarayacu, Belen, and Tierra Blanca, built on the territory of the last-mentioned indigenes, have extended their influence over the places and the inhabitants, not only in sanctifying the one and in civilizing the other, as one might suppose, but in causing the migration of most of the Schétibos into

the interior, along the affluents and channels on the left of the Ucayali, making the country of these natives a sort of neutral territory, where we find alternately with the residences of the Schétibos, dwellings of the Conibos, Chontaquiros, and even of Cocamas, from the great lagoon of Huallaga. Not to leave my reader, who might attribute this apparent good fellowship to a fusion of the aforesaid tribes, altogether in the dark, it is proper to state that the territory which they occupy in common, and which comprises about five hundred miles of the winding river, does not contain in its entire extent more than three residences of Schétibos, five of Conibos, four of Chontaquiros, one Pano, and a few temporary sheds of the Cocamas. Thanks to a space of some forty miles which chance has interposed between each of these dwellings and its nearest neighbour, their owners, notwithstanding the national hatred which divides them, manage to live in peace. Farther on, when we are passing through their territory, we will explain how it is that the inhabitants have abandoned their respective tribes to live apart.

Cosiabatay, to return to the point from which we have diverged, is a rapid river about fifty yards broad at its mouth, and inhabited in the interior by the Schétibo Indians. Like its neighbour the Pisqui, it descends from the flank of the Sierra of San Carlos, a detached arm of the central Cordillera, and takes its course from west to east across the Sacramento plain. In the seventeenth century, this river was called the Manoa, from the name of *Manoïtas*, given by the missionaries of that epoch to the Schétibos whom they found established on its shores.

The Sipibos and Schétibos, though now separated, formerly constituted one and the same tribe, detached like the five neighbouring tribes from the great Pano nation. In physiognomy, language, customs, and clothing, they are so like the Conibos, of whom we have already given a particular account, that we may say of these indigenes, the only difference between them is in name.

Towards the middle of the seventeenth century, when Father Biedma, after exploring the river Pachitea, ascended for the first time the Ucayali, the Sipibos, allies of the Cacibos, were already separated from the Schétibos, in consequence of a quarrel which came to blows, and in which these latter were beaten. The lapse of time had only embittered the hatred between the brethren; when, a century afterwards, viz. in 1760, a few Franciscan monks, as we have before stated, founded the first missions of the Ucayali. The hatred of the Schétibos against the Sipibos was so manifest at this time, that the fear of seeing them come to blows in the very church if they were associated in the same mission, caused a distinct establishment to be formed for each tribe. *Santo Domingo de Pisqui*, on the river of that name, received the Sipibos, and *San Francisco de Manoa* collected the Schétibos. The Panos, Conibos, Remos, Amahuacas, and Chacayas, who, notwithstanding their near neighbourhood to each other and their relationship, detested each other as cordially as the Sipibos and Schétibos, were also allotted distinct missions. *Sarayacu, Canchahuaya, Chunuya, Yupuano, Santa Barbara de Achani, Santa Cruz de Aguaytia*, and *San Miguel* were built at the same time as Santo Domingo and San Francisco. These missions figure in the statistics of the epoch, and according to their situation northward or southward from Sarayacu, bear the name

of the Upper Line (*cordon alto*) or Lower Line (*cordon bajo*) of the missions of the Ucayali.[1]

After seven years' residence in their respective missions, these tribes, who had found time to reflect on the hatred which had divided them so many years, and had seen how ridiculous it was for relations to make ugly faces at each other when they met, felt inspired one day by a desire to be reconciled. A Sipibo named Rungato was charged with the words of peace from one tribe to another. The immediate

TYPE OF THE SCHÉTIBO INDIANS.

effect of the general reconciliation between them was to destroy the missions, massacre the missionaries, and make a fraternal division of the trinkets, church ornaments, and sacred utensils, of which they fashioned objects for their personal adornment.[2]

In 1790–91, when the Fathers Girbal and Marquès had rebuilt from their ruins the missions of Manoa and Sarayacu, they appealed to the indigenous tribes who, in 1767, had destroyed them. The Panos and a few Conibos alone replied to the evangelic call of the missionaries; the others preferred to remain free and barbarous. This unorthodox resolve of the Sipibos and Schétibos prevented, perhaps, their total destruction, and has afforded us the pleasure of seeing them at this distance of time as jovial and well-conditioned as their neighbours the Conibos; but of enjoying besides, thanks to the immediate neighbourhood of the missions and converts, the advantage of their skill in manufacturing rum.

The numerical strength of the Sipibos, adding to the fourteen residences on the

[1] The river Huallaga, like the Ucayali, had its *Upper* and *Lower* Cordon, or line of missions; only those of the Ucayali dated later by a century and a half than those of the Huallaga.

[2] On his first visit to Manoa and Sarayacu (Oct. 16th, 1790), Father Girbal recognized with sorrow, suspended to the nose, the neck, or the wrists of the indigenes of both sexes, fragments of chalices, remonstrances, patens, &c., derived from the pillage of the chapels of their missions.

SHORES OF THE UCAYALI.

shores of the Ucayali seven others on the river Pisqui, may be estimated at eight or nine hundred souls. As for the Schétibos, less numerous than their neighbours and allies, they occupy six residences on the shores of the Manoa-Cosiabatay, in the interior, and count, besides three dwellings on the Ucayali, five on the banks of the channels or lakes which skirt along that river between Cosiabatay and the Marañon. To complete this statistical calculation, if we now add the numerical strength of the Conibos to that of the Sipibos and Schétibos, we shall obtain the approximate figure of three thousand souls, which travellers, deceived by the resemblance between the three tribes, and confounding them in one group, have assigned to the single tribe of the Conibos.

Below Cosiabatay the Ucayali suddenly spreads to an unusual breadth. Its sandy shores disappear; a double wall of vegetation, from the depths of which rise tufts of the graceful palm, frames its banks, which are concealed under their green border of gigantic reeds (*balisiers*). The scene was a charming one no doubt, but our thoughts were too much preoccupied to admire it as it deserved. We were now close on Sarayacu, and the thought of landing safely on its shore, after a forty-three days' journey—days marked by unnumbered sufferings and petty annoyances—absorbed every other, and rendered us, during the last quarter of an hour, perfectly indifferent to the beauty of the landscape.

Our haven of safety, which we reached at five o'clock in the afternoon of the second day, was a vast crescent-shaped space, encumbered with shrubs and clumps of wild maize. Long slopes of an ochry and clayey soil, half-hidden by a thick but stunted vegetation, wound up to the line of the forest, situated some thirty feet above the level of the river. On the left of this shore ran the little stream of Sarayacu, debouching from the interior, and only about three or four yards broad. This river,

ENTERING THE RIVER OF SARAYACU.

with its yellow and muddy water, nearly concealed by the dense vegetation, must have been dear to the alligators, to whom silence and *chiara-oscuro* are so congenial. Notwithstanding the equivocal look of this affluent of the Ucayali, we should perhaps have indulged ourselves in speculating on its history, and endeavouring to decide which of its two names, the *Sarah-Ghéné*,[1] formerly given to it by the Panos, or the *Sara-Yacu*,[2] subsequently imposed on it by the Peruvian half-breeds, was the more applicable, if cares more pressing than these etymologies had not at the moment occupied us. The sun had set; twilight quickly succeeded; night rapidly closed in, and we knew by hearsay that the mission to which all our thoughts were directed, was situated six miles from the shore, in the interior of the forest. But this forest, which we had

[1] In the Pano tongue, "River of the Bee;" from *sarah*, bee; and *ghéné*, river.
[2] In the Quichua tongue, "River of Maize;" from *sara*, maize; and *yacu*, river.

to traverse, seemed to gape upon us with a black mouth, from which proceeded, as night closed in, strange voices and alarming sounds. The fear of losing ourselves in its windings, and thus of having to pay toll to its denizens with long fangs and great claws, imposed upon us the necessity of postponing our visit to the mission until the next day.

This decision having been arrived at, we consulted together as to the means of passing the night in the least uncomfortable manner possible. While some cleared of the rank weeds a few square feet of ground on which we might set up our mosquito-curtain tents, others went in search of dried branches and faggots. Soon two great fires were blazing at once on the shore. While we were in the act of peeling some bananas for supper, the Count de la Blanche-Epine, whom we had lost sight of for a moment, hidden as he was by the clumps of Melastomæ, sprang suddenly from between the branches, and presented himself in a black suit and a white necktie, as if he had come to a wedding or a funeral. This sudden transformation, unprepared as we were for it, naturally drew from us a cry of surprise. As for our Conibos, who had never had the opportunity of seeing any one in such a costume before—though they sometimes daubed themselves with black from head to foot, and wore cravats of white pearls—they stood literally astounded. This livery of civilized society, standing out strongly in relief against the back-ground of virgin nature, formed with her one of those striking contrasts with which it was impossible the dullest of the company could fail to be impressed. By the silence of profound astonishment which welcomed his entrance on the scene, the Count de la Blanche-Epine might judge of the magical effect he had produced.

From admiration to envy there is but one step, says the adage. After having given our unreserved admiration to the noble personage, who, like the chrysalis of the sphinx, long hidden in its obscure cocoon, so suddenly burst his shroud, and came before us in his new character of a nocturnal butterfly, we felt secretly jealous of his diplomatic toilet, which rendered more conspicuous still the sad condition of our own costume, dirtied with clays and ochres, torn to rags by thorns, and soiled with the grease of the breakfasts and dinners we had eaten, *sans serviette*, under the hospitable roofs of the five nations.

It was not that the "get up" of the chief of the French commission was faultlessly perfect, for without our rags to throw him into relief by the contrast, there might have been something left to desire. A Parisian dandy, for example, would not have failed to remark that his coat, too short in the tails and superannuated in its cut, was also rather worn at the elbows; that his trousers were too short by some inches to reach his ankles; that his shoes, browned by the water and mouldy with the damp, cried out in vain for blacking; and, in fine, that his old hat, knocked out of shape, spoiled by the rain and dried by the sun, with its nap turned all manner of ways, was not quite in keeping with his evening costume. But this much being allowed the critic, or rather given as a sop to the serpent of envy which gnawed in the heart of every one of us, it must be admitted that the deficiencies we have noticed disappeared in the *ensemble*, and that the general effect of the count's costume was satisfactory.

up for lost time—blew the fire, fed it with fuel, stirred the potage, or saw that it was properly salted. Disdaining these vulgar cares, the chief of the French commission seated himself by an unoccupied fire, examining in succession, with visible satisfaction, his comparatively irreproachable toilet and his long nails, to which continual polishing had imparted the lustre of agates.

About ten o'clock, tired of smoking and talking, we were about to creep under our mosquito-curtains and recruit our exhausted strength by sleep, when the sound of a cracked bell was heard in the distance. We all opened our ears to listen. The bell ceased, and a choir of strange voices rose in the silence of the night. In the nocturn chanted by these unknown throats, evidently exerting their full strength, we recognized a chant in use among the Quichuas of the Sierra. As we were exchanging our various impressions relative to this pious and unexpected anthem, a burst of fierce cries and discordant calls succeeded to the liturgic melopœia. The noise, growing more and more distinct, appeared to come from the massed foliage which concealed from our view the little river of Sarayacu. Thinking the strangers wanted some token of our whereabouts, while at the same time letting us know that friends had arrived, we answered their savage cries by almost similar shouts. In a few minutes a large canoe, illuminated by torches and manned by rowers clothed in white, emerged from the darkness of the woods, and drawing towards the shore, came to a halt opposite our encampment. Then the men who conducted it disembarked, and led by one who, from the whiteness of his skin, appeared to be a European, advanced towards us. At first there was on both sides a little apprehension and mistrust. These individuals coming so unexpectedly, torch in hand, produced on us a singular effect; and they, on their part, seemed equally taken aback. Our appearance, it must be confessed, was not exactly of the kind to win their confidence. Some of us might have posed in an artist's studio for the Bohemians of Callot or the beggars of Murillo. It is hardly necessary to say that I was one of this number; and that my red robe, seen by the firelight, my dishevelled hair and untrimmed beard, completed by the manner in which I held my portfolio of sketches, gave me the look of a sorcerer occupied with some diabolical incantation. No sooner, however, did the Count de la Blanche-Epine step forward and present himself to the strangers, than his costume, like the sun breaking through the clouds, dissipated the injurious suspicions they had formed of us; their frowns vanished, and all their mouths smiled upon us in unison.

These brown-skinned people, whose unanticipated visit had surprised and almost alarmed us, were converts of the mission, whom their superiors, informed of our arrival by the count's messenger, had sent to present us with some chicken-broth, brandy, and fresh eggs. The white man who commanded them was a Yankee, whose rather entangled commercial affairs had led him from Lima to Sarayacu, where the fathers *de propaganda fide*, regardless of his character as a heretic, a follower of Calvin, admitted him to their table and utilized his talent as a mechanician.

While we gathered in a circle round the converts, Indians of Cumbaza origin, born at Sarayacu, and capable of speaking with facility the Quichua language, the Count de la Blanche-Epine, taking advantage of the opportunity, drew the Yankee aside and

which exhaled from their breath. From the characteristics of these honest people, we passed abruptly to the unpoliteness of their pretended captain, whom the chief of the Peruvian commission and his lieutenant denounced as a blackguard and a fool—*tunante y bribon*—and to whom, they declared, they would say as much on their arrival at the mission. Leaving our friends to crush the mechanician with their righteous indignation, I went to rest. As I laid my head upon the bundle which served me for a pillow, I did not forget to forgive the Yankee his offence, hoping that God would also pardon me for any wrong that I had done. This act of Christian devotion having been completed, and my conscience feeling so much the lighter, I closed my eyes and slept till the morning.

The pantomime of Smith and Lowe.—Serenade and compliments on New-year's Day.—Male and female dancers.—Facetious story of a man and a bell.—How the author employed his time at Sarayacu.—Playing at dinners and childish entertainments in secret.—The reverend prior's bathing-place.—Father Antonio.—Mixed history and psychology.—Library and librarian.—A sketch by Father Marquès.—Indiscreet revelations of the register of the civil state of Sarayacu.—How the traveller, having reckoned without his hosts, is obliged to reckon thrice over.—Departure for the gypsum mine at Cosiabatay.—Story of a crucified man.—A wordy but eloquent plea in behalf of the Cacibo cannibals.—Restoration of the saints of Sarayacu.—The artist's old assistant Julio.—The author makes a successful *dēbut* in polychrome sculpture.—Painting a church carpet.—A portrait in miniature.—Departure from the mission of Sarayacu.—Sacrifice of monkeys at Ucayali.—The Yapaya canal.—A village and its inhabitants represented by two shirts.—The pharos of Tierra Blanca.

I was awoke at broad daylight by a cold dew, which penetrated my mosquito-curtain. Lifting up the folds of one square of the stuff, I put my head out and scrutinized the encampment. All our companions still slumbered, to judge by the perfect stillness of the shelters under which they lay. The captain of the frigate alone had, like myself, taken leave of Morpheus; and putting his head out at the same moment as I did, the first thing I saw was his mouth distorted by a tremendous yawn. Having saluted one another, we rose, and as no movement was perceptible under the mosquito-curtain of the lieutenant, the chief of the Peruvian commission, exercising his authority, whipped it off and exposed to view the young man and his red monkey reposing in each other's arms.

The sudden appearance of the light was hailed by each of the sleepers in a distinct fashion. The *Ateles rufus* sat up, made a comical grimace, and rubbed his muzzle hard; whilst the lieutenant lazily raised himself on one elbow, rolled around him his dazed eyes, and stretching himself till his joints cracked, endeavoured to realize the situation. In this, as in so many other circumstances, I could not help thinking that the quadrumanous animal was the superior of the bimanous.

Whilst the young man recovered his wits and arranged his toilet a little, the captain communicated to me his intention to leave for Sarayacu instantly, without waiting till his companions should awake. The idea of presenting himself before the apostolic prefect of the Ucayali missions by the side of a splendidly attired rival, whilst he himself was but sorrily clothed in rags, he frankly avowed to me, wounded at once his *amour propre* as a man and his dignity as a *savant*. Having thus made a confidant of me, he concluded by asking if I would accompany him—my humble appearance harmonizing so well with his—or if I would prefer to join my compatriots and enter Sarayacu in their company. As the thing in itself was a matter of indifference to me, I expressed my readiness to go with the captain, a determination with which he appeared to be charmed. Taking no more time than was necessary to collect my baggage, and leaving to the cholos the care of transporting it to the mission, I rejoined the captain and the lieutenant; and, without uttering a word, we quitted the camp, and made our way through the thickets which line the shore.

Never, I thought, had Aurora shed such tears upon a landscape: every leaf bending under the weight of her pearly drops, shook dewy jewels upon us as we passed. In five minutes we were soaked like sponges. To this inconvenience was added that of the runlets of water we met with, which issued from the forest, descending from slope to slope like little cascades, and made the paths which they crossed so sloppy as to

and thickets, and carpeted with a short grass. A few great trees, which the axe had designedly spared, veiled with a protecting shade this almost circular space, in which, at unequal distances from each other, stood a dozen palm-roofed residences. By the humble grange, surmounted with a wooden cross to denote the church—by the belfry, standing apart, with its thatched top supported on four stakes, and which, but for the bell suspended from a traverse, might have been taken for a pigeon-house—we recognized either a village or a mission; perhaps it was both. The place, as we afterwards learned, was called Belen (Bethlehem), and it served as an outpost of Sarayacu. The doors of the huts were close shut, and as during the few minutes that we halted at their threshold no human being appeared to whom we could address ourselves, with the object of learning anything about the locality, we returned to the path, which, like the thread of Ariadne, guided our uncertain steps through the labyrinth of the forests.

Soon wider spaces separated the trees; the line of shrubs on either side fell back; the footpath grew broader and became a road; the blue of the sky, of which we had lost sight since we left our camping place, once more showed itself, and the full flood of daylight surrounded us. The sun, already hot, caused our damp clothes to smoke. As our spirits rose under its happy influence, some of the converts showed themselves at the end of the road, and we hailed them with loud exclamations. At their head marched the Yankee of the evening before, whom the captain and his lieutenant pointed out with their finger. By the characteristic, but rather unparliamentary epithets which they bestowed upon him at a distance, no less than from the manner in which they lengthened their steps to approach him, I feared that a serious altercation would take place between them, and prepared myself to interfere. But the Yankee, on his part, appeared to have a similar apprehension, for, quitting his place at the head of the detachment, he glanced off to the left, and entered the forest, where we saw him glide from tree to tree, hiding behind their trunks in a mysterious way, which testified that if he lacked the courage of the lion, he supplied its place by that prudence which literature, without much respect for the facts of natural history, attributes to the serpent. The converts, who had joined us with many welcomes, went to the shore to collect the baggage of the Franco-Peruvian expedition, and transport it on their backs to Sarayacu. While they were thus occupied, a dozen of their companions, who had left the village at the same time, descended the river in a canoe decorated with boughs, and directed their course to the encampment that we had left. A kind of yacht of honour, prepared by order of the reverend prior, with rowers who had been selected from among the most renowned musicians and singers of Sarayacu, was to bring to the mission the Count de la Blanche-Epine and his attachés, to the sound of music (the drum and the flageolet) and singing. I very much regretted being deprived of the curious spectacle which the embarkation of the chief of the French commission must have presented; the captain, on the contrary, was enchanted to think that he was not compelled to witness the honours rendered to his rival, which would only have caused to bleed anew the still open wound of his self-love. The converts left to attend to their duties, and we resumed our course to the steeple.

After walking for a space of time that passed rapidly enough, the path, now narrow and winding, now broad and perfectly straight, brought us to the entrance of a large, cleared, and even weeded space, around which were capriciously erected the dwellings of the mission, constructed of the wood of the palm-tree, and thatched with its branches. These dwellings, out of all parallel with each other, presented here and there projecting and re-entering angles, which revealed in the architects of the locality either a sovereign contempt for, or a complete ignorance of, the laws of geometry. Two mud buildings, forming the ends of the square, bounded the place north and east. The first had smooth plastered walls, coloured with yellow ochre, and but a single opening. The second, which was whitewashed, had an immense square door and five square windows, which were fitted with upright bars or stanchions, fashioned like those balusters so lavishly employed in buildings in the Rococo style of architecture in Europe. A wooden cross of a red colour marked the centre of the place, around which the circular line of the forest made a belt of umbrageous green.

As the whitewashed construction with the square windows was the most sumptuous in the place, we at once steered towards it, crossing the place diagonally, and, as we approached, presenting a front of three, like the Horatii of the late M. David. Up to this moment we had seen no living creature, except five great ducks (*huananas*) marching gravely along in single file; and we were beginning to feel astonished at such a solitude, when a number of women and children, who had been concealed from our view, but who had seen us through the trellised walls of their dwellings, came running after us with such exclamations as demonstrated their pleasure. In the twinkling of an eye we were surrounded, jostled, almost taken possession of, by a joyous band, who welcomed us in the idiom of Cervantes and Manco Capac. We responded in our best manner to these polite demonstrations; then, as they became too deafening, we wheeled about and doubled our pace; but the mothers, who wished to make a close inspection of us, took their little ones by the hand, and dragging them after them, kept step with us in a manner which argued well for their strength of limb. Thus escorted we reached the building with the five windows, on the threshold of which there suddenly appeared a venerable monk, fat, rosy, and fresh, and his head encircled with a crown of white hairs.

On seeing us he could not restrain an expression of surprise, and then, as we halted, he took three steps forward to meet us, and opening fraternally his arms, I, on my part, threw myself into them.

"Ah! my poor children," he said, "I have heard how much you have suffered, but here with me you shall suffer no longer."

Too much moved, or too breathless, to reply, I contented myself with pressing the hands of the fine old man with an air of deep feeling. He was no other than Father Manuel José Plaza, the apostolic prefect of the missions of the Ucayali and prior of the convent of Sarayacu. Whilst we were exchanging these affecting civilities, the women and children who had followed us drew near, and examined us open-mouthed. Already several hands had taken hold of our garments to feel the stuff of which they were made, when the Reverend Plaza, who observed this indiscreet proceeding, extended his hand to the crowd, simply exclaiming, "*Fuera de aqui*" (Away with you!) His

gesture and words caused the women and children to start back as if a red-hot iron had been thrust at them. "Admirable discipline!" I said to myself aside.

Meanwhile the worthy prior had introduced us into his reception-room, an immense apartment with six window-openings without windows. In an instant all the inmates and domestics of the convent were gathered about us, each anxious to pay us all possible respect by the exercise of his or her special talent.

Courtesy demanded that we should make suitable acknowledgments to the major-domo, to the cook and her husband the log-splitter, to the laundress, and the carpenter of the mission, with his better half the seamstress, who hung upon his arm. All these honest people seemed as wonder-struck to see us as if we had fallen from the moon. Their astonishment was by no means surprising, considering our eccentric and pitiable appearance, and it was gratifying to detect beneath their curiosity a real interest and sympathy for us, as evinced by their moist eyes and frankly smiling faces.

After many questions as to the places we had visited and the dangers we had escaped, which the captain and the lieutenant replied to so modestly as to give our hosts the best possible opinion of them, we were conducted, by order of the prior, into a large room, the walls of which, having been recently whitewashed, were scrupulously clean. This apartment was furnished with a long table, formed of planks resting on trestles, and an arm-chair roughly cut out of a log of mahogany by the carpenter of Sarayacu. A hurdle, resting on eight stakes fixed in the ground, and occupying one entire side of the room, seemed destined to serve, according to the time of day, either as a divan or a bed. The major-domo, a little obsequious man, still young and smiling, but already more wrinkled than a calf's pluck, immediately put at my disposal a notched razor, a pair of scissors, and some soft soap and water.

Our ablutions were finished and our beards properly trimmed when the neophytes who had been sent down to the shore returned. Among the various articles which I had saved from shipwreck were several cotton handkerchiefs originally destined for the savages, but which, in the sad state of my wardrobe, I now devoted to my personal use. The captain of the frigate, to whom I showed the handkerchiefs, was so smitten with one which had a blue and white ground sprinkled with red tulips, that I gave it to him for a cravat. The lieutenant received one also, but it was black and yellow and a little faded. Following the example of his patron, he tied it in a triumphant knot round his neck. Thus cravated, these gentlemen had only to button their coats up to the chin, for reasons easy to imagine, and a touch of the comb completed their toilet.

I was about to compliment them upon their improved appearance, when the sound of a bell and the report of a *camareto* (a small howitzer or obusier) was heard, followed by the shouts of men and the exclamations of women and children. Not understanding the reason of these noisy demonstrations, I went to the door to see what it was all about. A compact group was advancing towards us from the other end of the square. At the head walked the venerable prior of Sarayacu and the Count de la Blanche-Epine, in honour of whose disembarkation in the little creek the bell had been rung and the camareto fired. The reverend father, who had gone to receive this noble personage, held above the head of his highness, in the manner of an *achihua*, or canopy,

a red cotton umbrella with a long stick. Beneath this improvised canopy, which threw a purple reflection on his face, walked with the slow majesty of an Olympian deity, the chief of the French commission, dressed in his black coat, and crowned with the broad-brimmed, gray felt hat, with which the reader is already acquainted. The patronizing smiles and the repeated bowings which he distributed among the converts of both sexes who lined the passage, clearly testified to the fact of his taking seriously

HONOURS PAID TO THE COUNT DE LA BLANCHE-ÉPINE.

the honours conferred upon him. The assistant-naturalist, clothed in white, walked on his left; and behind them came the cholo interpreters Antonio and Anaya, leading by the hand the little Impétiniri slave. Our Conibo rowers, freshly daubed with red and black, and bearing on their shoulders an oar or a paddle, brought up the rear with becoming dignity.

On seeing the Count de la Blanche-Epine in the full flush of his triumph, the captain of the frigate, unable to master his feelings, took the arm of his lieutenant, who was staring open-mouthed at the spectacle, and rudely pushing him into our cell, closed the door. I could readily understand his wrath at the honours paid to his rival. The umbrella canopy, a distinction scarcely accorded to a Peruvian president on the day of his nomination, was especially exasperating. Whilst I was philosophizing on the oddity of all this, the cortége had crossed the square. On reaching the threshold of the convent, the reverend prior returned the umbrella to one of his suite, and graciously

invited his guest to enter first. There ended the ceremonial of introduction. The Count de la Blanche-Epine and the assistant-naturalist were conducted to a cell exactly like ours, where they were left until the dinner hour to recover from the physical and moral fatigues of the morning.

The dinner, served precisely at noon, was announced by the sound of a bell and a personal intimation from the major-domo. The captain, somewhat recovered from the bilious attack caused by the reception given to his rival, took his place at the common table, where the prior, the chief of the French commission, and the assistant-naturalist had preceded him. On remarking the order of precedence that had been observed in the arrangement of the covers, the captain made a significant grimace, for, in fact, his place was last. As he was about to say something to the major-domo, I pulled him roughly by his flannel spencer. He looked at me, stifled a sigh, and raising his eyes to heaven, seemed to offer up to God this new affront in expiation of his past sins.

The repast consisted of boiled turtle, broiled fowls, boiled rice, and manioc-roots cooked under the ashes. These viands were brought to table in wooden bowls and earthenware jars. From the wooden or tinned-iron spoons, the small supply of forks, and the absence of a table-cloth and napkins, might be inferred the vow of poverty, and the renunciation of the good things of this life, made by the disciples of St. Francis. Two or three big-bellied jars contained water from the river, destined to quench the thirst of the company. After a short grace, the prior begged us to help ourselves, and, setting a good example, immediately filled his plate from each of the dishes. This done, he mixed the various edibles together, and when the mess was to his liking, swallowed it in huge mouthfuls, using his fingers and a horn spoon made like a spatula. The manner in which his reverence took his dinner put us perfectly at our ease. Each of us, considering himself emancipated from the laws of etiquette, went to work in his own way, and soon every jaw was in active operation.

During the meal our venerable host, notwithstanding the juvenile zest with which he devoted himself to the contents of his platter, found opportunity to address each of his guests with a gracious word or a flattering remark, the appropriateness of which discovered in him a delicate sense of wit, as well as a sufficiently close acquaintance with the human heart.

At dessert, immediately after the major-domo had placed before us a little molasses in a saucer, as a substitute for dried fruits or sweets, six of the male converts entered the room, followed by a numerous crowd, who ranged themselves along the walls, in order to leave the centre of the apartment free. These men executed a character-dance to the sound of the flageolet and drum, played upon by four musicians. The cue of the flageolet-players consisted in giving one single note, *sol*, indefinitely repeated, the drums striking in with their cavernous *boum*. I could not help involuntarily recalling to mind Bilboquet, of *picaresque* memory. The note was often enough repeated to satiate its most ardent admirers.

To the white shirt and pantaloons of the neophyte, the dancers had added a kind of cylindrical bonnet made of parrot's feathers, surmounted by three tail-feathers of the blue and red ara. A chaplet or rosary, consisting of several strings formed of the

capsules of the cedrela and the drupes of the styrax girded their breast and back like a sash; and from the ankles to the knees their legs were bound with rows of little rattles[1] of their own manufacture, which made a noise like rattlesnakes.

A long feather of the ara, with a tuft at its extremity, held by each of the dancers, served to direct the musicians. According as the feather waved in the air from left to right, and *vice versa*, or as the leader beat it too and fro above his head, as the conductor of an orchestra uses his baton, the flutists played their single note faster or slower, and the drums beat in assonance.

PLAYERS ON INSTRUMENTS.

The local dance performed in our honour consisted of a succession of movements up and down the room, of leaps, of *balancez*, and *chassez-croisez*, which absolutely offered nothing new or picturesque in the way of choreographic design, except that each dancer could embellish his performance to his taste with flic-flacs, affected movements, flutterings, and pirouettings, which like fanciful arabesques bordered the monotonous groundwork of the picture. It is hardly necessary to say that the ballet, stimulated by our presence, did wonders, and danced as one man.

Although after a few minutes of this music we all felt as if our nerves were outside

[1] These little bells, or rattles, are fashioned out of the triangular-shaped stone of the fruit of the *Ahuetia cerbera* (fam. of the *Apocyneæ*). In the hollow of this stone, which is about the size of an apricot, and is cut in two, so that each half forms a kind of bell, the natives suspend a little bone clapper, which vibrates at the least movement, and makes a kind of rustling rather than a distinct sound.

our skin, no one retired from the party, but seemingly calm, and with a smile on the lips, endured to the end this new martyrdom. On leaving the table the captain declared that the bites of the mosquitoes, from which he had suffered so much during the journey, seemed to him preferable to this trio of drum, flageolet, and bells, by which he had been tortured for the last three-quarters of an hour.

To clear our heads of the tormenting buzz of the local orchestra, which still seemed to ring in our ears, we started to make a reconnaisance in the village, a mere

DANCER OF SARAYACU.

collection of capriciously scattered huts divided from one another by clumps of trees. The converts gathered about each threshold enticed us by all possible arts to join them in emptying a few cups of mazato, a liquor with which their cellars seemed to be well supplied. We listened to their enticements, but nevertheless declined to drink. Our Conibo rowers, the cholo interpreters, and the young Impétiniri committed to their care, had accepted the hospitality of these good people and found themselves quite at home under their roof. Their flushed faces, sparkling eyes, and somewhat thick tone of voice testified to the fact that they had been well entertained on their arrival at the mission.

They surrounded us and hugged us in their arms with that expansive tenderness often shown by men who have drank more than enough, but not sufficient to be unpleasant or furious. One jolly-looking Conibo, who had formed one of my canoe

party all the way from Paruitcha to Sarayacu, put his arm round my neck, and, inspecting my new clothing, inquired with interest what had become of the *bichi-hui*, which he observed I was no longer wearing. The article that the innocent savage thus designated was my purple bayeta robe, which he had coveted during the journey, and which, on account of the long hair of the stuff, he took for the skin of some animal; hence the name *bichi-hui*—skin of the red beast—which he gave it.

ONE OF THE CONVERTS OF SARAYACU.

As it would have taken up too much time to explain to my ex-rower that what he had taken for the skin of a quadruped was a piece of Castillian wool, cut from the piece by a respectable merchant at Cuzco, and fashioned into a kind of loose tunic by one of the city beauties—and as, moreover, it was my intention to keep this article of clothing, considering it might still be useful to me—I told this individual that I had given the skin in question to my friend the captain. This information was so extremely annoying to him, that he emptied at one draught a bowl of fermented liquor in order to drown his disappointment in oblivion.

During our promenade in the village, we had the curiosity to enter several huts, in order to judge, from the elegance or comfort of their residences, of the degree of civilization attained by the proprietors. In one only we found furniture and utensils of the most necessary description, such as truckle-beds, hammocks, jugs, and pitchers,

which appeared to us very inferior in workmanship to objects of the same kind made by the natives of the Ucayali. So far as regards the manual arts, their civilization was certainly beneath that of barbarism.

As we re-entered the convent, the major-domo apprised us of the decision arrived at in our absence by the apostolic chief of the mission with regard to our respective quarters.

A WOMAN OF SARAYACU.

The Count de la Blanche-Epine and the assistant-naturalist had each a cell, whilst the captain, the lieutenant, and myself were to live in common in the one where we had made our toilet on our arrival. Nothing could have been more simple than this, but the tone of mingled coldness and self-sufficiency assumed by the major-domo in notifying the fact, contrasted with his obsequiousness in the morning, made me prick up my ears. I believed that I recognized, floating about like a noxious vapour in the air of the refectory where the man had stopped us, what a classical poet has called "the poisoned breath of calumny." Nevertheless I kept my impressions to myself, and refraining from saying a word to my companions respecting the disagreeable thoughts which crowded upon me, I awaited an opportunity for judging whether my suspicions were justified.

Such an opportunity presented itself at supper-time that very evening, when the prior, who appeared to occupy himself solely with the Count de la Blanche-Epine and

his attaché, towards whom he displayed a charming amiability of manner, replied to a question put by the captain in the most contemptuous manner. It was one of those startling answers which nonplus a man and reduce him to zero. Under this tremendous blow, the chief of the Peruvian commission bowed his head, whilst his rival, upon whom I kept my eye, let a cunning smile play about his lips. The repast over and grace said, master and servants turned their backs on the captain, whom astonishment seemed to have changed into a statue. When we entered our quarters he asked me if I knew to what motive he must attribute the cool treatment to which he had been subjected.

"I do not know exactly," I replied, "but I attribute it to the after-dinner conversation of the venerable prior and the Count de la Blanche-Epine. The former having witnessed our arrival in such a miserable plight, probably obtained of your rival our names and conditions; and the noble count, in answering the questions of the holy man, will not have failed to blacken us from head to foot. Have you forgotten the evening before last and the Yankee mechanic?"

Here the captain, to relieve himself of the flood of bile which rose to his gorge, accumulated on the head of his rival every characteristic epithet which the Spanish vocabulary, so rich in these expressions, could supply him with.

"I should like to half-kill the scoundrel, just to teach him how to behave himself!" exclaimed he in conclusion.

As I knew my companion was too good a Catholic, and had a mind too well regulated, to burden his conscience with the crime of homicide, I smiled at his innocent fanfaronade; and as we had neither chess nor dominoes wherewith to amuse ourselves, I suggested that we should arrange our mosquito-curtains and lie down to sleep as we best might. He disdained to reply, but I soon saw him preparing for rest, which preparation consisted in undoing three buttons of his spencer and taking off his shoes. A moment afterwards the motionless state of his body, and the regularity of his snoring, announced that he was revelling in dream-land.

The next day two Franciscans arrived at the mission. Starting from the college of Ocopa, they had crossed the Sierra and embarked at Pozuzo, where a canoe and a crew sent by the reverend father awaited them, and descending the river Pachitea as far as its junction with the Ucayali, they had followed the course of the latter to Sarayacu.[1] Both were Italians. They related their odyssey, in which mosquito-bites played the most conspicuous part.

A few minutes' conversation with the new-comers sufficed to assure us that we had to do with simple hearts and primitive heads. After dinner the prior had a private interview with them. While informing them of everything relating to ourselves, he must have traced the line of conduct they were to observe towards the chief of the Peruvian commission, for the same day the latter being about to congratulate them on their arrival, they unpolitely turned their backs on him. The captain re-entered his cell exasperated by this new affront.

[1] This is the route, as we have elsewhere stated, by which it is customary for the monks to travel to and fro between the convent of Ocopa and the mission of Sarayacu.

To enumerate all the insults which the hapless man endured while he remained at Sarayacu would only prolong this recital uselessly, and provoke bitter memories if by chance these lines should fall under his notice. Let us, therefore, pass them by in silence, only remarking that the freezing disdain of the monks was surpassed by the impertinence of the servants, who, to prove their zeal, withheld every little service that he asked of them. Crushed by the proud bearing of his rival, repelled by the monks, insulted by their valets, ridiculed by the women of the mission—who, on account of his marvellous leanness, had surnamed him *Isiato iquipo* (skinned monkey)—the captain suffered enough to make the very stones cry out, had there been stones at Sarayacu, but rocks and gravel are utterly unknown in that alluvial soil.

During the three days that his martyrdom continued the chief of the Peruvian commission only quitted his cell to go to the refectory when the bell sounded the hour of dinner. To his credit, be it remarked, that, at table, notwithstanding the sneers of the Count de la Blanche-Epine, the cold looks of the monks, and the pretended forgetfulness of the major-domo to change his plate, he succeeded in composing his physiognomy and in feigning a serenity which he was very far from feeling. To show his contempt for the enemy he helped himself abundantly from every dish, and fed with an appetite which Zeno himself would have applauded.

As I was the confidant of his secret thoughts, he confessed to me, on the third day, that his moral force was expended, and that his stomach had begun to revolt against the hard labour to which he had, out of bravado, subjected it. Already his digestion was impaired, his chyme was turning to vinegar, and if this state of things continued a gastric fever would be the consequence. One only means remained of avoiding this evil, and that was to get his *exeat* from the venerable prior and quit the mission of Sarayacu. The captain's idea accorded so well with my desire to have the cell which we jointly occupied to myself, that I hastened the execution of his purpose. He took no more time than was necessary to pass the comb through his hair, and then at once went to the prior's apartment. In five minutes he returned and told me the result of his visit. The prior, he said, had *received him like a negro;* and, while approving of his project of departure, had refused him either canoes or rowers, under the pretence that he could not spare them. To soften the hardness of this refusal he had offered the captain some provisions for his journey. My companion ended his story with a perplexed air, knowing not how to decide. The journey before him, in fact, was of such a character as to cool the ardour of the most enthusiastic of adventurers. On leaving Sarayacu he would have to proceed by the canal of Santa Catalini as far as the mission of that name, and then, leaving his canoe, walk a day's journey across the Sacramento plain to reach Chazuta. Arrived there, he would embark on the river Yanayacu, and descend the stream to its junction with the Huallaga. His course would then lie by this river, past Moyobamba, Chachapoyas, and Cajamarca; twice he would have to cross the Cordillera before reaching the port of Payta, from whence a vessel of some kind would convey him to Callao and an omnibus to Lima. This was a journey of about twelve hundred miles, and to undertake it some resources were certainly necessary. But since the catastrophe of Sintulini, the captain's purse had been empty and his wardrobe

consisted of what he had on his back. Hence his troubled tone and his perplexity at the moment when he thought of taking his departure.

His hesitation was of short duration. Having talked over the situation with the lieutenant, and considered what chances there were of meeting with compassionate hearts on the route, the chief of the Peruvian commission resolved to leave on the next day. The canoe which had brought them to Sarayacu would serve for their transport to Santa Catalina, and the two cholo interpreters, whom, according to the terms of the treaty of Coribeni, the captain had to convey to Lima and recommend to the favour of the president, would now take duty as rowers. Nothing so tends to soothe the troubled spirit as a decision resolutely taken. From this moment the captain recovered his self-possession and the lieutenant his gaiety, and till the hour of rest their conversation turned wholly upon the happiness of revisiting the City of the Kings, and of finding on their arrival a good supper, a good bed, and so forth.

In the morning, while the young man calked the canoe, the chief of the Peruvian commission, being alone with me, took my hands in the tenderest manner, and after some oratorical circumlocution, begged me to render him a service which would, he said, fulfil all his desires. As it is not easy to refuse a request of this kind at the moment of parting for ever with a companion, I begged the captain to explain himself, and felt ready to share with him, if necessary, the few shirts that fate had left in my possession. To my great surprise, the favour he asked was simply the copy of a picture I had made of him after his shipwreck at Sintulini, and which represented him with his hat with the brim turned up, his poncho wrapped around him like an ancient pallium, and his feet in a pair of slippers down at heel.

Not only did I comply with his request, but in place of a sketch I determined to present him with a water-colour drawing, in which the faded colour of his clothing would harmonize with the pale hue of his face, and add very much to its dolorous expression. While I worked at this design, the captain told me that this portrait, on which I was bestowing so much care, was to be presented to a beautiful woman of his acquaintance, in the hope of awaking in her heart, hitherto insensible, an affectionate pity for the original. Instead of laughing in the face of my model, I congratulated him on his felicitous idea; and to excite more surely in the lady's heart that pity upon which he counted, I exaggerated the gaunt appearance of the figure, brought out in strong relief the bones, put wrinkles in the forehead, and lengthened the limbs. To this mournful portrait, which it was impossible for any one with a tender heart to regard without weeping, I added some figures of Antis, Chontaquiros, and Conibos, that our friend might offer to the lady of his thoughts, along with his image, so altered by the miseries he had suffered, some specimens of the barbarous peoples he had visited. This idea, which satisfied at once his love and his self-love, appeared to him a very ingenious one, as he had the goodness to say when I gave him the picture.

The moment for his departure having arrived, the captain, followed by the lieutenant, his faithful Achates, betook himself to the port of the mission, whither I accompanied them. Their canoe, properly calked and pitched, was also provided

with a new *pamacari*.[1] The provisions for the journey presented by the prior, already stowed away, consisted of dried fish and green bananas, no more than absolute necessities. The two cholos who were to have the labour of rowing the vessel soon presented themselves, pushing before them the little Impétiniri, whose arms were tied with a cord. As I expressed my indignation at their manner of treating this child, the cholo Antonio, who had constituted himself his guardian and treated him like a poodle, replied that this was only a measure of precaution, the converts having tried to steal the *Infielito* (little heathen), in order to keep him at Sarayacu. The captain relieved the child of his bonds, and told him to lie down, just as if he had been a little dog, under the canopy of his canoe. Charmed with the anxiety which he showed for the well-being of his protégé, I asked him what he meant to do with him on arriving at Lima. He explained that having no maps, collections of objects, or scientific documents, to offer to the chief of the state, he should present the little Chuncho to his excellency, as a living specimen of the zoological wealth possessed by the republic. After his official presentation, the young infidel would be baptized, and then dressed in a fancy livery, and, under the name of John, Peter, or Joseph, be employed in brushing the clothes and blacking the boots of his proprietor. If the future promised to the Impétiniri was not a very brilliant one, it was at least clearly traced, and, saving the rebuffs and the occasional canings he might get as the trials allotted to his condition, his happiness in this world appeared to be assured.

The cholos had now taken their place forward in the canoe, and only awaited the signal to depart. The moment of separation had arrived. The captain shook my hand heartily, and when the lieutenant had gone through the same formality, he ordered his red monkey to give me his paw, which the animal did without a moment's hesitation. Then the two men entered the canoe, which, on the word of command given by the captain, *Vamos hijos* ("Pull away, boys!"), turned its prow eastward, and launched into the stream. So long as they remained in sight I waved my handkerchief in reply to the hurrahs of the cholos and the farewell shouts of my late companions. When they had disappeared, I looked about me. The shore was desolate, not a soul had been curious enough to come down to the port. The embarkation of the travellers had no other witnesses than God and myself. Involuntarily I contrasted this furtive departure of the chief of the Peruvian commission with his pompous embarkation at Chahuaris, amid the noise of musketry and the encouraging hurrahs of the crowd. What events, what disillusions, what moral and physical sufferings, signalized the time that had elapsed between these two departures, and measured out the distance which separated Chahuaris from Sarayacu!

On returning to the cell which my companions had left with the delight of prisoners relieved of their chains, I found the major-domo occupied in sweeping it out. This was the first time since our arrival at Sarayacu that he had been so gracious, and I remarked quite audibly on the fact. Far from taking offence at my observation, or rather at the tone of mild severity in which it was made, he replied blandly that it would

[1] A sort of canopy or pavilion in the after-part of the vessel, which serves to shelter the travellers from the sun and rain.

be done every day, now that I was the sole inhabitant of the cell. These words, added to a cup of black coffee with which he soon after served me, and begged me to drink while it was hot, clearly indicated that the ill-feeling of which the chief of the Peruvian commission and his lieutenant had been the object did not extend to me. In fact, I had previously recognized some almost imperceptible shades of difference in the tone and manners of the monks towards them and myself, and if I had not remarked upon

DEPARTURE OF THE PERUVIAN CAPTAIN FROM SARAYACU.

it to my chamber comrades, it was from motives of pure humanity, to avoid, as it were, turning the knife in their wounds.

This show of consideration for me at first seemed strange, and then piqued my curiosity. I continually asked myself why I was to be exempt from the pin-pricks with which they had tormented the captain and the lieutenant. Was it that the Count de la Blanche-Epine, when he drew our portraits *en silhouette* for the prior, had thought it politic, for some ulterior reason, to indicate mine vaguely, while he bestowed all his care on working up those of my companions? This point I could never thoroughly succeed in clearing up, and the exception made in my favour seemed the more inexplicable when I considered my close companionship with the unfortunate excommunicated. It might have been supposed that our close association would have stamped me beyond all question as a partisan of their opinion, and even an abettor of their heresies.

On the other hand, the readiness of the prior to believe the imputations of the Count de la Blanche-Epine, had seemed to me no less astonishing than his aggressive behaviour towards the members of the Peruvian commission. On the part of the old man, it was more than a want of heart, more than a rude violation of the precepts of the gospel: it was a blunder opposed to his own interests. Had he no fear that on arriving at Lima, the captain of the frigate, provoked by the treatment he had received at Sarayacu, would represent the facts to the president, and that the latter would revenge upon the missionaries the insults offered to his delegate?

These ideas, which I have just methodically grouped and endeavoured to express clearly, presented themselves to my mind at the time vague, confused, unconnected, as if in a mist which partly concealed them. Nevertheless, through this mist, and despite of its thickness, I could discern in the conduct of the prior, the evidence of a mystery which time and opportunity would perhaps enable me to clear up.

Left the sole possessor of the cell which my two companions had hitherto shared with me, my first care was to display my drawings and maps, expose my dry plants to the air, and assign a fixed place for the several members of my menagerie. My aras had for a perch the uprights of the crib to which my mosquito-covering was fixed. The post of my *Ateles niger*, who was secured by the middle of his body, was opposite to that of my *matamata* turtle, a captive like himself. My rose-peacock alone had the privilege of promenading at his pleasure up and down the room. Nails driven in the walls, and cords stretched in all directions, served to suspend specimens of natural history and nick-knacks of every kind. These convenient arrangements, in strict harmony with the odd assortment of objects they supported, and the number of which augmented day by day, soon gave a stamp of remarkable originality to my apartment.

The major-domo, faithful to his promise, came daily to flourish his broom in the midst of this disorder. Despite his constant obsequiousness and the local curiosities which he so zealously sought for, to add to my collection, I could never overcome the repugnance with which he inspired me. His breath, which smelled of rum from early dawn, and his stammering after ten o'clock, forced me to keep him at a respectful distance. In short, drunkenness was the fellow's darling sin; but as this defect was contrasted with some excellent qualities, the prior, whose countryman he was, threw over him the mantle of charity, and contented himself with qualifying him as *Infeliz* or *Cochino*, according as his brain was more or less cloudy, and he broke more or less plates while waiting at table.

My life at the mission, taken up by work, feeding, bathing, and walking, was of clock-like regularity. My compatriots arranged their time also according to their liking, and spent it after their own manner. The Count de la Blanche-Epine, voluptuously lying in his hammock, dreamed away the hours; the assistant-naturalist stuffed, and stuffed, and stuffed. Although our cells, the doors of which remained constantly open, were only separated by a narrow passage, we did not see one another except at meal-times. In eight days, my relations with the chief of the French commission had attained a degree of coldness that might have solidified mercury. By tacit agreement we gave up the observance of such acts of common politeness as consist in lifting the hat

and asking, thinking all the time of something else, if one has slept well, or has been disturbed by bad dreams. We went and came, we crossed each other's paths, I may say we elbowed each other, with the most polite indifference, and without the least affectation wounding to either party. When by chance our eyes met, their mutual regard was so dull, so lifeless, so devoid of thought, that two spectres, two phantoms, two hobgoblins could not have looked otherwise. Evidently, we were each as dead to the other as Julius Cæsar.

THE AUTHOR'S APARTMENT AT SARAYACU.

Nevertheless, this death, which, on feeling my pulse, I found to be a complete cessation of being on my part, was nothing else in my noble enemy but a morbid somnolency, or kind of lethargy, of which he mimicked the symptoms. I was led to this conclusion, by the amiably insidious questions of the assistant-naturalist respecting the daily as well as the nightly labours to which I devoted myself; by the confessions made to me one day by the young man of the vehement desire that his patron had to study, just for a few hours, the nomenclature of the plants I had gathered, my collection of native types, and my sketch-map of the river Ucayali. This wish, which proved to a certain point that the Count de la Blanche-Epine was not so dead to the vicinity of my person and my labours as I had at first imagined, was received by me with all possible regard. However, from that hour I contracted the habit, when quitting my cell, of locking the door and pocketing the key.

This precaution which I believed myself compelled to take so exasperated the admirer of my studies, that he ordered his subordinate never more to darken my threshold with his shadow, and to flee all contact with my person. The young man, who often had recourse to my pencil for his anatomical designs, was made quite wretched by the rigour of his patron. But though he had been forbidden to visit me, I was not interdicted from visiting him, and from time to time sketching the skeleton of a quadruped or the digestive apparatus of a bird.

The view of his cell transformed into a dissecting-room would have inspired the author of *La Curée* with some stirring iambics. Its floor was strewn with the débris of animals of every kind—quadrupeds, birds, saurians, ophidians, batrachians, which a temperature of eighty-two to eighty-five degrees soon caused to pass from the condition of corpses to that of carrion. Despite the care of the assistant-naturalist to establish a current of air in his laboratory, a violent odour of putrid flesh, camphor, and ammonia commingled, was scented from the threshold. Once inside the apartment, it entered the throat, and caused the visitor to sneeze and cough, and his eyes to run with water for several minutes.

Seated at a table stained with blood, oil, and grease, and encumbered with shreds of meat, bloody carcasses, and hideous stumps, our taxidermist, his sleeves rolled up to the elbows like a butcher in the slaughter-house, valiantly wielded the scalpel, the pincers, or the hand-saw, singing, meanwhile, a gay couplet to keep up his spirits.

The subjects which he skinned, prepared, and set up with the ease and nimbleness given by long habit, were supplied by the converts, whom the prior sent armed with long blowpipes to beat the woods from morning to night, to the greater glory of zoology. The holy man spared nothing to be agreeable to his guests and to satisfy their wishes. The whole mission was under the orders of the Count de la Blanche-Epine. The old, the adults, and the children all alike started at a sign from him, as Olympus of old at one of Jupiter's nods. Matrons and young girls showed their zeal in searching in the thickets for a rare toad or a curious snail. Happy the beauty whom chance favoured in her researches! She was recompensed by a patronizing smile which our countryman beamed down upon her while relieving her of the product of the hunt.

As in the long-run this kind of recompense, honourable though it was, might have appeared insufficient to satisfy the fair purveyors, the prior himself, to promote emulation, gratified them each morning with a few porcelain beads and a glass or two of brandy, charged to the funds of the community. Thanks to this distribution of small rewards, our huntresses displayed an extraordinary activity, even to catching, for the purposes of science, the dragon-flies and gnats of Sarayacu.

A day arrived when the chief of the French commission, judging his boxes sufficiently full of specimens of natural history, announced that he was about to leave the mission to continue his travels. The news of his departure was received by the monks as an inauspicious event. After having given vent to touching lamentations and made vain efforts to retain their guest, there remained nothing for them to do but to provide for his future comfort. Whilst one selected a crew and superintended the

equipment of a canoe, the other got together a choice store of provisions, to which the prior added such fruits, cordials, and comforts as the locality furnished, and which were destined later to remind the Count de la Blanche-Epine of the devoted hearts he had left behind him.

These obliging precautions, this eager solicitude for the welfare of the noble traveller, were above all made manifest during his last day of sojourn at the mission. No idolized father parting from his family was ever more surrounded, fondled, tenderly cared for. One would have said that in losing their guest the worthy Franciscans lost the sun which ripened their crops.

At ten o'clock at night the assistant-naturalist, eluding the vigilance of his patron, noiselessly entered my cell to bid me adieu. After having wrung my hands and relieved me of some drawings which I could not hide in time, he inquired of me whether I reckoned upon remaining long at Sarayacu. "Sufficiently long to enable me to study the botany of the country," I replied; and mentally added, "long enough to allow you and your patron to get so far in advance of me that I shall encounter you no more on the route." We then smiled upon each other in the most gracious manner, and parted never to meet again.

The next day I witnessed from the window of my cell the departure of the two travellers. To my great astonishment no noisy manifestation signalized their exit from the convent. The bell remained mute in the belfry, no pious chant blessed them on their going forth, no detonation shook the air in their honour. The chief of the French commission, deprived of his halo of glory and of his black coat, had resumed the narrow trousers and the small waistcoat he had worn at the commencement of the voyage. The assistant-naturalist, habited in a blue smock-frock, preceded him. As on the day of his arrival, the prior indeed walked beside him, but without enthusiasm, and without the umbrella, and with that deliberate pace which seems to proclaim, on the part of him who adopts it, the desire to get done as soon as possible with a disagreeable task. In fact, five minutes had scarcely elapsed when the old man returned and began an animated conversation with his brethren, at the same time pointing towards the place of embarkation, which the travellers were just leaving. All this, contrasting so strongly with the pompous ceremonial of the noble personage's arrival, appeared to conceal some mystery, which I promised myself, in due time, to elucidate. Now that I was left alone at Sarayacu there would be abundant opportunity for studying the peculiarities of those about me, and looking beneath the surface of things.

The first care of the prior on re-entering the convent had been to visit the rooms of his guests, in order to judge of the damages done and the repairs to be made. The laboratory of the taxidermist in particular attracted his attention, and furnished abundant matter for the comments of the monks who accompanied him in this domiciliary visit. I heard the order given to scrape the floor of the chamber, plane the table, scrub the armchair, whitewash the walls, and burn styrax-benzoin on a spade. This work was set about immediately, and was not accomplished without my being able to seize some odd ends of phrases which, when combined, appeared to constitute a pretty violent philippic against my former companions.

At dinner it was yet worse. The name of the chief of the French commission having turned up by chance in the conversation, I noticed the reverend prior make a wry mouth, and pronounce loud enough for my hearing the words *pequeñez* and *mesquindad*, which the monks instantly repeated like two echoes. These substantives, the application of which I could not understand, though I seriously tried to do so, with my eyes fixed on my plate, produced on me the effect of those half-effaced inscriptions

IN THE REFECTORY AT SARAYACU.

the sense of which has to be sought for under the fragmentary letters. Nevertheless, though I carefully reviewed in my mind the past actions of my companions, turning over one by one the divers episodes of their residence at Sarayacu, I found in them no relation with the words "pettiness" and "meanness" which the prior had murmured.

On rising from the table Fray Hilario, the most unsophisticated of the two monks, an Italian, about forty-five years of age, and a native of the valley of Domo d'Ossola, who, through a spirit of mortification or a taste for horticulture, digged in the garden from morning to night, smilingly inquired of me if the loss of my companions had not left a great void in my heart. As the honest man knew perfectly well what bonds of affection had united us, I saw nothing in his question but a certain vulgarity, touched with irony, and I contented myself with responding to it by a shake of the head, which might mean a multitude of things, but which expressed nothing in particular. This discreet

the chief of the state is too much occupied with his own pleasure, refuses us even necessary help, and sees, with dry eyes, the poor missions going to ruin. If it were not for the requisitions which our brethren of Ocopa make among the pious families of Lima we should not have shirts to give to our poor converts, still less wherewith to procure hatchets, knives, and beads to barter with the unconverted natives. We live in a miserable age, *Don Pablo mio!* Hearts have lost faith, religion and its ministers are no longer honoured as they were formerly. I do not want a better proof of the indifference of the legislative assemblies to our interest than the misery in which government allows us to vegetate. However, we return the president disdain for forgetfulness, as you may have seen from the little we made of the captain, his envoy. What is the good, in fact, of kissing the hand which chastises you, and depriving yourself for those who are incapable of gratitude?"

The final reflection of the good monk was worth a long discourse: its effect was to brush the cobwebs from my brain, and show me the upper and under sides of the policy followed by the prior with regard to my companions. After having thanked the chance which had just so kindly given me the solution of an enigma that I had for three weeks vainly endeavoured to solve, I left it to chance again to discover other secrets which might yet be concealed. Fra Hilario, lighter of heart and spirit after his confidence, went off to dig in the garden and left me to my labours.

For eight long days did the grumbling continue. Fallen from the starry heights of their dreams on to the hard reality of the earth below, the missionaries and neophytes joined in lamentation with a touching unanimity. Including even the Yankee, who, frustrated in his hope of receiving a few bank-notes from the noble lord, who spoke his language fluently, and had called him *my dear,* every one thought himself entitled to throw a stone at him.

If the chief of the French commission got well lashed by the inhabitants of the convent, as appears from the preceding lines, let us hasten to add that the assistant-naturalist received his share of the chastisement also. The disgust that had been excited by his zoological labours was magnified a hundredfold, and accumulated adjectives failed to express the loathing. If he had but remained a day longer at the mission, pestilence would have infallibly broken out! The gaiety, the engaging manners of the young man had been admired by every one. His comical grimaces, and the fits of dancing into which he had occasionally broken out in the refectory after our meals, and at which the prior and his brethren had laughed till the tears ran down their cheeks—all these manifestations of exuberant youth were pitilessly scoffed at, and set down to silliness and want of knowledge of the world. In fine, the poor taxidermist, despite his sheep-like innocence, was hung in effigy on the same tree as his patron.

The week passed, and criticism having exhausted itself, the monks carefully abstained from pronouncing the names of those whom no benefit recalled to mind. During my farther sojourn at Sarayacu, at Tierra Blanca, on different points of the river Ucayali, I heard my countrymen spoken of no more. It is probable I should have ended by forgetting them altogether, if, on entering the waters of the Amazon, and touching at the same places as they did, the people had not repeated to me the

Pitirca lagune under the fourth degree of latitude. Nevertheless, as the name of *plain* which was given to this peninsula[1] at first sight has continued to be its designation to the present time, we had better follow the example of all the world, merely remarking, for the satisfaction of our conscience, that the mineral chain which traverses the country longitudinally, the quebradas and the rivers which furrow it, and consequently the declivities or undulations of its surface, bestow upon it much more of the character of a *mountain* than of a *plain*.

Long before its discovery from the heights of Mayro, the borders of the Sacramento Plain had been visited by the missionaries, and the great rivers which bound it on all sides already counted many missions upon their shores. Thus, in 1670, the fathers Juan de Campos, José Araujo, and Francisco Guttierez had founded two Christian villages in the most northern part of the Huallaga; in 1686, Father Biedma, who descended the Pachitea and ascended the Ucayali, had visited in succession the Cacibos (now the *Cachibos*), the Schétibos, the Conibos, the Sipibos, and the Panos, and had left among these natives some traces of his passage. Other missionaries who succeeded him had continued his work, founding new villages and re-establishing those which had been burned, after being sacked by the barbarous Indians in their incursions against the converts.

From 1670 to 1756 the missionary work was continued at the various points indicated without producing any results worthy of notice. In 1757 Fathers Santa Rosa, Fresneda, and Cabello, accompanied by three hundred converts from the missions of the Upper Huallaga, undertook an expedition of discovery in the Sacramento Plain, which led them, after undergoing much fatigue, among the Panos of Manoa. The Indians, alarmed at the first sight of the strangers, whom they suspected of hostile intentions, welcomed them with arrows and clubs. A general fight ensued, resulting in a few being killed on both sides. In the confusion of the conflict the missionaries managed to possess themselves of three Pano children, whom they carried off. Two years after this experiment in apostolic conquest, and despite the misfortune in which it had resulted, a fresh band of missionaries, leaving Huanuco with an escort of Spanish soldiers, attempted to open a passage through the forests and to reach the unconverted Indians. After eight days' struggling with the difficulties of the way, the soldiers, overwhelmed with fatigue, mutinied and refused to go further, so that the missionaries were obliged to retrace their steps.

In May, 1760, a new expedition was resolved upon; it consisted of the Franciscan fathers Miguel Salcedo and Francisco de San José, with ninety converts, seven Spaniards, and an interpreter. This interpreter, a young Pano girl, was one of the three children whom the Fathers Fresneda and Cabello had captured in 1757. Baptized by them under the name of Anna Rosa, she had been educated at Lima in the monastery of Sainte Rose of Viterbo, and as, while learning Spanish and Quichua,

[1] A tongue of land of about one degree in breadth, situated between the sources of the rivers Huallaga and Pachites, unites on the south the Plain of the Sacrament to the eastern flanks of the Andes. Let us add that, notwithstanding the narratives of missionaries, the accounts of travellers, and the statistical reports of the last two centuries, this plain, the object of the most fanciful hypotheses, is still for the majority of Peruvians of the coast and of the sierra a boundless prairie, covered with scrub to the height of a man, in which all the rare or ferocious animals of the globe wander at pleasure.

she had not forgotten her maternal tongue, they took her with them to facilitate their intercourse with the natives. On reaching the territory of the Panos the monks sent her on before to announce their arrival to the people of her tribe. Having hitherto supposed her to be dead, or in slavery, they were overjoyed to see her return, and loaded her with caresses. Anna Rosa, adroitly taking advantage of the prestige which her education, her manners, and the costume of a novice which she had adopted, gave her, was able to predispose them in favour of the missionaries. Men and women alike gave them cordial welcome, and even promised to embrace the Christian religion.

Charmed with their reception and confiding in this promise, the monks resolved on founding a mission in the place. Father Salcedo, accompanied by his converts, immediately returned to Ocopa to inform his superiors of the result of the expedition, leaving Father San José, the seven Spaniards, and Anna Rosa at Suaray, that being the name of the Pano village where they were staying. Eighteen months rolled by, during which Father San José received no intelligence of his companion. All this time he lived the life of the Indians, hunting and fishing with them, and sharing, according to the abundance or the scarcity of provisions, in their plentiful repasts or their eremitic fasts. His clothes had fallen to rags, his body, exposed to the bites of mosquitoes, was covered with sores, and discouragement had begun to tell on him, when the monks of Ocopa arrived at Suaray. The sight of his brethren made him forget his sufferings and recover all his energy. They brought with them various kinds of provisions, agricultural implements, seeds, and even domestic animals, destined for the future mission.

From that moment things took a happy turn, clearings were made, and plantations of manioc and bananas in various places assured the future subsistence of the monks and their converts. Envoys from Ocopa arrived at regular intervals, new missionaries came to join those of Manoa, and to labour with them in the common work. In seven years seven missions were founded upon the river Ucayali, between the embouchure of the Pachitea and the Sierra of Cuntamana. Everything seemed to presage a happy future, when a Sipibo Indian named Rungato, of whom we have formerly spoken,[1] went from mission to mission breathing discord among the converts, and exciting them to the rising which ended in the destruction of the Christian villages of the Ucayali, and the massacre of all the missionaries. According to the reports of the period, this scoundrel had guilty relations with Anna Rosa. The base pupil of the missionaries, informed beforehand of the plot in progress against the lives of her benefactors, gave them not the slightest hint of the facts, but in cold blood allowed them to be murdered. This cruel insensibility on her part, and the vengeance executed upon the monks, were caused, it is further said, by the corporal chastisement inflicted by one of them on the Indian Rungato for some fault he had committed.

Twenty-two years after this catastrophe, in 1790, Father Manuel Sobreviela, guardian of the college of Ocopa, having striven to raise from their ruins the missions of the Ucayali, entered the Sacramento Plain by following the course of the Huallaga as far as the village of the Great Lagune. Landing there, and taking to the forest, he reached

[1] See our monograph on the Pano Indians in a previous chapter.

Sarayacu,[1] where the Panos, after the massacre of the missionaries at Suaray, had founded a little village. Anna Rosa was living there with them. Her intelligence and her knowledge of different idioms had gained her the honour unprecedented amongst these savage nations of being raised by her people to the rank of curaca or captain.

Father Sobreviela was warmly welcomed by the assassins of the monks of Ocopa. The Sipibo Rungato had died in the interval, and Anna Rosa, now in her fiftieth year, had bidden adieu to the passions of her youth.[2] The sight of a missionary, which recalled her past innocence and the religious instructions she had received, moved her greatly. She felt the grace of God touch her heart, and she entreated Father Sobreviela to fix his residence at Sarayacu, and instruct her tribe in the truths of the gospel. The missionary, whose business recalled him to Ocopa, could not comply with her prayer, but he promised her that it should have his attention.

The following year he sent to Sarayacu Fathers Narciso Girbal, Barcelo, and Buonaventura Marquès, whose zeal we have mentioned, and some of whose private correspondence we have introduced in our notice of the Pano Indians.

From 1791 to 1795 the missions of the Ucayali in general, and that of Sarayacu in particular, enjoyed much prosperity. After that time the converts of various tribes who had been gathered together there, and who till then had lived happily together, quarrelled amongst themselves, refused to attend the services of the church, and finally established in each mission as many schisms as there were distinct tribes. This enmity, which continually increased, seemed to presage a terrible catastrophe, and the missionaries, fearing for their lives, resolved to return to Ocopa.

Meanwhile, a young Franciscan monk of Riobamba, who had been made acquainted with the crisis which threatened the missions of the Ucayali by an article in the *Mercurio Peruano,* a journal published at Lima, abandoned the regions of the equator, descended the river Napo, and presented himself at Sarayacu at the moment when the Fathers Girbal and Marquès were preparing to leave.

With that assurance of youth which defies danger and laughs at obstacles, this young man, who was no other than the Reverend Fray José Manuel Plaza, offered to put himself at the head of the missions, and continue, at his own peril and risk, to direct their labours.[3] The monks accepted his offer, but nevertheless took their departure after a short delay. Fray Manuel Plaza remained alone at Sarayacu, with no resources to face the situation but his twenty-three years, and the promises which the Fathers Girbal and Marquès had made on leaving, that they would send some

[1] This itinerary, which lengthens by more than 500 miles the road generally traversed from the Huallaga to Sarayacu, by way of Yanayacu, Chasuta, and Santa Catalina, had been imposed on Sobreviela by his duties as guardian of the college of Ocopa, which obliged him to visit the missions of Maynas, which, after having long appertained to the Jesuits of Quito, had been comprised, since their expulsion, in the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of Ocopa.

[2] Anna Rosa died at Sarayacu at the age of seventy-four. Father Plaza, who attended her in her last moments, says that she was tormented with remorse for her past action, and imagined she saw demons round her dying bed. She is interred in front of the principal altar of the church, a few steps from the missionaries massacred at Suaray, whose remains had been deposited in that place by order of Father Sobreviela.

[3] There exists no other biography of the Reverend Fray José Manuel Plaza than a short notice published in 1845 in the journal *El Comercio* of Lima—a notice in which inaccuracy as to the facts is united in his panegyrist with a complete ignorance of the localities. We say nothing of the laudatory tone of this literary *morceau,* which exceeds hyperbole a hundredfold.

monks of their order from Ocopa to share in his labours, together with implements, seeds, and provisions to assure his subsistence.

Three years elapsed, during which time Father Plaza received from the convent of Ocopa the implements and stores which had been promised him; nevertheless, no other

FRAY JOSÉ MANUEL PLAZA, THE SUPERIOR OF THE MISSIONS AT SARAYACU.

missionary came to share in his solitude. The mission of Sarayacu and those connected with it were pacified, and the converts were now so assiduous in their religious duties that their young prior, proud of the success of his work, believed it to be his duty to write to the guardian of Ocopa, and beg him to send a monk of the order, that he might assure himself, by actual inspection, of the flourishing state of the missions. Father Luis Colomer was accordingly commissioned for this purpose, and coming to Sarayacu, he fully appreciated the order and the regularity with which every part of

the machine worked. Having verified the effects, he wished to ascertain the cause, and naïvely asked his brother ecclesiastic by what means he had obtained this excellent result. "That is my secret," replied the young man with that smile, impressed with mingled penetration, benevolence, and irony, which he yet preserved in his old age. Father Luis Colomer respected his colleague's *secret*, and on his return to Ocopa made a eulogistic report on the state of the missions and the administrative capacity of their director.

Fifty-one years after that visit of Father Colomer, at the period we knew Father Plaza, he no longer made a mystery of the means employed by him for pacifying the missions of the Ucayali, and securing the obedience of the converts. A few lines extracted from his personal confidences on this subject will explain his mode of government—a very simple one.

"When I established myself at Sarayacu," he told us, "polygamy was still practised by the neophytes; some among them had as many as five wives. By this example of the laxity of morals you may judge of the rest. To remedy this state of things I at once began to use the lash, and even handcuffs and irons. I chastised them with my own hands, vigorously and severely. Five-and-twenty strokes for a fault, fifty for a repetition of the same. God inspired me. At the end of one year of this regimen, my Indians had become as gentle as lambs.

"In thus employing the discipline of the rod, I knew very well that I risked my life, and was therefore always on guard. In a corner of my cell I had some pounded charcoal, an Indian sac (tunic), a bow and arrows, and a shooting-tube. As the Indians never attack but by night, at the least noise that I heard I sprang from my bed, blackened my face with charcoal, put on the sac, took my bow and arrows and my shooting-tube, and thus disguised, slipped out in the midst of my assailants, who, in the obscurity, took me for one of themselves. Once in the forest, I travelled in a north-westerly direction until I reached the missions of the Huallaga. The shooting-tube procured me food *en route*, the bow and arrow served to defend me against ferocious animals."

This extract from the confidences of Father Plaza, which we copy from the note-book to which we consigned them at the end of each day, may serve to give an idea not only of his administrative methods, but also of his vigorous temperament. Each time that the conversation turned on this subject—and often, indeed, did I lead up to it—the old man's eye flashed with animation, his face glowed with a generous ardour, and as he swayed his body this way or that in his great armchair, he snapped his fingers like castanets in remembrance of the old times. But to return to our history.

Father Colomer's report on the state of the Ucayali missions determined the prior of Ocopa to send further supplies to Father Plaza, and also a reinforcement of six ecclesiastics to aid him in his work. These monks, distributed amongst various missions of the Ucayali, remained there until 1821, when the political wars of which Spanish America was then the theatre led to their dispersion.

Already, in 1819, the renown of Father Plaza, who had traversed the Andes, had gained for him the honour of being invited to Lima by the viceroy Abascal, who wished to be informed concerning the navigation of the rivers of the interior, in case the

royalist army, caught between the Independent forces of the north and those of the south, who were trying to effect a junction by way of Lima, should be forced to fall back upon the Jauja and the valleys of the east. Our missionary went to Lima accordingly, gave the viceroy all the information he could desire, and, loaded with compliments and pecuniary gifts, returned to Sarayacu by descending the rivers Apurimac and Chanchamayo, which streams he had ascended to reach Andamarca, Tarma, and finally Lima.

FATHER PLAZA NAVIGATING THE RIVERS APURIMAC AND CHANCHAMAYO.

Unhappily for the future of the missions he directed as for his own, the information and directions given by Father Plaza, precise as they were, could not prevent the troops of Sucre and Bolivar from effecting a junction,—the royalist army, taken between two fires, from being beaten in the plains of Ayacucho,—the Spanish domination abolished, and the independence of Peru proclaimed.

These events, which threw the whole face of the country into confusion, reacted terribly on the missions. At the first news of the rising of the patriots, an order emanating from the college of Ocopa enjoined all the missionaries to quit their missions with the least possible delay, and to rally around their superior. Father Plaza himself, who was not directly dependent on the convent of Ocopa, though he followed its rules, was not comprised in this measure. In a short time the Ucayali missions, abandoned by their pastors, were also unpeopled of converts, who returned to live in the woods

with their barbarous brethren, or in some cases united themselves with the Christians of Sarayacu. Father Plaza, henceforth unaided either by the new republic or the college of Ocopa, comprehended that his mission would fail of support from the altar, and so, like a sensible man, sought for a substitute in trade. He planted sugar-canes, made rum and molasses, salted fish, gathered sarsaparilla and cacao in the forests, and even travelled to the frontier of Brazil to profit by these commodities.

This life of labour and commercial enterprise lasted seven years, and then a day arrived when the energetic will of the reverend father succumbed to sickness and grief. He was seized with a malignant fever, and compelled to keep his bed for five weeks. When he had so far recovered as to be able to put two ideas together, he felt himself so weakened physically, and so morally discouraged, that he judged it necessary to go where he could breathe his native air, and consult the doctors on his condition. He then quitted Sarayacu, descended the Ucayali, entered the Marañon, and ascended the river Napo; after forty days' navigation, he reached the village of Santa Rosa, whence fourteen days' journey conducted him to Quito.

An interview which he had with the Bishop of Quito, Don Rafael Lazo de la Vega, and the liberator Simon Bolivar, led to the warmest recognition of his services, and to a donation of 250 piastres out of the treasury. To this liberality of the hero of Ayacucho, a brother of our missionary, the canon Plaza, added 300 piastres more, which enabled him to provide himself with a number of things which he had long wanted at the mission. This change of fortune had a happy influence on his health, which was now rapidly re-established. Hardly had he recovered sufficient strength to bear the journey, when he took leave of his friends, and re-embarked on the river Napo. He returned to Sarayacu after an absence of eight months. The converts of both sexes, in whom by an altogether special grace he had inspired with as much attachment for himself as with a dread of the whip which he wielded for their benefit, broke out into transports of joy at the first sight of him. Men and women alike covered his hands with kisses, and, believing he was still unwell, raised him in their arms and carried him to his cell. By the old discipline, which Father Plaza restored on the very day of his arrival, the children of his heart, as he called them, quickly perceived that their spiritual father had recovered both the health of his body and the tone of his mind. Six years more passed away without leading to any change in the situation either of the missionary or mission. The funds obtained at Quito by the reverend father were gradually expended, his petitions to the college of Ocopa and to the president of the republic met with no reply, and under the pressure of necessity he was on the point of resuming his old traffic in sarsaparilla and salted fish, when an unexpected visit relieved his *ennui* and raised a little his hopes.

Two officers of the British navy, Messrs. Smith and Lowe, had left Lima with the intention of visiting the Sacramento Plain and of descending the Amazon to the sea. The president, to whom they had previously submitted their project, interested himself in it, and as the work they were about to undertake would be profitable to the republic, he had associated with them two officers, a major in the army and a lieutenant of marine, MM. Beltran and Ascarate, in whose company they arrived at Sarayacu.

Their advent was hailed with joy by Father Plaza, and by the converts themselves with indescribable enthusiasm. With the exception of the missionaries who had instructed them, these Indians had never had an opportunity to see a European, above all an Englishman with fair complexion and auburn hair. Thirteen years after the visit of these two officers we found the memory of the event perfectly fresh.

The travellers, entertained and tenderly cared for by Father Plaza, remained eight

THE RETURN OF FATHER PLAZA FROM QUITO.

days at Sarayacu, during which time he had ample opportunity for telling his story, and complaining of the indifference shown to him by his brethren of Ocopa and the chief of the state. The English officers, who were but little interested with these domestic affairs, and who, besides, understood and spoke Spanish with difficulty, contented themselves, on leaving the mission, with thanking the missionary for the very kind manner in which he had welcomed them; but the Peruvians, Beltran and Ascarate, on their return to Lima, made a regular campaign on behalf of their host, and so sounded his praises, that soon nothing was talked of but the Sacramento Plain and the missions of the Ucayali, which hitherto, for the generality of the inhabitants of the coast and of the sierra, had been little more than a fable or a tradition. The future of the missions became the topic of conversation in every drawing-room and rancho, a collection made in a moment of enthusiasm produced a pretty round sum; then missionaries

were sought for, and naturally the Franciscans of Lima were addressed, but for reasons of which we are ignorant, no brother of this order was willing to quit his convent and go to Sarayacu. In this vexatious dilemma the Archbishop Benavente was obliged to have recourse to the convents of Europe. Italian monks who dreamed without hope of the palm of martyrdom, hastened to his appeal. In 1836 Fathers Simini, Vicli, Rossi, Bregati, and some others, whose names ending in *i* have escaped me, installed themselves at Ocopa, and there founded an apostolic college destined to supply the Ucayali missions with ministers.

Fathers Simini and Vicli were the first of these monks who came to Sarayacu to share the solitude and the labours of Father Plaza; their arrival was hailed by the old man as a happy event; henceforth he would have about him friends who would lead his life, hearts to whom he could open his heart, minds able to share his thoughts; and this idea satisfied for the moment all his desires. The early days of this apostolic triumvirate were signalized by the most cordial understanding, but they were at last overtaken by the fate that was inevitable. One fine day some little difficulties arose between the brethren, some slight wounds were inflicted on their self-love, some sharp words were exchanged, and war was declared. Then the Italian monks united in touching accord, and endeavoured to substitute their domination for that of Father Plaza; but the latter, whom forty years of absolute government with a whip for a sceptre had rendered almost ferocious in defence of his prerogatives, assuming all his dignity, compelled his presumptuous adversaries to humble themselves before him. After three years' residence at Sarayacu Fathers Simini and Vicli returned to Ocopa, and other Italian monks went to take their place. Taught by experience, Father Plaza kept the newcomers at a distance, as he did all others who succeeded them.

That awakening of faith, that burst of enthusiasm in favour of the missions, which we have casually noticed, gradually died away, and in a few years had sunk to indifference. The merchants of Lima dreamed only of their trade, and the chief of the state, wholly occupied with his politics, had forgotten the Christian villages of the Ucayali. The Archbishop Benavente alone remembered them in his vows and his prayers; but this did not provide them with the means of living, and without a system of charitable requisitions in the different quarters of Lima, conceived by Fra Ildefonso Roa,[1] a system which the Italian monks perfected and extended to the three provinces of Lima, Pasco, and Xauja, Sarayacu and its dependent missions would not have existed at this hour, or would have declined from the dignity of missions to that of trading-posts, like most of the villages of the Upper Amazon, long governed by the Franciscans of Peru or the Carmelites of Brazil, and at present under the sway of trading governors.

[1] This monk, Ildefonso Roa, was the child of a Spanish soldier (*enfant de troupe*, brought up in the barracks at the expense of the state). He went to America when young, where he followed a military career. At the time of the battle of Ayacucho, which secured the independence of Peru, he was sous-lieutenant in the *Royal-Alexander* regiment. Left without the means of subsistence on the disbanding of the Spanish troops, he entered the convent of Ocopa, and took the habit of St. Francis. If his behaviour as a monk savoured a little of his former condition, his zeal, his activity as a mendicant brother, his military fashion of rousing the faithful from their sluggishness and stimulating their charity, made him a highly useful adjunct to the order.

After this rapid glance at the Sacramento Plain and the missions of the Ucayali, which we have traced from their commencement through all the phases of their progress and decline, it remains for us to depict them in their present state. To those of our readers who do not find in this review exactly what they expected, and who may be inclined to lay the fault of their disenchantment at our door, we reply, that we simply represent facts as they are, and that the fault, if fault there be, is in the times and places, in the character of the individuals, and in the spirit of the institutions. As humble observers, our task is limited to the collecting of facts and the submitting of premises, leaving to those who honour us by reading these pages, the task of discovering the causes of what we relate, and of drawing from them the necessary consequences.

At the moment of which we write the mission of Sarayacu numbered one hundred and sixty-six residences, like those of the indigenes of the Ucayali, built of shingles of the palm and roofed with its branches. The only particular in which they differ from the latter is that, instead of being open like them to every wind that blows, they are almost completely closed in on every side. Each of them is occupied by a household or ménage averaging three individuals. As we remarked on the day of our arrival, these houses are not built at regular distances from each other, but erected in the most capricious manner, and separated the one from the other by high bushes or clumps of shrubs, so disposed that their inhabitants cannot see their neighbours or be overlooked. In this taste for isolation the converts of Sarayacu resemble the savage tribes from which they are descended, who habitually oppose themselves to civilized usages, and seem to avoid, as far as possible, whatever savours of town life.

Of the one hundred and sixty-six dwellings which we have just mentioned in accordance with the latest census, one hundred and fifteen are inhabited by the degenerate descendants of the Panos, thirty-five by the Omaguas and Cocamas, and sixteen by individuals of the Cumbaza, Balsapuerteña,[1] and Xebero races. These converts of various origin live on good terms, but hardly ever contract an alliance except between people of the same tribe. The reason of this is the secret enmity which every red-skin invariably nourishes against an individual of any other caste but his own.

The convent, the church, and the domestic offices occupy three sides of the parallelogram formed by the open space in the centre; some huts which form its boundary on the south-west partly conceal the sloping ground which leads to the river. There, in a circular bay some sixty feet in diameter, are moored a dozen canoes tied together by a chain fastened with a padlock. This is the port of the mission.

Nothing more attractive can be imagined than this spot, so still, so freshly cool, so mysterious, shut in by a wall of tropical vegetation, above which rise the deeply-indented umbels of the Latanias, the spindly stems of the Acrocomias and of the Calami. Splendid tufts of Ricinus with bronzed foliage, massive heads of Cissampelos, Phaseolidæ, and Bignoniæ, with thickets of a local Clematis, having white star-like flowers and

[1] Some information concerning these indigenes will be given when we come to speak of the mission of Santa Catalina.

slender *plumules*, bend over the water, mingled with aquatic plants; or shooting upwards to the tops of the tall trees, entirely cover them, and dragged downwards by their own weight, fall in a cascade of leaves and flowers towards the ground.

Here and there on the little grassy islets, which the river sometimes covers, sometimes leaves bare, glitter, like the sheaves and coronas of a *feu d'artifice*, the yellow and pink panicles of the Lantanas, the purple plumules of the Metrosideros, the violet thyrses of the Rhexias and Melastomas, or the magnificent corolla of an *Amaryllis reginæ*, a dull purple striped with white and green, in the bottom of which sparkles a drop of water, a liquid diamond dropped from the casket of Aurora, which the sun is in the act of dissolving in the fire of his rays.

This charming little haven, which the reader might admire upon the faith of our description, and whose waters, always calm, seem to invite the stranger to taste the pleasures of the bath, is the dreadful haunt of alligators. There the voracious monsters lurk behind the pendent branches, some half-concealed by the rank vegetation, some sunk in the water, apparently insensible to everything, but with ears open to the slightest sound, and only waiting for the favourable moment to spring upon their prey. O dreamer, O poet, whom your instinct might draw into this pleasant haven, to dream at your ease and string rhymes at your pleasure, avoid its deceitful shades! Above all, resist the temptation to seat yourself upon its seductive green banks, and, like Sarah the bathing woman, dabble your naked feet carelessly in the water. The hideous saurians who are on the watch for you will profit by your momentary absence of mind to snap off one or more of your limbs.

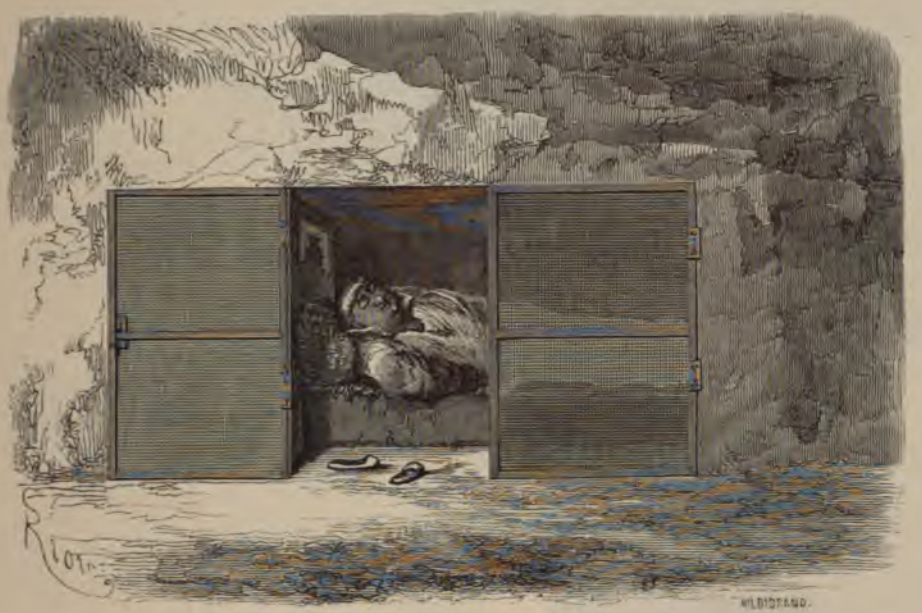
There is never a year that some accident of this kind is not recorded in the annals of Sarayacu. Only a little while before our arrival one of these ferocious caymans, a coarse and savage brute, with no respect for the sex, tore both the breasts from a native woman who was stooping over the water to fill her jar. The year previous a child playing near the shore was devoured by the monsters.

In order to avoid exposing ourselves to any similar tragedy, we took care every morning, on going to the river to take the bath with which we commenced the day, to collect together all the young rascals we could find for our escort. Arrived at the edge of the water there commenced, on a sign from us, a noisy symphony of cries, howlings, and bursts of laughter, accompanied with blows of a switch upon the surface of the river. What cayman would have dared to face such an uproarious crew? During this time, plunged in the water up to the chin, we enjoyed at our ease the fresh kisses of the naiad. On returning to our cell we gave each performer in the uproarious concert, by way of salary, a pin, a needle, or a rusty button.

The interior arrangement of the convent of Sarayacu, of which we have hitherto said nothing, is that of a perfect square with two oblong squares attached, the one facing eastward the other westward. The reception-room, which serves also as a refectory, occupies the central square, while each of the lateral rectangles presents a double row of cells opening upon a gloomy corridor, six of which are appropriated to the monks and their guests, while the others serve as store-rooms, cellars, granaries, &c. Adjoining the square at the east end is a sort of cupboard, built of masonry, three

feet in height, six in length, and three in breadth. A door and a window, framed with wire-gauze instead of glass, give this recess the look of a meat-safe or larder. It is the cell of the reverend prior. The gauze, substituted for glass, allows the air to enter freely, and the narrow limits of the cell enable its occupant to count at a glance all the mosquitoes that venture within its precincts, and do summary justice on them.

That side of the convent is terminated by a small inclosure fenced with a railing made of black wood. In the centre is a tree of the family of *Jasmineæ*, a *Melia Azedarach*, commonly called the lilac of the Indies,[1] whose foliage affords a pleasant



THE SLEEPING CELL OF THE REVEREND FATHER PLAZA.

shade in these hot climates. A wooden bench, whose colour and polish indicate long use, is fixed against the exterior wall of the convent. To this inclosure the monks come every day, between the hours of four and six, to enjoy the fresh air of the evening and indulge in their harmless gossip, seated on the wooden bench, under the lilac which we have named "*the tree of Cracow.*"[2] An armchair for the use of the prior is so placed as to command a view of the lateral corridors, and of every one who enters or leaves his cell.

The corridor on the left of the refectory terminates in an open space bounded by clay walls, and extending as far as the sacristy which communicates with the church. This church, dedicated to the *Immaculate Conception*, the patroness of Sarayacu, forms a wing at right angles with the convent, and consists of a nave and two chapels. Four bays without windows, two in the eastern wall, two in the western, allow the winds of the south and east-north-east to circulate freely in the interior. The larger and smaller varieties of horned owls, the screech and other kinds of owls, and the bats,

[1] Some seeds of this tree, originally from the East Indies, but acclimatized in the open air in the west and south of France, must have been carried to Sarayacu by the first missionaries. It is the only specimen of its kind that we have found in America.

[2] The inscription under the engraving in the original is "the tree of Cracow," in allusion to a celebrated tree in the garden of the Palais Royal, under which the newsmongers used to assemble.—Tr.

take advantage of these bays, which have been windowless since the year 1791, to enter the church by night, effect a lodgment on the lamp of the choir, the light of which they extinguish by the flapping of their wings, and help themselves to the lamantin-oil which, from the want of perfumed oil, is the kind that is used. More than once on a moonlight night, when the whole convent was asleep, we have lain in ambush, armed with a broom, and taking accurate aim, have knocked down one of these sacrilegious birds as it flew past.

THE MELIA IN THE CONVENT YARD.

If these open bays have the inconvenience of giving free passage to the winds, the rain, and the voracious legion of nyctalopous birds, they also possess the advantage of giving entrance to the earliest rays of the sun, to the perfumes of the neighbouring forests, and to the stone-loving plants which fasten with their clawlike roots on the outside of the walls, and stretch their green branches over the interior cornice of the church. Black woodpeckers (*Picus martius*), blue tanagers, and swallows with a yellow rump, suspend their nests among these branches, and mingle their warblings with the varied movements of a barrel-organ with which Zéphyrin the carpenter accompanies certain parts of the mass.

The humble decoration of the church, in which calico and tinsel take the place of velvet and gold brocade, harmonizes with the dust that covers the wainscotting, and

the cobwebs that hang from the vault or clothe the walls. A confessional where no one kneels, to judge from the dislocated condition of its carpentry—a pulpit with shaky steps, and panels parted by the double action of the heat and damp—with other signs of poverty and negligence, of disorder and meanness—cause the soul to experience a strange feeling of sadness, and supply the mind with abundant matter for reflection.

Each day, a little before dawn, the prior and his monks repair to the church to say the office which has no witness but themselves. On Sundays a choral mass unites

FAÇADE OF THE CHURCH OF SARAYACU.

from seven to eight o'clock both sexes of the mission. The men kneel on the left of the nave and the women on the right. The latter cover their heads and shoulders with mantles of cotton dyed brown. Mass lasts half an hour; after the final *Benedicite* men and women pass out in parallel lines, keeping time with the noise of the iron-tipped cane used by the alcaldes, who fulfil the function of beadles.

We were a long time getting accustomed to the sight of these converts at mass, their faces plastered with red, black, or blue, a pagan custom which the missionaries have hitherto tolerated or been unable to abolish. Men and women crossing themselves at the *Introit*, or striking their breasts at the *Mea culpa* with fantastically painted hands, impressed us singularly. It appeared as if a legion of devils had invaded the holy place, and were amusing themselves by mocking the ceremony.

The police rules established at Sarayacu are somewhat analogous to the first laws promulgated at Cuzco by the emperor Sinchi Roca, the successor of Manco. The different native tribes are classed in groups; the groups divided into families; the *varayas* or overseers, to the number of sixteen, are charged with observing, without

AN ATTACK ON OWLS IN THE CHOIR OF THE CHURCH AT SARAYACU.

appearing to do so, whatever passes in the interior of the households, and reporting the same to the eight alcaldes,[1] who refer it to the four governors, who again make their secret report to the chief of the mission. This is the theory, but in reality things rarely pass through all these stages. The knowledge of a fault is often concealed by the

[1] The appointment of these functionaries is for six months. At the end of that time they deliver up to the prior the *vara* or baton, which is the distinctive attribute of their grade. His reverence then delivers these insignia of authority to others of his own selection, having first received their oath of allegiance.

overseer from the alcalde, or by the governor from the reverend father. The gift, *sub rosa*, of something in the shape of provisions, or even a glass of rum, suffices to put a stop to tale-bearing and to assure the impunity of the guilty party.

Adultery is the crime most severely punished by the code of the mission. On the complaint of the husband the prior causes the unfaithful wife to be apprehended, and two executioners of savage air lead her behind a thicket. Then, spite of her groans and denials, the wretch receives, on the fleshy parts of her person, five-and-twenty strokes

CELEBRATION OF MASS AT SARAYACU.

with a rod unsparingly laid on. The executioners then lead her back, humiliated and weeping, to her husband, who awaits her on the conjugal threshold, and immediately receives her back into favour, but not without slightly admonishing her, and warning her that in case she repeat her crime the punishment will be doubled. Besides this legal satisfaction, the husband receives from the chief of the mission a few yards of cotton cloth, a roll of tobacco, or a cutlass, by way of consolation.

As to the seducer, of whom we have as yet said nothing, he is paternally reprimanded by the prior, and then absolved of his fault and sent about his business. One day, from the height of the convent-roof, whither we had pursued a tame parrot which had escaped from our cell, we were witness to a punishment of this kind. In the evening, while conversing with Father Plaza on the subject, we asked him whether

the punishment of the man would be equal to that of the woman. He replied, in a half-tone, "*Formerly I used to tie them face to face and whip them both; at the present time, if I chastised one of these men, he would stir up a rebellion among his comrades and fly with them from the mission.*" Thus fifty-one years of absolute government had only left the reverend man fatally turning in a vicious circle from which there was no escape. His reply suggested a crowd of strange ideas, of which, in mercy to the reader, we will spare him the expression.

While, however, we are speaking of the marriage relation, and have referred to the inconvenience attending it and the reacting advantage which results from it, let us take the institution *ab ovo*, that is to say from the moment when the individual,

THE APPOINTMENT OF THE ALCALDES.

after having come to an understanding with his future partner for life, goes to find the reverend father, and announces to him his determination to light, as soon as possible, the torch of Hymen. This declaration heard, the prior never fails to inquire of the individual whether he has satisfied, in full, the first clause of the matrimonial contract. Of course the candidate, instructed by the example of his friends and acquaintances, replies in the affirmative. Now the first clause of a matrimonial contract between converts consists in having possessed, three months in advance, a plantation of some twenty square yards of bananas, manioc plants, and earth-nuts (*Arachis*), in a state to assure the subsistence of the converts and their progeny to come. This plantation, besides, must contain five or six cotton-trees, designed for the fabrication of the household linen; spice-plants for seasoning his ragouts; and a few sugar-canes for distilling the rum that serves to lend sweetness to the hours of leisure; and finally, the rocou and genipa trees, to furnish the materials for daubing their faces with paint.

The tithe formerly established by the conquerors is an institution so mild and so easy of collection, that after the overthrow of the Spanish power and the proclamation

of independence, the Peruvians could not resolve upon abolishing it. It flourishes among them now as in past times, and we found the institution in its vigour at Sarayacu, where the major-domo levies tithe on the crop of each convert, not *in the name of the king*, as during the three previous centuries, but in the name of San Francisco and for the needs of the convent. It is true the harvest is so paltry, and the tithe obtained from it so small, that the convent would fare badly if it did not possess,

THE MITAYAS RETURNING WITH THE DAY'S PROVISIONS.

in the products of its own plantations, another source of supply to which its daily purveyors can resort.

These purveyors, or *mitayas*, to the number of four, are charged during one week, at the expiration of which time they are replaced by others, with providing meat, game, and fish for the prior's table. Each day the hunters and fishers depart before sunrise; two are armed with shooting-tubes and bows and arrows, and go to beat up the woods; and two are furnished with harpoons and fish-hooks, to fish in the Ucayali or in the neighbouring lakes. At sunset they return to the convent, kiss the reverend prior's hand, and place before him the fruits of their excursion. If the capture be fine, or the booty considerable, the major-domo, at a sign from the reverend father, pours out for each man a glass of rum; but if the capture be one of small fry, if the beasts and birds are lean, the purveyors are dismissed with the sacred formula: *Andanse con Dios*—"Go,

and God be with you;" when they repair to their homes to recover from the fatigues of the day.

The mode of clearing practised by the Sarayacu converts is the same as that of their barbarous brethren of the Ucayali. Like the last, they clear a space in the forest, let the foliage and the trunks dry for some time, and then set fire to them. The shoulder-blade of a seal fitted to a pole serves them for a spade to stir and level the fertilizing ashes which thinly cover the soil. After this preparatory labour, nothing remains but to plant slips, cuttings, and bulbs, and to sow the seed, leaving to mother earth the care of making them shoot, grow, blossom, and fructify. The task of the men finishes with these operations. The hoeing and weeding of the plantation, the gathering of its various produce, and its transport to the houses, exclusively concerns the women.

Irrigation is entirely ignored by these cultivators, and indeed is not needed. The exhalation of the surrounding woods, the abundance of dew, and the numerous springs which circulate under this alluvial soil, tend to produce such humidity, that wet sand is found at the depth of six inches.

In such a soil tropical trees are quite at home, but those of temperate climes,[1] and notably fruit-trees, soon grow sickly and die, weakened by the burning emanations of a soil, over which incessantly hovers that luminous mist that is seen in Europe floating about the top of the wheat in the extreme heat of summer.

Neither in the village nor in the neighbouring plantations are there any tropical fruit-trees of considerable dimensions, because the barbarous customs of the past prevailing with the converts over their Christian education, they secretly cut down, after the death of a resident, the trees planted by him during his lifetime. It is thus that the kinds introduced by the first missionaries, and perfectly acclimatized, such as the sour-sop (*Anona muricata*), the sapodilla, the mango, the jack-fruit (*Artocarpus integrifolia*), the Indian pear (*Guyava*), the tamarind, the alligator-pear (*Persea gratissima*), and the breadfruit-tree (*Artocarpus incisa*),[2] have disappeared from the locality, or have become very rare. Christianity, which has established so touching a communion between the memorials of the dead and the memory of the living, has not yet succeeded in eradicating the brutal habits of the savage. The old barbarian of the Ucayali always reappears under the modern Catholic convert.

The total absence or the rarity of the before-mentioned fruit-trees, is compensated

[1] The plums and cherries brought from Chili, and the pears and peaches of Peru, planted at Sarayacu, have not prospered. The vine, which they tried to acclimatize, produced in the first year a very sweet grape, but in the years following nothing but feeble shoots. The wheat that was sown returned only straw. Potatoes, after having produced some small tubers the first year, produced nothing in the second but a tuft of fibres. The pot-herbs of Europe—cabbages, cauliflowers, lettuces—vegetate very feebly at Sarayacu, and do not produce seeds. The garlic and onion only give feeble shoots. The Spanish haricot (*Phaseolus Judia*), which has been naturalized in Peru some three centuries, has singularly degenerated at Sarayacu, although it is as productive in Peru as formerly. On the other hand, maize, rice, tobacco, cotton, manioc, coffee, cacao, sugar-cane, bananas, earth-nuts, sweet-potatoes, &c., when properly cultivated, produce excellent crops.

[2] Some young plants of the breadfruit-tree brought from San Pablo, on the Amazon, were cultivated at Sarayacu, and were succeeding wonderfully, when some foolish jester made the converts believe that if they continued to feed on this vegetable, a certain part of their person would increase to the size of the fruit of the *Artocarpus* (about two feet in circumference). Terrified at the idea of such a deformity, they one night cut down all the breadfruit-trees at the mission.

at Sarayacu by a remarkable abundance of ananas, of moderate size, but exquisite in smell and taste. Oranges grow of an excellent quality; and ingas, resembling ebony haricots enveloped in a sugary down, flourish in all their kinds. We counted thirteen varieties of these leguminous Mimosæ.

Like their brothers of the desert, the Sarayacu colonists have little liking for agriculture, and the local spade seems to them heavy to ply. The majority would

A WOMAN OF SARAYACU IN INDOOR COSTUME.

willingly live by hunting and fishing, that is to say, leading an objectless existence from morning to night, if the manioc from which they manufacture their mazato or daily drink, and the sugar-cane which yields them rum, grew without culture; but these two plants exact some care, and this care keeps at Sarayacu perforce the husbands and fathers, whom a vagabond instinct incessantly tends to draw far from the mission. Hence the obligation imposed on them of keeping up a plantation. Hence again the prior's precaution of putting a padlock on the canoes in port, so that no convert can absent himself without preliminary permission.

In spite of the repugnance felt by the chief of the mission to granting his subjects leave of absence, there are exceptional circumstances to which he is obliged to succumb. The egg-laying of the turtle, as described on a previous page, the annual lamantin-fishery, and the Pirarucú fishery are of this number. Under the pressure of the necessity

pleaded by the neophytes of provisioning themselves, the prior, willingly or not, gives them the desired leave. Having obtained permission to absent himself for a period, which varies from eight days to a month, the individual quits the mission with his comrades on leave like himself, and who, like him, have abandoned to their wives the management and the anxieties of the household. Once in the Ucayali wilderness, these husbands become bachelors, ascend or descend ten leagues of river, and install themselves under the roofs of some of their wild friends, where time after time we have surprised them with the latter. Then all unconstrained, next to God master of their actions, their first care is to doff their trousers and shirt, and substitute for this livery of civilization a native sac or tunic, with which their wardrobe is always provided. Thus habited, and their faces painted in a fantastic manner after the fashion of their host, they turn vagrants like him, encamp with him on the river-slopes or in the forests, and delightedly taste once more the joys of their barbarous past. When the end of their holiday approaches, they resume their Christian clothing, devote a few days to the capture of fish and game, so as not to go back empty-handed, and return to the mission with an air of candour and innocence, of which the missionaries are or are not the dupes.

Whilst the husbands lead a joyous life, their wives, remaining at home, suckle and care for their children, sew, spin, and superintend the plantations. To welcome the return of their prodigal spouses, they have prepared a fresh brew of chicha, with which they have taken the greatest pains. Scarcely is the husband's foot heard at the door, when the wife runs forward, provided with her hamper,[1] to receive, with the oars and paddle, the fish and game he has brought with him. The first care of the traveller on entering his abode is to take a good draught of the drink so carefully prepared; then, comfortably ballasted, he goes from house to house recounting the incidents of his odyssey.

The feminine type seems to improve at Sarayacu, whilst that of the men has become more brutalized. Is it that the precepts of the gospel and the influence of its spirit have, in the long run, exercised more action on the soft fibre of the woman than on the hardened muscle of the man? We cannot say; but what we can assert is that, with a few exceptions, the type of the women has lost its primitive ugliness. The lines are ennobled, the contours are refined, an expression of placidity, with a slight touch of sentiment, has replaced that dull immobility and that mixture of mental aberration and sadness which characterize the appearance of the Peruvian savage.

Although the preceding lines are but the enunciation of the pure and simple truth, they are also the tribute of homage that we believe ourselves in duty bound to pay, thus publicly, to the sex at Sarayacu, for the kindly treatment we invariably received at the hands of the women. Never did one of them pass before the window of our cell without stopping to greet us with a loud burst of laughter, which at first we took for mockery; but which, as we afterwards learned, was a naïve manifestation of the astonishment that our assiduity in working caused her, and at the same time the

[1] A *hotte* or receptacle made of bark with a frontal or band which passes round the forehead and supports the basket —call it what we will —on the woman's back, and leaves her hands at liberty.—Tr.

expression of a certain interest in us personally. All mistake on the subject was the more impossible, as, after having minutely scrutinized us and the decorations of our cell, the convert would take from her basket a cluster of oranges, or an ananas, and putting her arm through the bars, send rolling to our feet these gifts of the American Pomona; a fresh burst of laughter accompanying this last prank. When the barometer of our humour stood at "fine" we responded by a sympathetic laugh; but when it was at

A WOMAN OF SARAYACU DRESSED FOR CHURCH.

"stormy," we brought the pantomime to an abrupt conclusion by staring hard at the poor woman, or putting our tongue out at her.

In the crowd of laughing beauties who defiled before us during our sojourn at Sarayacu, there was one whose remembrance, awakened by the portrait with which we present the reader, calls her up before us in all her freshness. This was a young girl of eighteen summers, as tall and well-made as Diana's self, but whose sweet humour and domestic tastes had nothing in common with those of the mythical huntress. Left an orphan by the death of her mother, a Sipibo Indian woman of the Pisqui river, she lived apart under the protection of a matron. The comparative whiteness of her complexion, the pure oval of her countenance, her aquiline nose, her large eyes, veiled by long lashes—all these signs of a superior race crossed with her own, and which placed her above all rivalry for beauty, far from awakening the jealousy of her companions,

rendered her the object of their admiration. Men and women, regarding her as a being of a nature superior to theirs, showed her the most respectful deference. The habiliments of the young girl, though but of simple cotton, were always of irreproachable freshness, and cut after the mode of the Sierra. Two blue tattoo marks which decorated her cheeks recalled the *assassines* (patches) which our grandmothers themselves wore.

RUFINA, THE FLOWER OF THE MISSION.

This was the sole sacrifice she had believed herself bound to make to the Sipibo nation and to her Indian mother's blood.

Although Rufina, for this was the young girl's name, did not ostensibly possess either farm or plantation, the products of which might assure her subsistence, a good genius watched over her needs, and her larder was kept constantly supplied with fish, game, poultry, and fruits. Thanks to this abundance of food, the matron who acted as her chaperon grew visibly stouter as she thanked Heaven that had made her life so easy.

Rufina, whom we have styled the "flower of the mission," and whose graceful manners

highly interested us, never showed herself but on Sundays, and accompanied by her duenna. After having attended service, and paid, as was fitting, a visit to the reverend prior, she returned home, not to appear again until the following Sunday.

Puzzled by these weekly apparitions of the young girl, I endeavoured to get some information respecting her. But to my questions, asked in the sole interest of ethnography, some of the residents contented themselves with replying: She is called Rufina; others answered nothing, but cast down their eyes, half concealing a smile. Finding it impossible to penetrate this mystery, I finally dismissed the subject, and dreamed of it no longer.

No particular ceremony signalizes at Sarayacu the birth of a child. The new-born infant is presented by its parents to the chief of the mission, who baptizes it in the sacristy, inscribes its name on a register *ad hoc*, and then presents the father with a knife, a fish-hook, or a yard of cotton stuff. The baptism is followed by a midnight repast, properly washed down with chicha and rum, which the parents of the child offer to their friends. Even the day after her accouchement the woman goes about her habitual labours, carrying on her back, in the *hotte* before-mentioned, her infant swaddled in bands which make it resemble a mummy.

The dead at Sarayacu are interred in the church. Already we had witnessed three christenings, and had begun to despair of witnessing a burial, when a Cocama was so obliging as to give up the ghost, and so enable us to complete our review of their social customs. At the first toll of the bell we repaired to the church. It was three o'clock in the afternoon. There were no black hangings to announce what ceremony was about to take place. A grave was dug in the middle of the church, and on the wet sand which the grave-digger had thrown up a pious hand had arranged eight lamps, from which proceeded a thick smoke. To compensate for the want of funeral decorations in the holy place, the sky had assumed its mourning robe. The rain fell in torrents, and the wind roared in a sinister manner.

The corpse was brought in on a hand-barrow. Four women followed, who appeared to fill the office of professional mourners, to judge from the cries emerging from the depths of their throats, while their countenances remained impassive. The corpse was rolled in a mat, from which its discoloured and stiffened feet stuck out. Two men took it by its extremities, and tumbled it into the grave, rather than let it down. One of the Italian monks pronounced over the corpse the *Requiescat in pace*, sprinkled it with holy water, and waited to see the grave covered in before he withdrew; but the spade which had served to dig it was no longer to be found, and there was a considerable bustle made in seeking for it. Weary of waiting, the monk at last shut his breviary and retired. Hardly had he disappeared when the women ran to the confessional, and thence drew forth a savage's sac, a bow and arrows, earthenware vessels, and some provisions, which had been concealed for the occasion. These objects they arranged by the side of the corpse. The lost spade was as quickly discovered, the grave was filled in, and the soil levelled. Whilst the men hastily performed this operation the women kept watch on the sacristy, where the monk had disappeared.

All the details of this inhumation were accomplished with the coolest insensibility.

On emerging from the church, men and women, forgetting the sad drama at which they had assisted, began chattering like parrots.

I took care not to speak to the good fathers of the profane verse which the converts had intercalated in the prose of the burial service. An indiscretion of mine on this subject would have brought the men who had taken part in the burial a smart reprimand, and insured twenty-five strokes of the rod to each of the women.

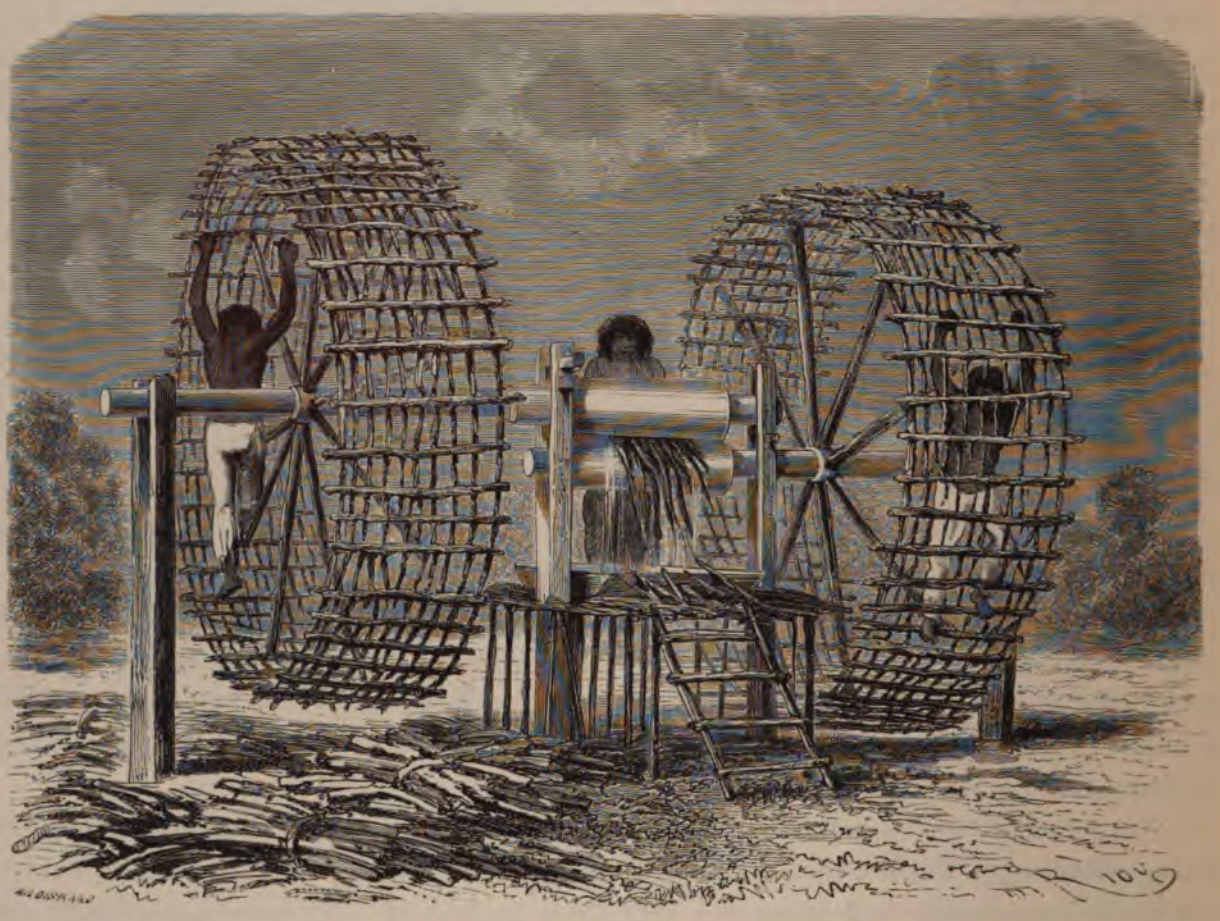
This kind of relapse to their old barbarous customs is more frequent among the converts of the mission than the monks imagine. All of them, when occasion serves, practised strange and mysterious rites, which we surprised them in performing, but on the origin or meaning of which we could obtain no information. Moreover,

THE WIDOWS OF SARAYACU.

each of the tribes composing the population of Sarayacu has its rites, its usages, its particular amulets, derived from the traditions of its past and from the belief of its fathers. Thus the descendants of the Panos, crossed as we have said with the Cumbaza Indians of the Huallaga, continue the peculiar rite of circumcision to which we have before referred. Only, instead of performing the ceremony in full day, and in the view of all, as their ancestors formerly did, and as the Conibos their congeners do to this day, they repair by night to the slopes of the Ucayali, or to the abode of some savage of their acquaintance, and thus baffle the vigilance of the missionaries.

On the death of a convert, his wife is dispossessed in a friendly manner of the conjugal habitation, which is adjudged to a young couple, and she goes to live with other women, widows like herself, in a separate abode. Thus set apart, these lone doves would run the risk of dying of hunger, if the superior had not conceived the charitable idea of feeding and clothing them at the expense of the community, while requiring of them certain little manual labours within their specialty as housewives. Some are employed in mending pots and saucepans, others in carrying water and wood

hand of the converts, who play them very much as the deaf and blind might do, they yet do good service, and, added to the fifes and drums, compose an orchestra martial enough. These instruments, as a general rule, jangle in a hap-hazard fashion, and make nothing but noise; but on processional days the barrel-organ, tended by the carpenter Zéphyrin, and carried on the back of a convert, plays some air or other, to which the other instruments from time to time play an accompaniment more or less noisy, more or less happy.



MILL FOR BRUISING SUGAR-CANES AT SARAYACU.

This music is accompanied by the reports of howitzers, the whizzing of rockets, and the crackling of fire-works, to which are added the joyous shouts of an assemblage, which, like the old Roman populace, only demands to be fed and amused.

Of all the *fêtes* at which I had the pleasure of being present at Sarayacu, those of Christmas and New-year's Eve were the most remarkable. An extraordinary agitation was noticeable in the mission from early morning of Christmas-day (*Navidad*). Converts of both sexes went to and fro, occupied with different preparations for the *fête*. Fire-works which had been manufactured during the previous night were let off precisely at noon, according to the Ando-Peruvian custom, and thus served as an introduction to the *fête*. The religious part of the ceremony did not commence till nine o'clock in the evening, when on the bell sounding, a woman, designed for the part of the Christmas

when speaking of the missions of the Sacramento Plain, that Messrs. Smith and Lowe, officers of the British navy, had left Lima in company with Major Beltran and Lieutenant Ascarate, and had passed eight days at Sarayacu. I knew further that they had published an account of their journey,[1] but I was completely ignorant of their having written a comedy. Curious to judge as to the dulness or liveliness of the work, I signified to the prior that I was ready to listen. At a gesture of his the crowd drew back, the torch-bearers placed themselves in the front rank, and two actors entered the empty space. One was attired in what resembled a black coat with red buttons painted on his body with genipa and rocou. A cotton handkerchief was twisted round his head after the manner of a skull-cap or fez; a long false beard completed his accoutrement. He carried under his arm a roll of thin bark designed to represent manuscripts, and held in his hand a kind of comb of strange form.

The other had his face whitened with flour, and was furnished with a gourd, which stood for an inkstand, and with a pen plucked from the wing of a hocco. He also held delicately, between his thumb and forefinger, a kind of square frame, in which was fitted a fragment of looking-glass.

"*El frac negro* (the black-coat) is Smith; *el escribano* (the writer) is Lowe," the reverend father said to me in a low tone.

I then understood that the comedy about to be enacted, instead of being a theatrical piece written by the English travellers, as I had fancied, was simply a burlesque at their expense; and as a first discovery in the domain of truth leads to a number of others, I not only divined the intention of the actors and the meaning of their masquerade, but I recognized in the looking-glass encased in the frame an ingenious and transparent representation of the quadrant which Messrs. Smith and Lowe had made use of before the converts.

The solar observations commenced; the mock Smith, his eye clapped to the glass of his instrument, and his legs stretched out like those of a pair of compasses, began gabbling an impossible idiom, in which the *yeses*, the *ofs*, and the *wells* that turned up at certain intervals appeared to be intended to reproduce the British tongue and accent of the naval officer. As the mock Smith seemed to take a degree, the mock Lowe, one knee to the ground, seemed to repeat and take note of it. From time to time the mock Smith interrupted his observations for the purpose of applying to his beard, made of tow, and coloured with rocou—the real Smith must have been a fair man, with carroty hair—a comb made from the fin of a fish. The pretended Lowe profited by these opportunities to examine the point of his pen and trim it with an imaginary knife. To judge from the uproarious cries and the enthusiastic stamping of the audience, the mimicry of the actors must have been wonderfully correct.

For a moment I entertained the idea of asking Father Plaza, whose enjoyment of the scene appeared to me to jar a little with the precepts of charity inculcated in the gospel, if the authorization given by him to the converts for transforming Messrs. Smith

[1] *Narrative of a Journey from Lima to Para*, 1836. MM. Beltran and Ascarate published, four years later, an account of their journey with Messrs. Smith and Lowe, under the title of *Diario del Viage hecho el año de* 1834 *para reconocer los rios Ucayali y Pachitea.*

figuring in the Christmas ceremonies. As this procession took place at eight o'clock in the morning, and no spirituous libation had been gone through, all the converts were duly assembled, and in quite edifying trim. The dancers alone, to satisfy the demands of the antique programme, gambolled and frisked about before the image of the Virgin, as the Cuzco dancers are accustomed to do before the image of the Christ of Earthquakes in the procession of Easter Monday.

The serenade and the homage of New-year's Eve presented some curious features. In the evening, at the conclusion of supper, the crowd of converts, with torches and music at their head, entered the refectory, where we were still at table. The dancers executed a pyrrhic dance, the principal figures of which were enlivened with pretty severe slaps of the hands given by each in his turn, and by the performers throwing lighted balls of tow in each other's faces. After the ballet, men, women, and children came to kiss Father Plaza's hand, at the same time falling on their knees. The servants of the convent followed their example. At their head walked the major-domo, who, to end the year appropriately, had got drunk four times that day, that is to say, once more than usual. In his quality of chief of the household, he believed himself bound to express, in his own name and that of the other servants, some appropriate wishes, but his tongue failed him, his already troubled ideas became completely obscured, and he fairly broke down in his speech. The reverend father put an end to his embarrassment by thanking him for his good wishes and sending him off to bed.

The next day was devoted to rejoicings. Fife and drum resounded in every house. Each family feasted the first day of the New-year, and entreated Heaven that the future might be not less happy than the past. Towards four o'clock, and whilst the men danced with one another in the native fashion of the Ucayali, the women, excited by drink, quitted their homes, spread over the place in groups of twelve or fifteen, and executed farandoles of their own composition.

This dance of the women, which we witnessed for the first time, reminded us of that of the Conibos, which has been described in the chapter containing the monograph of these Indians. There was the same twining of the arms, the same poses of the head, the same oscillations of the body, the same manner of falling to the ground after the final pirouette, when their strength was exhausted. It is needless to say that such a dance considerably disarranged the dancers' head-dresses: their combs falling down on one side of the head, while their hair streamed down from the other. This absurd dance lasted till night.

Here our review of the usages and customs of the people of Sarayacu, though not quite complete, draws to its close. The further details, regarding its home life and daily habits, on which we might enter, would only constitute a reproduction of what we have already related of the Conibos, whom these converts greatly resemble. We will therefore leave them to their labours and their recreations, whilst we converse with our readers for a short time on our own affairs.

There soon succeeded a profound peace to the noise and agitation which had been occasioned by the sojourn of my travelling companions at the mission. A cloistral silence reigned in the corridors and cells, which no longer re-echoed, as they had so

SERENADE AND HAND-KISSING ON NEW-YEAR'S EVE AT SARAYACU.

often done, with laughter and snatches of songs. Some practices of monastic life, that the monks had momentarily suppressed out of regard for their guests, were again restored to their full vigour. Among the usages re-established by them, but which I wished with all my heart they had allowed to fall into desuetude, so great was the annoyance it caused me, was the nocturnal promenade, once a week, of the *animero* (from *anima*, soul) charged with recommending the souls of the defunct to the memory and prayers of the living.

THE WOMEN'S DANCE AT SARAYACU.

On every Monday, between one and two o'clock of the morning, one of the converts, charged with this office of *animero*, and coming from I know not where, entered the convent so quietly that nobody could hear him, and stopping before each cell, rang with both hands a bell as big as those used on board steamboats to announce their arrival at each landing-place. At the first call of this tocsin I sprang from my bed, and with the idea that the convent was on fire and a band of red-skins were besieging the village, I called for help while groping for my inexpressibles. To my cries of alarm, the *animero* responded solemnly—"*For the souls in purgatory.*"

I here confess, and this avowal has nothing which should cause my orthodoxy to be suspected—the mind being independent of the operations of the body—that in the confusion of my faculties, and the fit of nervous trembling which this bell occasioned

me, I should have liked to throw it at the *animero's* head, to teach him to summon to his religious duties, in that fashion again, a poor fellow asleep.

Twice was I awoke in this manner. The third time I was on the *qui vive*, and the *animero* had hardly finished his lamentable utterance, when I softly opened the door and followed him in the gloom. The man entered the sacristy with his bell, and went out leaving it behind him. I had now traced the evil to its source. The next day, whilst the monks took their siesta, and the refectory and corridors were perfectly

THE ANIMERO.

deserted, I ran to the sacristy, lifted the brass monster by its ears, and carried it into my cell, where I concealed it in a chest which I crammed full of waste paper and plants.

The following Monday the *animero*, not finding his bell where he knew he had deposited it, reported the matter to the prior, who referred him to the two monks. Search was made everywhere; even the houses of the converts were ransacked without success. For a month afterwards the disappearance of this bell was the subject of conversation, but as there only remained the bell of the church, the result was the discontinuance of the *animero's* office, so that I was once more able to sleep undisturbed. It was only on the eve of my departure, between eleven and twelve o'clock at night, that I took my prisoner from its hiding-place and carried it back to the sacristy.

This grotesque episode, concerning which perhaps I should have remained silent, is one of the rare incidents that broke the uniformity of my life at Sarayacu. Now, when that life belongs to the past, I catch myself seeking under its ashes some spark of youth and enthusiasm, and, let me confess it, regretting, besides the profound calm which I enjoyed, my labours interrupted by baths, siestas, and walks, my excursions in the woods, my objectless reveries at the end of each day, and even the child-like sleep that restored my strength. Until this poor machine has been reformed or perfected, man will pass half his life in wishing and the other half in regretting.

I have said, without being always sure of the fact, that I rose at six, and that after a bath taken in the river, in company with the naked young imps charged with frightening away the crocodiles, I re-entered my cell fresh and ready for work. A cup of black coffee roused me up thoroughly, and greatly strengthened me. Before commencing work, I took a turn in the garden, not for the purpose of admiring the garlic and onions cultivated by Fray Hilario, but to gather the ripe figs of a *Ficus sativa*, and the freshly blown flowers of a hybrid rose-tree, the beauty of which reminded me of our hundred-leaved rose, and its smell of the damask-rose. My gardening over, I went back to my cell and set myself to work. From time to time I stopped to inhale a rose's fragrance and to eat a fig. This brought me to noon. The convent bell then sounded for dinner, and the good fathers preceded me to the refectory. After this repast, from which appetite excluded conversation, the monks entered their cells to take their siestas, and I went to beat the forests alone, or accompanied by a convert. About three o'clock I returned to the mission laden with a booty of plants, gathered at the cost of a hundred scratches from the trees and bushes. According as I reached the village on the north, south, east, or west side, I inspected, in passing, the homes of the converts; I took a glance at the forge and the kitchen, I watched Zéphyrin the carpenter planing boards, or Rose the laundress washing the convent linen. After a good-day, a smile, a pleasantry exchanged with one or the other of them, I shut myself up in my cell, where I worked until evening. At eight o'clock precisely the *Angelus* sounded, and supper was served in the refectory. This repast, during which the monks conversed whilst eating, differed from that of mid-day, when they contented themselves with eating and saying nothing. Their conversation, simple and free from artifice, only ran on household details, or on the harmless gossip of the neighbourhood, which was retailed to them by the alcaldes of the week.

Now and then this slightly soporific conversation took other turns, and nearly touched upon science. This was when the Italian monks, speaking of Genoa and Turin, proceeded to vaunt of the splendour of the churches of these two towns, the pomp of the ceremonies, and the affluence of the faithful. Their enthusiastic recitals were capped by Father Plaza with descriptions of the cathedrals of Quito and Lima, the order and the beauty of their processions, and the unheard-of luxury displayed on these solemn occasions. Gradually the discussion grew warm; each monk, exalting altar against altar, pleaded for the glory of his country and the height of his steeple; and as on these occasions the struggle was not equal, the prior being opposed to two adversaries as patriotic as himself, his habitual manner of reducing them to silence was to change

the conversation, and to recall the early period of his residence at Sarayacu, his apostolical crusades among the Indians of the Sacramento Plain, and the honour he had enjoyed of dining several times with the viceroy. This last argument always confounded his adversaries.

At nine o'clock we separated. On returning to my cell I lighted my lamp, and recommenced work. This lamp was fed with lamantin-oil. A large cotton wick lay soaking in the oil and sent a flame upwards half a foot in length, veiled in a cloud of smoke. By this light I transcribed my day's recollections, or drew up the nomenclature of the plants which I had gathered in the woods. The movements of the menagerie in my cell, prevented from sleeping by the light, sometimes drew my attention from my work. Now it was my two aras, whose feet the mosquitoes were biting, and who snapped their beaks with the design of frightening the enemy; or my matamata turtle, which shook the bed with its perturbations, and advertised me by blowing its trumpet that my black monkey was in the act of playing it some mischievous trick.

Between eleven and twelve o'clock I went out to breathe a little fresh air, and expectorate the horrible smoke that I had been swallowing for three hours. I regarded by turns the masses of shadow harmoniously grouped on the borders of the horizon and the brilliant constellations of the heavens. The calmness of the night, the mildness of the temperature, the scent of the neighbouring forests, formed of a thousand unknown perfumes, were admirably calculated to dispose one to reverie, if myriads of mosquitoes had not broken the charm. Obliged to run, and at the same time work both my arms like the sails of a windmill to escape the venomous bites of these insects, I could only half-enjoy the charms of the situation. You may look at the sky and take an ecstatic flight towards the starry abodes, but if, in the meantime, a hundred needles are planted in your calves, you are quickly brought back to earth. I then re-entered my cell, and fell asleep under the protecting shade of my mosquito-curtain. The next day my existence recommenced at the point where it had stopped the evening before, and the incidents which I have here described were reproduced in regular order.

Sometimes this monotonous theme was embellished by a few variations. Father Plaza, whose manner towards me had lost by degrees the solemn gravity which had marked it in the beginning, would invite me into the store-room to mysterious breakfasts, of which the major-domo had alone the secret. So far were the Italian monks from being included in these special invitations, that the prior, on the contrary, personally assured himself of their being otherwise occupied, and that we had no need to fear a surprise. The *menu* of these repasts was invariably composed of a salad of hard-boiled eggs and raw onions; a Lima biscuit took the place of bread. Standing face to face, and using by turns the same fork, we ate in haste like two school-boys trembling for fear of being detected. A *petit verre* of tafia concluded this stolen orgie, after which each of us returned to his cell smacking his lips.

The means which the venerable prior adopted for inviting me to these gastronomic conferences and letting me know the day was as simple as it was original. On the happy morning at five o'clock, on coming from matins, and passing my cell, accompanied by the monks, he would rap at my door, and cry, "Eh! Pablo; worthless idler, are you

BOTANIC EXCURSION IN THE FORESTS OF SARAYACU.

going to sleep till the evening?" He then passed on, the monks laughing at his pleasantry without suspecting that it was a recognized signal for telling me that we should breakfast at eight precisely.

MATAMATA TURTLE.

Sometimes his reverence took me with him under the pretext of conversation, and having my company at the bath, which he took at nightfall. The bath, a tub filled since morning with water which the sun had heated to the proper temperature, was

STUDY OF THE MATAMATA TURTLE: SHELL: HEAD—FRONT VIEW: FOOT—BACK VIEW.

placed under a great tree at some paces from the river. An animated spectacle was that of the procession to the bath. Four torch-bearers preceded us, the major-domo followed, carrying his master's linen. Behind us tumultuously pressed on the converts of both sexes hastening from all corners of the village to take part in the *séance*. Whilst the prior, completely clothed, took his seat in his bath, the converts, following his example, entered the river, all dressed, where, for half an hour, men and women frolicked together with laughter and shouts which were heard as far as Belen. The

sitting ended, and after the prior had changed his clothes, we entered the convent, always escorted by the natives of both sexes, who gambolled and circled around us like a mythological troop of tritons and sea-nymphs.

These episodes, joined to the rare apparition of some Christian cholos, who came by the Santa Catalina canal from the villages of Chazuta, Balsapuerto, and Laguna to exchange with the missionaries *tocuyos* and *lonas*[1] for salted fish, rolls of tobacco, and

THE PRIOR'S BATH.

sarsaparilla, were the only incidents that disturbed the peaceful uniformity of life at Sarayacu. The cholo traders, with whom the missionaries stood on no sort of ceremony, ate in the kitchen, and slept on the ground in a corner of the refectory. Their commercial transactions concluded, they went as they came, without any one troubling himself further about them.

One afternoon joyous exclamations, in which the prior's voice made itself heard, resounded through the convent. I was at that moment working in my cell, and I interrupted my labours to go and see what was happening. Father Antonio, chief of the Tierra Blanca mission, had just arrived at Sarayacu. I exchanged with the new-comer

[1] Tissues of cotton manufactured in several of the provinces of Peru. The *tocuyo* is a calico of the commonest kind. The *lona* is a cloth as coarse as our packing-cloth, but very white, and closely woven.

or an amateur. Only a mechanician, perhaps, would have been interested in the dynamical problem which it appeared to offer, and which the subject of the drawing, a man dressed in a native sac and wearing a straw-hat, seemed to be engaged in solving, with the aid of a Spanish phrase and a wimble surmounted by a capital A.

That which had struck me so forcibly in this sketch, of which I made a copy, was not then its merit, but only the date of the year and the time of the day when its author,

FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH BY FATHER MARQUÈS—JANUARY 21ST, 1793.

Father *Buonaventura Marquès*, had executed it. Happy monk! at the very moment when seated in his cell pleasantly lighted by the morning sun, in the midst of profound peace, he tried with his simple pencil to realize his conception, beyond the seas, under a misty sky, and on a gray winter morning, a royal head fell upon the scaffold, the noise of its fall making every king in Europe tremble on his throne.

My review of the papers terminated, I opened the register, thinking to find therein some interesting details. But my hope in this respect was not fulfilled. It was only an insignificant and tedious collection of dates and names, which taught me nothing. Having gone through two-thirds of the book, and as I mechanically turned over its pages, I came upon the following declaration, written in that old Spanish handwriting in which the *d*'s resemble the *theta* of the Greeks, the *f*'s the *phi*, the *r*'s the *xi*, to say

nothing of the supplementary flourishes that one might suppose had been borrowed from the Phœnician characters. The style, such as it was, of this entry, was still further vulgarized by its numerous faults of spelling.

"*Hoy dia vinte y siete de Enero de mil ocho ciento vinte y nueve ha nacido en esta mision de Sarayacu, de madre Ana María India Sipibo bautisada y criada en la fé cristiana y de padre desconocido, un niño del sexo feminino á quien se ha dado con el bautismo, el nombre y apellido de María Rufina.*"

I could not doubt that this record was that of the birth of the elegant girl whom I have called the Flower of the Mission, as the words *padre desconocido* inserted in this scrap of writing appeared rather strange in a place where all homes and consciences are as open as the light of heaven. The next day, on returning the register, I took it open to Father Antonio, and asked him to explain the mystery. The good father smiled on reading the entry, and at the moment when he was perhaps about to solve the enigma Father Plaza's voice was heard in the passage. Father Antonio quickly shut the register, put it back on the little table, and placing a finger on his lips, said, "Silence, and take care never to speak before *him* of this *unknown father!*"

"Why not?" I asked simply.

"Because he will tell you less pleasantly than I do now, that the secrets of others do not concern you."

Two or three conversations which I had with Father Antonio sufficed to discover in him real good qualities, to which he joined an independence of mind and a freedom of judgment that seemed slightly out of keeping with the humility of his dress and the vows of obedience he had made on his adoption of it. His sojourn, or rather his voluntary exile, at Tierra Blanca, was but the logical consequence of his ideas. He would rather, he said laughingly, *be a fly's head than a lion's tail;* in other words, he would rather command at Tierra Blanca than obey at Sarayacu.

This so-called liberalism, much more universal than might be supposed, and which Father Antonio did not take the trouble to conceal, rather frightened those belonging to and dwelling in the convent. In the fear of having their orthodoxy suspected, and of losing at the same time the favour of the prior, who was well known to have but little sympathy with liberal ideas, they carefully avoided, when not at service, all approach to Father Antonio, which had infallibly compromised them.

This reserve, far from afflicting, on the contrary, rejoiced him, and exercised his vein of sarcasm. There was something both of Savonarola and Rabelais in the nature of this Florentine monk—fiery and passionate, enthusiastic and caustic, so haughty, and yet so accessible, who loudly denounced all abuses, unpityingly put a finger on every sore, and often concluded with a burst of laughter and a shrug of the shoulders. For a man who, like myself, had come from a distance in search of truth, Father Antonio was more than a vigorous and decided individuality, he was a god-send, a walking-register, whom I had but to consult on the article "Missions" to learn at once whatever I desired to know.

The labours I had undertaken were now approaching their end; my review of the mission was terminated; my portfolios were full of sketches; and my collection of the

local flora, composed of sixteen hundred plants, would enable our European savants to determine from what vegetable species the goddess had borrowed the flowers of her crown. As I packed my trunks and chests, a vague *ennui*, an indefinable home-sickness, seized upon me. Space itself attracted me powerfully. Like M. Michelet in his preface to *l'Oiseau*, I could have cried, "*Wings! Wings!*" so increased each evening and augmented each morning my desire to take flight.

It was not the idea of passing in three months from the west to the east of this America, as I had wagered to do on quitting Ilay, which still pursued me and caused the unhealthy excitement that I experienced. No, I was even tranquil in this respect. The time fixed by myself for accomplishing the journey across the continent had expired four months ago, and the English captain, my happy rival, profiting by the delay that circumstances had imposed on me, must already have reached the goal which I had flattered myself I should attain before him. Through proper national pride I deplored my defeat, but I felt very little concern about the loss of my bet.

The *ennui* which I experienced was not then caused by the desire of arriving at Para, but by the need of leaving Sarayacu; as this need grew more pressing, I resolved to satisfy it. One evening after supper I announced to the monks my intention of quitting them before the end of the week. It was then Tuesday. If I were to say that this determination appeared to vex my hosts, I should fear being accused of fatuity. Nevertheless they all joined in opposing it, and the venerable prior attempted to prove to me that happiness only existed at Sarayacu, and that it was folly to go and seek it elsewhere. As my opinion in this respect differed essentially from his, I kept silence. Supper over and grace said, each regained his cell. A moment afterwards the reverend father came to me in mine.

"Pablo," he said, "I have been thinking that before bidding us adieu for ever you would not refuse to render me a service, though it should defer your leaving for some days."

"You are right in thinking so, *padre mio;* what would you of me?"

"To-morrow when you rise, go to the refectory and you shall know."

The next day on entering the *triclinium* I perceived, lying on the ground or supported against the wall, several coloured plaster statues of saints of various sizes, and all mutilated one way or another. St. Michael had lost his left arm and his shield; St. Joseph wanted his nose and ears; St. Catherine her hands. The other saints were similarly deficient. Whilst I was meditating on these ruins, Father Plaza, whom I had not observed, put his hand on my shoulder.

"What do you say of our poor saints?" he asked.

"They are in a very sad state," I replied.

"It is that *bribon* (rascal) of a major-domo who has broken them all when cleaning them. This is the way the wretch behaves when he has drunk too much. As we cannot expose these saints to the gaze of the faithful, I would beg of you to mend them before leaving us."

"Mend these saints! but, dear father, I know nothing of sculpture, nor of plaster-casting, to undertake such a work."

experience is an exact transcript of what happened to us in our passage from Sarayacu to Cosiabatay. Father Antonio's robe and cord, on which I had counted for abjuring and exorcising these hideous vampires, had no power over them.

At nightfall we ensconced ourselves in an angle of the shore, where our oarsmen lit a fire. We supped off boiled turtle and roots, with which the pilot was supplied by order; and thanks to the mosquito-curtains which we had taken care to bring with us, we passed the night in undisturbed repose. At daybreak we resumed our journey, and in the evening, at four o'clock, were making for the last point that concealed the mouth of the Cosiabatay.

While rounding this point we perceived on an islet of sand and reeds an object of fantastic form, the outline of which stood out clearly against the luminous blue of the sky. Our curiosity, rather excited by this apparition, which Father Antonio thought was the trunk of a tree which had been fantastically cut into this shape, I rowed towards the islet, which we reached in a quarter of an hour, and after having successively passed from surprise to stupefaction and from stupefaction to horror.

The object in question was a cross, and to this cross an Indian completely naked was attached by the hands and feet. His head fell over his breast, and his long hanging hair concealed his features. The man's skin, hardened as if roasted, adhered to the bones, showing exactly the structure of the skeleton. All the abdominal region had been torn open, evidently by the beak and claws of a bird of prey, and the intestines and viscera drawn out. The state of the corpse, the skinniness and desiccation of which were at once suggestive of the skeleton and the mummy, proved that death had occurred at least two months ago. To what nation did this poor wretch belong? for what crime was he punished? what executioners had inflicted on him this torture, without precedent in the annals of the country? Such were the questions we asked ourselves before this gibbet, round which a dozen urubu vultures, like funereal mutes, appeared to mount guard. As no one was there to reply, we left the victim on his cross, promising ourselves that we would see him decently buried on our return; and resumed our journey towards the mouth of the Cosiabatay river, at a hundred paces from which, in the interior, we found a habitation of Schétibo Indians.

Father Antonio's habit secured for us a cordial welcome from the owners of this residence. Men and women gave vent to joyous exclamations on seeing us, and after having kissed my companion's hand, they placed before him a pitcher of mazato, the back of a smoked monkey, and some bananas.

These Schétibos had, as they told us, business relations with the prior of Sarayacu, whom they visited several times in the year to dispose of their sarsaparilla, turtles, and seal-oil.

Hardly were we fairly installed amongst them, than we asked for information concerning the crucified man whom we had just seen. At first we obtained no other answer than bursts of immoderate laughter; but when this noisy gaiety had calmed down, they told us that the man exposed on the islet was a Cachibo, whom they had captured in one of their incursions, and whom they had thus treated in expiation of his former sins.

caution of the reverend father, we personally escaped the *ennui*, and our oarsmen the fatigue, of ascending against stream to the quarry of this mineral situated fifteen miles higher up the river Cosiabatay.

On re-entering the Ucayali, we commenced our cruise towards the islet where we had found the poor Cachibo, confessedly with the object of giving him burial; but before reaching it, a glance sufficed to tell us that cross and man had disappeared. As

TRANSPORT OF GYPSUM FROM COSIABATAY.

their disappearance looked something like a prodigy, we landed on the island to examine the spot for traces of any kind that might enlighten us concerning the event.

A deep hole occupied the place of the mournful gibbet. From this place the sand violently torn up, and the numerous traces of naked feet reaching to the river, indicated that the cross had been pulled down, and dragged to the stream, there to be committed to the waters and the corpse along with it. We naturally attributed this feat to our hosts the Schétibos. Disgusted by the dissatisfaction we had shown the evening before, and fearing that their commercial relations with the missionaries would hereafter suffer for it, they had come in the night to make away with the corpse of the offender, in the hope of thus destroying all evidence of their crime.

To regain Sarayacu we took the middle of the Ucayali. The stream was at flood,

the logical consequence of the persecutions of which these unhappy wretches have been the object on the part both of Christians and heathens. Hunted in every direction, and without the means of subsistence, they may have sometimes, under the pressure of extreme hunger, eaten their sick and aged, when one of their persecutors, fat and well to do, did not happen to come to hand. There is an old saying that "a hungry stomach has no ears."

Then again, amongst so many savage tribes and civilized nations who are but too ready to throw their stone at these poor wretches, in whose behalf it has seemed to us only generous to break a lance, which of them all can justly boast of having been guiltless of the same sin of cannibalism? If we honestly examine the records of history in remote ages, some strange facts will be brought to light under this head. From Dutertre to Lopez de Gomara, *ten* of the gravest historians agree in ascribing anthropophagy to the American nations of past ages. Cook, Forster, Neuhoff, Marsden, Duclesmeur, Forrest, have established that it existed among the natives of the Indian Ocean. Before them, Pliny, Strabo, Porphyry found it in honour among the Scythians and the Massagetæ; Peloutier reproached the Celts with it; Cluverius, the Germans; Jablonski, the Arabs.

The human sacrifices of the Gauls, the Carthaginians, and the Romans were after all nothing but the remains of ancient anthropophagy. Under the influence of other ideas, these people burned what they had formerly adored. But to return to our Cachibos.

Concealed in the depths of the forests, where they have to dread during the day the arrows of the Ucayali tribes and the guns of the Pozuzo Christians, it is only at night that the Cachibos venture to quit their retreats, to fish in the Pachitea, or to gather turtles' eggs on the shores of the river during the laying season. Men and women go naked, and this nudity, in a country infested by mosquitoes, means a succession of tortures sufficiently justifying in our eyes the fancy attributed to them of eating their neighbour with so little ceremony. If the necessary cares of subsistence draw them far from their dwellings, and their eyelids are heavy for sleep, these poor wretches, having no mosquito-coverings, dig holes in the sand and bury themselves up to the shoulders, then lightly fill over these excavations and cover them with foliage. Thus sheltered against the mosquitoes, they sleep as well as they can till daylight. Hardly does the dawn appear when they creep from their holes, run to the river to get rid of the sand which the perspiration has glued to their bodies, and after having cleaned and refreshed themselves, they precipitately return to the woods, which they only leave on the following night.

The tribes of the Sacramento Plain, who know the habits of the Cachibos, amuse themselves by hunting them at the period when the egg-laying of the turtles brings them to the shores of the Pachitea. To get near their victims without being seen, Conibos, Sipibos, Schétibos skirt in file the forest in which they have their retreat, and on arriving opposite an encampment of Cachibos on the shore, they disperse themselves and rain their arrows on the enemy. Terrified by this sudden attack, the Cachibos seek to regain the cover of the woods; but the hunters follow close in pursuit, and always succeed in trapping one of the fugitives. If a woman or a child, they lead their captive

I was completely ignorant. A bright thought suddenly occurred to me. I called to mind the lumps of plaster which the Cuzco statuaries fix by means of pegs to the defective parts of their statues, and from which they then shape the contour of the lacking member. This process, which I was able to employ with the help of a bad razor, the only tool I possessed, enabled me to bring my task to an end. To say that the hands, noses, and ears which I produced recalled by elevation of style and purity

RESTORATION OF THE SAINTS AT SARAYACU.

of outline the master-pieces of Greek statuary, would be boasting unworthy of me. I would rather confess that these products of my razor were of a touching simplicity, and of a Noah's-ark-like stiffness, which had nothing in common with questions of art, and only testified to a good intention carried to the extent of heroism.

After a week of assiduous labour, my saints were re-established in their primitive integrity, and, thanks to the high temperature of the locality, were quite dry. It only remained to paint them. But for this oil-colours were wanted, and I had at my disposal only water-colours. The reverend prior, to whom I communicated my embarrassment, happily found at the bottom of a drawer some pinches of vermilion and white-lead, that dated from the commencement of the century; animals' bones half-burnt on the coals furnished me with bitumen. I found ochre in the ravines, and my lamp gave me black.

when I had laid it flat upon the ground, I stretched it by means of cords and pegs. All the day was devoted to these preliminaries, in which I employed both sexes of the mission.

Whilst men and women busied themselves about me, I was struck with an extraordinary idea: it was to employ on the pictorial decoration of the cloth the women who had just sewed it, and thus to save myself a tedious labour. These women, I thought, have the talent of the Conibos for ornamenting with flowers and Greek borders their pitchers, dishes, and plates; nothing prevents them from doing on a large scale what they are accustomed to do in miniature, and to decorate a carpet instead of a soup-tureen. I communicated my idea to the prior, who heartily approved of it, and enjoined my female helpers to obey me implicitly in everything, under penalty of making the acquaintance of *martin-chicote*. By this name is designated at Sarayacu the rod which serves to punish the misdeeds of the fair sex.

I allowed my assistants twenty-four hours to procure the colours and brushes, and that in such quantity that the work, once commenced, should suffer no delay. At the expiration of the time they arrived one after the other, each carrying an earthen vase and a handful of small brushes. These vases were the colour-pots. There was blue, yellow, brown, red, green, violet, white, and black.[1] The small brushes were formed of sprigs of grass. On my part I had not remained idle. Whilst the women fabricated colours and brushes, I planned my composition, and traced my rough sketch with the aid of a piece of burnt wood taken from the kitchen-fire. A wreath of corn-ears and bunches of grapes, designed to symbolize bread and wine, flesh and blood, that real and mystical food and drink of man and Christian, formed the border of my cloth. At the corners the arms of the republic were displayed, to signify the obedience that all his subjects owes to Cæsar. A large ellipsis, the line of which was lost under flowers, fruits, and butterflies, occupied the field of the cloth, and retained captive four birds of savage mien posted at the four quarters of the heavens. These birds, their eyes starting, their beaks open, their claws contracted, appeared as if disputing, with furious ardour, an orange of the size of a large melon, forming the central point of the composition. In this orange I wrote the name *Ecclesia*, and each bird carried round its neck a cartouche bearing the name of one of the great heretics whose schisms have shaken the Church.

Each woman, provided with her paint-pot and brushes, squatted down before the part of the carpet she was to paint. The task of one was to colour the bunches of grapes purple, another's to plaster with yellow ochre the corn-ears; this lady had to dye the blazonry of the scutcheons, that one to tint the bodies of the birds. The distribution of white and black, of light and shade, was my own peculiar task. As soon as one of my assistants had finished her part, I took possession of the design roughly executed by her, clearly marked the outlines, and then, by means of lamp-black and liquid plaster, I gave to it, by means of lights and shadows, the necessary relief. The staff of a banner, which served me as a maul-stick in this work, was also equally useful as a commander's baton to call to order my loquacious pupils.

[1] I have stated in my account of the Conibos from what barks and plants their women procure the colours which they use. The same vegetable products are employed by the women of Sarayacu.

"I have a sister who lives at Riobamba," continued he. "The excellent woman, who is four years younger than myself, made me promise, so far back as our last parting in 1828, to send her my portrait. I have not been able to keep my promise to her up to this day, and my poor sister must think I have quite forgotten her. That is so little the case, that I count on you, Pablito, to make this portrait for which she has so long waited, and which will render her very happy."

I was about to assure the reverend prior that, having at hand neither canvas nor colours, it was impossible for me to paint his portrait, however much his respectable sister might be troubled about it, when he prevented me by adding,

"It is not a large portrait which I require of you; a small one will well suffice. A miniature, for example. Do you know what I mean?"

I knew it so well that I begged the worthy old man to prepare himself to give me a first sitting the next day.

Returned to my cell, I asked myself, while unnailing the chest in which I had put my colours and papers, whether I was designed to renew at Sarayacu the twelve labours of Hercules. Such an honour was the less acceptable to me, as Father Antonio, the only companion with whom I had exchanged an idea, had left for his Tierra Blanca mission on our return from Cosiabatay, and in his absence the sloth of mind to which the achievement of my labours condemned me rendered yet heavier the weariness that I experienced at Sarayacu.

Reflecting thus, I rummaged in my portfolios to find a suitable piece of paper. A Bristol board which I found in them had to do duty for the ivory that I lacked for my miniature. I pasted my paper down by the corners, I washed my best brushes, prepared my palette, and, the next day arrived, awaited my model.

At eleven o'clock he entered my cell in a new robe, and with his beard carefully trimmed. I made him sit near the window, and begged him to keep still. Ten minutes had scarcely elapsed when his eyes closed, and he was snoring. I let him sleep, and continued my work. At noon the bell, which summoned us to the refectory, awoke him.

"Let us go to dinner," he said; "if I remain still much longer I shall finish by going to sleep."

After five sittings, which appeared rather long to the reverend man, though sleep had abridged their duration for him, I put in his hands his portrait, which he examined with evident pleasure. A damask curtain that formed the back-ground, and the red and gold armchair, were, he thought, in excellent taste, although they seemed to me to jar a little with the vows of poverty taken by the disciples of St. Francis.

Two hours after giving him this portrait, I claimed of my model the execution of his promise.

"To-morrow, at noon, you will leave," he said. "Your canoe is already selected, our people are busying themselves about the provisions which it is to contain, and the oarsmen who are to take you to Nauta are bidding good-bye to their families. Now have I forgotten anything, have you nothing to ask of me?"

"Absolutely nothing, *padre mio,* unless it be that instead of the eight oarsmen you have offered, I should prefer to have two only, with my assistant Julio for pilot. Eight

gladdened him infinitely. I was sufficiently acquainted with my old assistant to know that the idea of vagabondizing about at his ease entered much into the pleasure which he promised himself. The air of civilization, which formerly he had respired at Lima, had only been moderately favourable to him. He preferred the humble covering of his forests and the banks of his rivers, to all the marvels of the City of the Kings. The only product of that civilization which he really appreciated was rum.

I left him to his work, and returned to the convent to cord my baggage. During the last morning I received visits from the major-domo, the carpenter, the kitchen-

THE FORGE AT SARAYACU.

wood chopper, the governors, and the alcaldes. I grew hoarse with replying to the wishes of health, happiness, and prosperity, with which these good people addressed me. The women, whom the statutes of the convent interdicted from entering my cell, grouped themselves outside before my window, and passing their arms through the bars, threw me, by way of farewell, sweet-potatoes, ananas, and oranges. The body of widows, in remembrance of my work of art, at which they had so zealously assisted, came to add their good wishes to those of the general crowd.

At two o'clock in the afternoon the prior and his monks accompanied me to the port. The canoe was ready to start, the rowers were at their post, and Julio had taken his place in the stern. The bottom of the canoe was invisible under the confused assortment of chickens, turtles, smoked meats, salted fish, bananas, and sugar-canes. Pot-bellied jars, full of treacle, ground coffee, rum, were above all conspicuous, and completed this collection of good things. The only detrimental object was a square cage inclosing six monkeys of the larger kind, skinned and smoked, with which the prior had felt himself bound to supplement the provisions for my journey. One would have said that they were young negroes just taken from the spit, and only waiting to be utilized in a hash. I made up my mind not to travel long in company with these dismal guests.

reflected their shadows. On our right the sombre verdure of the territory of the Sensi Indians, blurred by the distance, hid the foot of the cerros of Cuntamana, of which we could only see the ramifications northward and southward, covered with vegetation from base to summit.

On coming to the extremity of the curve described by the Ucayali, we fell off to avoid the entrance of the Tipichca Canal, or rather of the Tipichca,[1] a cross-cut which

THE AUTHOR S DEPARTURE FROM SARAYACU.

is generally taken by the missionaries who go from Tierra Blanca to Sarayacu. This canal, which loses itself in the interior, shortens by eighteen miles the distance from the one mission to the other.

Beyond the confluence of the Tipichca with the Ucayali, we presently came to the embouchure of the Yapaya, not a mere canal like its neighbour, but the overflow of a lake of the same name, formed by a little river whose source is on the eastern flanks of the Sierra of San Carlos. The rowers were for passing on, but I ordered Julio to push into this canal, which he immediately did, though not without showing his

[1] In the Pano tongue the words *tipi schca* (that which abridges or shortens) are applied to any channel formed by a river which leaves its ancient bed for a course more to the east or west, a common occurrence in these latitudes. Certain *tipichcas*, or canals, do in fact *abridge* the distance from one point to another, but the greater number serve no other purpose than to ensnare the fish. The young fry especially abound in such places. The Indians strike it with arrows, or they bar the water and poison it with the barbascum (*Jacquinia armillaris*), as described in a previous chapter.

trapeziums of yellowish shade, traversed by rays of bright gold. Kingfishers with gray spangled beaks and wings of azure, jacanas with bony crests, and agamis or trumpet-birds, disturbed in their occupation of fishing, or in their meditations, by the passage of the canoe, fled before it, and settled again at some distance. A musky odour diffused in the air revealed the presence of the caymans hidden in the thick herbage.

After ascending this stream for two hours, in the midst of electric eels with leech-like skins, which we could see winding their way along under water, and which, when accidental contact occurred, made the oars tremble in the hands of our rowers, we came to a lake about three miles in circumference. Four dwellings of the Schétibo Indians were built on its shores. The proprietors of three of them had gone to fish in the river Ucayali, leaving their residences and their movables in the care of two Indians of their tribe, a man and a woman, who lived in the fourth habitation. At the moment when our canoe touched the bank there was an exchange of joyful exclamations and polite greetings between my rowers and the Schétibos, which evinced that their mutual acquaintance was of some standing.

The astonishment that Julio had manifested on receiving orders to ascend the Yapaya, instead of continuing to descend the Ucayali, amounted to stupefaction when I announced that it was my intention to pass the night with his friends the Schétibos. Without giving him time to question me on this new fantasy, I caused the canoe to be unladen and my mosquito-curtain to be carried into the cleanest—so far as I could judge—of the three empty houses, and as the night had in the meantime fallen, I supped by the light of the stars. At the appointed hour in the morning Julio shook the cords of my mosquito-curtain to let me know that it was time to rise; the canoe was loaded again, and when I had taken my seat we quitted the place, and to Julio's increased astonishment continued our course eastward to Santa Catalina, one of the three still existing missions of the Sacramento Plain.

Having crossed the Yapaya lake we entered the little river of Santa Catalina which feeds it, and the current of which is pretty rapid. My men rowed all day with a will and energy, which I was careful to acknowledge by offering them an occasional draught of rum (*tafia*). At sunset we landed at a spot on the left shore which was shaded by an enormous fig-tree. Under this tree we lighted our camp-fire, and in its shade we enjoyed a quiet sleep. On the morrow at daybreak we resumed our route, and about mid-day entered the landing-place of Santa Catalina.

This landing-place was a simple inlet or bay worked in the bank by the action of the river. The mission, built some feet above the water-level, was a bow-shot distant, and consisted of eleven cottages and an oblong building with a palm-roof, which I took to be the church. All the buildings were dotted about an open space covered with short withered grass, in the centre of which was a wooden cross, once painted red with arnotto. One picturesque detail in this melancholy *ensemble* attracted my attention. This was a group of papaw-trees (*papayers*), with smooth, silvery gray trunks, perfectly straight, and a head of flabelliform leaves. One might have compared them to slender Corinthian columns.

The locality was a perfect solitude. I visited, one after another, all the huts

without finding a man or a parrot to speak to. If my rowers had not assured me that the converts of Santa Catalina were at this hour occupied in their plantations, I should have thought the mission had been depopulated by an epidemic. Wandering from hut to hut, I came to the larger building which I had taken for the church. In this I was not mistaken, and by looking through the cracks in the walls I could see that it was completely desolated. On a square block of clay, which had formerly served as an

PORT AND MISSION OF SANTA CATALINA.

altar, some sickly-looking bindweed and polypodies—of which the seeds and spores had fallen from the roof or been driven in by the wind—vegetated languidly in the darkness.

I returned to the river-side considerably disappointed, having found a ruined church and uninhabited houses instead of the lively and flourishing mission I had expected. Farewell for ever to the ethnographical drawings I had promised myself to make of its converts, Cumbaza and Balsano[1] Indians crossed with the blood of the Schétibos.

[1] There were Cumbazas and Balsanos at one time residing in the environs of Balsapuerto (Port of the *Balsa* or Raft) on the Huallaga. Instructed by the Franciscans of Lima in the seventeenth century, and collected in the missions founded by those monks on the shores of the Huallaga, they and their descendants lived there till the commencement of the present century. In consequence of some dispute which they had at this period with the Xeberos, who inhabited the left bank of the Marañon, they migrated to the other side of the Sacramento Plain, and distributed themselves in the missions of the Ucayali, where they contracted alliances with the Pano-Schétibos, Christian converts already established there.

In consequence of the absence of the individuals who were to have served me as models the opportunity was lost for ever. For a moment I regretted my bootless journey of eighteen leagues.

On returning to my canoe I perceived, on the left of the landing-place, beneath a clump of trees which had escaped the axe, two shirts which had been washed by some house-wife and hung on a string to dry. In the absence of the genus *homo* these were the only objects that represented him. The temporary abandonment of these shirts, which might have been appropriated by the first passer-by, bore witness either to the good woman's confidence in the honesty of the possible visitor, or to so deep a conviction of the out-of-the-way character of the place, that nothing short of a miracle would bring anybody that way. To prove to the Catalino[1] house-wife that the miracle had been effected, I knotted the sleeves of the shirts and hung them by means of a strip of bark to the branch of a tree. This innocent joke, which they would unfailingly attribute to *Yurima*, the spirit of evil, would be a nine days' wonder among the converts.

We immediately put the boat's head to the east, and descended with the velocity of an arrow the river Santa Catalina, which we had so laboriously ascended. The next day, in the afternoon, we left behind us the Yapaya Canal, and floated again on the Ucayali. We crossed the river diagonally, in order to reach an island of sand which was visible in the middle of the stream. A halt of several hours which we made at this spot enabled us to take our supper and hold a general council. Two bends of the river, each of about three leagues in its sweep, still lay between us and Tierra Blanca; instead of passing the night on the islet, as we had at first resolved, we determined to sleep in the canoe, and let the latter run with the current. According to Julio's estimate, we should probably find ourselves off Tierra Blanca between three and four o'clock in the morning. Confiding in the experience of my old Palinurus, at ten o'clock we let go our moorings, and pushed out. A moment after we were each snoring in a different key, leaving the boat to drift along like a cork.

I know not how long I had slept, nor what pleasant dreams filled my brain, when a touch on the shoulder from Julio's hand interrupted both my slumber and my dream. "Tierra Blanca," said he. I rose into a sitting posture, and looked around me. The night was dark, and innumerable stars sparkled in the clear sky. A light mist crept along the surface of the river, whose banks were indicated by two opaque black lines. On our left a solitary light trembled in the darkness. Julio steered towards this unknown beacon, encouraging his men to exert themselves at their oars. As we approached, a fresh breeze, precursor of the dawn, ruffled the surface of the Ucayali. Still daylight had not yet appeared when we touched the landing-place of Tierra Blanca. Leaving my men to lay up the canoe, I leaped on shore and advanced towards the light, which still continued to glimmer in the obscurity.

[1] The converts of the Catalina mission are called, in the neighbouring missions, *Catalinos*.

shone which had attracted our attention in the distance. On drawing near, I perceived a human figure passing to and fro before the light, which was thus hidden from me at intervals. The mystery was soon unravelled. This illuminated building was the church of Tierra Blanca; what I had mistaken for a lighthouse, was a wax-candle lighted on the altar; and the restless human figure turned out to be my worthy friend Father Antonio, occupied with his morning service. At the sound of my footsteps he turned, recognized me immediately, and exclaimed joyously in his native language, *Arrivate a proposito per prendere il caffè!* Gracious as this reception was, I contented myself with replying by gesture, and as the reverend father had stopped short in his devotions, and seemed disposed to question me, I signed to him to continue his mass, and retired to avoid disturbing him.

In the interval which preceded the *Ite missa est*, I seated myself on the fallen trunk of a tree, and gazed at the stars, which the approach of dawn caused to fade like the eyes of the dying. The whole eastern horizon was of an ashen-blue colour, which grew whiter as the minutes passed. In relief against this clear back-ground, speckled with rose-coloured clouds, might be seen the heavy and shadowy outlines of the forests on the right bank. The ruffled surface of the Ucayali formed the fore-ground of this picture.

As the dawn approached, the red colour of the clouds brightened and ultimately became vermilion toned with gold. Here and there the falling light and shadow threw the masses of vegetation into bold relief. Presently the dull and heavy landscape seemed to take life; a sense of motion animated the scene, the universal slumber was interrupted. With the murmuring of the leaves and branches stirred by the morning wind, was soon mingled the indistinct twittering of the small birds, the hoarse cries of perroquets, and the howls of the *alouate* saluting the rising dawn.

The naturalist who baptized this American four-handed brute by the name of *Simia Belzebuth*,[1] must have seen it under its most hideous aspect, and in its most fearful condition, in fact, when having been pierced by an arrow, and subsequently fallen from branch to branch to the foot of the tree, on the summit of which it had disported itself, it was occupied with the attempt to withdraw the barb from its wounded body. Its face contracted with pain, its fierce glances of dark fire, and the continuous howling which escapes from its peculiarly constructed throat, must certainly affect the most intrepid European hunter, if the sharp teeth of the beast, its immense size, and its muscular strength increased tenfold by rage, do not justify the terror which the sight of it causes. The savage of these countries—who is fearless of all animals, who laughs at the muzzle of the alligator, makes game of the *crotale*,[2] and puts his tongue out at the jaguar—amuses himself by endeavours to acquire the ugliness of the *Simia Belzebuth*, imitating its cries and mocking it with grimace for grimace. At length, to end its agony and have done with its howling, he beats it to death with a stick.

Whilst I whiled away the time with these reminiscences of natural history, Father Antonio had finished his mass, and now invited me to follow him into the convent. What he called a convent was a hut, the walls of which being formed of ill-joined laths,

[1] Called by some *Mycetes ursinus*.

[2] A serpent of the rattlesnake family.—Tr.

THE MISSION OF TIERRA BLANCA.

which I had already commenced. At the further end of the room, and forming a right angle with it, I discovered a little apartment which was not visible from the entrance, and which served as a cell for Father Antonio. Two hurdles, made of rushes, were fitted against its lateral walls, each of which being constructed to support a mosquito-curtain, the solitary cell was transformable, as occasion required, into a double-bedded sleeping-chamber. Its furniture consisted of a chest with a padlock, in which the missionary

JEAN DE TARAPOTE, STEWARD OF THE MISSION OF TIERRA BLANCA.

kept his stock of cotton stuff, hatchets, knives, fish-hooks, and glass-beads, reserved for his commercial transactions with the savages of the locality.

The coffee having been consumed in common in this manorial hall, my host must needs show his hospitality by trotting me over the whole mission, of which he would not spare me a single detail. Our first visit was paid to the church, of which I had only caught a glimpse in the night by the light of a candle, and the nakedness of which, in broad daylight, was enough to freeze one. Imagine an elongated parallelogram with earthen walls and a roof of thatch. Picture for an altar, a chest of Mohena wood supporting a smaller white-washed box serving as a tabernacle, which was surmounted by a small crucifix flanked with two candlesticks containing the ends of candles. Two mats stretched in a parallel line on each side of the nave, on which the converts knelt, completed the furniture of the holy place.

According to my cicerone there were no solemnities or processions at Tierra Blanca to signalize the various *fêtes* of the calendar, and that for the very good reason that the mission did not possess a single image, banner, oriflamme, or flag, wherewith the eyes of the faithful might be delighted. Father Antonio, indeed, was in want of the most necessary ornaments. Having neither cope, chasuble, stole, or maniple, he was obliged to ascend the altar and offer the holy sacrifice in a cassock of dyed calico.

JEANNE DE CUMBAZA, COOK OF THE MISSION OF TIERRA BLANCA.

But this poverty, which would have saddened any other man, could not disturb the serenity of his mind. To the remonstrances of gold, the capes of brocade, the albs of lace, and the obligation to perform submissively the commands of his superior, he preferred, as he ingenuously informed us, his poverty, his liberty, and his God as the only master and judge of his actions.

Having visited the church, we went the round of the mission. At this time Tierra Blanca had been forty years in existence. Its houses, numbering thirty-seven roofs, and scattered among the bushes like those of Sarayacu, were the homes of forty men, forty-three women, and seventy-eight children. These converts are Tarapote, Balzano, and Cumbaza Indians from the river Huallaga, and among them are a few Sensis. Their *chacaras*, or plantations, situated around the village, have nothing to distinguish them from those of the central mission.

A charming incident caused me to stop a moment at the entrance of one of these dwellings. By way of contrast with the old man suffering in his hammock, a young mother might be seen bathing her child in the spathe of a palm-tree, and causing him to laugh joyously in response to her little enticements. While reflecting on the mysterious sentiment which attached these two creatures to each other, I examined, out of the corner of my eye, the floral envelope of the monocotyledon transformed into a bath, and I blessed God who had created the mother and the child, and had given the palm-tree so beautiful an appendage.

This excursion through the domains of Father Antonio lasted three hours, and gave me a capital appetite. To return to the convent we took a well-shaded footpath along the banks of the Ucayali. Although hunger, fatigue, and excessive perspiration

BATH IN THE SPATHE OF A PALM.

had a rather lowering effect on my enthusiasm, I could not resist paying a passing tribute to the beautiful landscapes which continually came in view. The country around the mission, untouched by the axe or spade, preserved all their native beauty, with that picturesque and wild cover of which the clearings of a century have robbed Sarayacu. Bordering the village a group of *higuerons*, as to the family of which botanists are not yet agreed,[1] attracted my attention. Rising straight from a fluted base, these trees, which are so hard as to blunt the edge of an axe, and of such mighty girth that six men with their arms stretched out could hardly span them, seem to be the survivors of an antediluvian flora rather than representatives of that actually existing. The enormous trunk, smooth and straight as a column, and the regularly formed base, might serve to support the monolithic roofs of the temples of Ellora and Elephanta.

[1] Originally assigned to the family of the *Urticeæ*, they were next transferred to that of the *Moreæ* (system of Jussieu), and then to the *Euphorbiaceæ*, in which they at present remain.

In contrast with the severe majesty of these trees and the solemn thoughts which awoke to life under the influence of their sombre foliage, appeared in full sunlight, and at the distance of only a few steps, the turtle-park and sugar-plantation of Father Antonio, the animals in the one gambolling in the mud preliminary to their conversion into turtle-soup, the canes in the other nourishing the generous sap which was destined to an analogous transformation, by the agency of an alembic, into fire-water.

GROUP OF HIGUERONS.

On re-entering the convent I found Julio and the rowers in animated conversation with Jean and Jeanne. They were old friends, having met occasionally at Sarayacu, and were realizing, cup in hand, the pleasure which fills honest hearts at finding each other safe and sound after some months of absence. Our arrival brought their tertulia to an end. Jeanne ran to her sauce-pan, Jean pretended to be cutting wood, whilst the pilot and the rowers busied themselves in storing our equipage. My baggage, which they had removed from the canoe, was piled in a corner, and Julio's paddle placed crosswise above two oars, intimating, in the nautical language of Ucayali, that the vessel had been unloaded and hauled on to the beach, not to go again afloat until I should have given the order. As I expected to leave on the next day but one, I warned my men, in order that all might be prepared and nobody missing when the time for starting should arrive.

But this manifestation of my purpose was to be counteracted by the intervention of

a superior power. I had hardly given the necessary instructions when Father Antonio, seizing the oars and the paddle, shut them up in his goods-chest, which he secured with a padlock, and came laughing to show me the key.

"You are a prisoner at Tierra Blanca," said he.

Taken in a trap, I could only bow my head and submit to the commands of the victor. Jean conducted my men to the house of an alcalde of the village, where they would obtain board and lodging; and the reverend father, having assured me he would do all that was possible that I might not regret the time passed with him, took my mosquito-curtain and hung it up opposite his own. I was thus fairly installed in his house.

The friendly violence thus offered me had somewhat deranged my plans, and stirred up a temper of which Father Antonio would have experienced the effects, had it not been dissipated by the welcome voice of Jeanne announcing dinner. At either end of the table I have described was set a plate of brown earthenware. In the centre figured a tureen, from which arose the odours of a ragout of turtle; manioc roots, roasted in the cinders, replaced bread; and in a vessel, chipped, but of graceful form, there was sparkling water fresh drawn from the Ucayali. The glasses, spoons, and forks, which my eyes sought in vain, had been dismissed the service of my host as so many superfluities.

While indicating the place which I was in future to occupy at his table, the reverend father prayed me to excuse the poorness of his service and the frugality of his *menu*, on account of the affection he bore me, and the liberty I might enjoy under his roof. "Here," he said maliciously, "you may enter the houses of the converts at any time, and have no fear of being spied upon by any suspicious official. Tierra Blanca is not Sarayacu." I understood the allusion and the home-thrust; but the dialogue I had just initiated with the turtle-soup prevented any response. This soup-ragout, in the composition of which Jeanne had been prodigal of the *orocote* pepper, was so dreadfully hot, that after disposing of a plateful, I felt as if, like the coursers of Phœbus, I breathed fire and flame from my nostrils. A few draughts of water mitigated the action of this interior volcano, of which my mouth was the crater. By way of dessert, Jeanne brought on a plate some tooth-picks, borrowed from the glossy shoots of the *canchalahua*—read *Panicum dentatum*.

The fare at Tierra Blanca, to judge from this first repast and those which followed, was far from equalling that of Sarayacu, where a variety of dishes tempted the appetite of the prior's guests. It is true the central mission had, as a means of supplying its table, the regular product of the tithes, and the daily contributions of four *mitaya* hunters and fishers, whilst these resources were wanting to its neighbour. Two years since the tithes were abolished at Tierra Blanca, and the *mita*, which Father Antonio declared to be an unprofitable labour to the subject, at the same time that it was immoral, scandalous, and illiberal, had been recently abolished, much to the satisfaction of the *mitayas* or forced purveyors (*corvéables*) themselves.

It was to the system of reforms adopted by the reverend father that we were indebted for our poor cheer, and what was worse, for the régime which admitted of one

dish only, and that always prepared in the same fashion. If perchance one of the converts hunted or fished in the neighbourhood, and presented a portion of his gains to the cook, that day, marked by me with white chalk, we dined on fresh-water fish or lean game. But this happened, unfortunately, very rarely. The converts of Tierra Blanca, ruled by more liberal institutions than those of Sarayacu, and enjoying all their civil rights, took full advantage of their privileges, and remained at home drinking, smoking, or lolling in a hammock, as became free men. Hence the chronic poverty of their larder; hence, also, the monotony of our *menu*, which consisted invariably of boiled turtle. I except the days when we had no turtle, for then we dined off roots.

If the persistency with which we have now for five months publicly detailed our daily bill of fare, and the sighs with which we have enumerated every dish, have appeared strange, ridiculous, or perhaps insupportable to the reader, we would reply to his silent condemnation, that as the grand business of life, which in his case is mechanically attended to twice or thrice a day, is for the native of the Sacramento Plain, and indeed for the missionary and the convert, the object of constant preoccupation, and the subject of a thousand expedients, it is difficult for the traveller who crosses their territory, dwells beneath their roof, participates in their mode of life, and depends in part on their food, not to rejoice or mourn with them according to its abundance or scarcity. Hence our habitual digressions into the domain of the stomach, to quote honest Panurge. But such digressions, be it well understood, so far from disfiguring the account of travels like ours, wherein the apparent caprice of form is simply a veil hiding the gravity beneath, give it, on the contrary, character and value; much as the coloured dress of Harlequin makes his black mask the more conspicuous. From a humanitarian and philanthropic point of view, again, these digressions serve as an indirect recommendation to travellers who may follow in our steps to supplement their scientific baggage with a varied assortment of preserved meats, &c.

As the reader has seen, material existence at Tierra Blanca was greatly wanting in respect to the pleasures of taste; but the liberty of action to be enjoyed there compensated to a certain extent the mediocrity of the culinary department. As Father Antonio had insinuated, no suspicious authority dogged the footsteps of those who, either from motives of curiosity or for the sake of information, wished to see everything they could. At any hour—morning, noon, or night—one might enter the houses of the converts, question the men, chatter with the women, hear the truth from the children, and no spying alcalde, as at Sarayacu, would follow in one's wake, to learn from the master of the house the motive of the visit, with a view to reporting it to his superiors. However, the greater part of my time was passed in the woods, where at every step I found food for study and reflection. Then, I had notes to transcribe, sketches to retouch; and these occupations, alternating with serious conversation or a casual gossip with my host, caused the remaining hours of the day to pass pleasantly away. In the evening we went to bathe in the river, not in the open water, where the caymans, *daridaris*, and *candirus* would have interposed a tragical episode; but in the fore-part of a canoe floating in the open. There, seated, and each furnished with a gourd with which we dipped up the water, we bathed ourselves from head to foot in the fashion

of the savages,[1] and when sufficiently refreshed we returned to the convent, and retreated beneath our mosquito-curtains.

As we shall have another opportunity to speak of the daridaris, the candirus, and other individuals of the species which inhabit the waters of the Ucayali-Amazon, we will for the present turn our backs on the river, and take a stroll in the woods, which abound in pretty glades and charming shady nooks.

One of these spots, which I had discovered the day after my arrival, and for which I had a secret predilection, was situated about a mile and a half to the west of the village. It was a large, almost circular space, where the trees had been felled at some former period by the natives, but replaced by nature with a species yielding a milky juice, known to savants as the *Galactodendron utile*,[2] but which the inhabitants of Venezuela call the cow-tree, and the river-tribes of the Ucayali, who are unacquainted with Greek, and have never seen a bull or a cow, *sandi*.

Mingled with these sandis was a thick undergrowth of *Lycopodinæ*, which covered the ground with a soft carpet, and clustered around each tree like an elegant basket. These graceful acotyledons, five or six feet high, having boughs and branchlets, seemed a miniature virgin forest set in contrast with the greater, as seen at a distance. A poet-horticulturist of the school of Alphonse Karr would perhaps have been smitten with the graceful slenderness of these plants, which the converts of Tierra Blanca, hostile to everything poetical, use for stuffing their mattresses when oat-straw is wanting. A colourist like Diaz would certainly have gone into ecstacies over the variety of aspects which they presented at different periods of the day—the cold blue shades of the morning, the bright white sunlight of noon, and the purple and golden tints of sunset.

Wandering one day in this maze of sandis and lycopodes, carelessly plucking a twig or sucking a soft, viscous, saccharine plum, fallen from the top of one of the trees,[3]

[1] It is only beyond the 7th degree, where these saurians and other formidable fish begin to appear, that the natives are in the habit of bathing as described above. The populations who live below the 7th degree of latitude bathe in the open river, and fear nothing worse than a *coryza* from the coldness of the water.

[2] The qualification of this tree as *Galactodendron utile* is due, if we recollect rightly, to Humboldt; but, for my part, I would range it in the family of the *Sapotaceæ*, had not the savants, on the authority of Kunth, introduced it into the family of the *Urticeæ*, and subsequently transferred it to that of the *Artocarpeæ*, where, in order to be in agreement with them, we will leave it. The milky sap of the Galactodendron, says the learned traveller we have quoted, is used as *food* by the inhabitants of Venezuela and neighbouring localities. We shall have to speak again concerning this juice, which is by no means noxious when a small quantity is taken by any chance, as I know by my own experience on several occasions, though the daily use of it as food would very soon cause a serious disturbance of the animal economy. When the natives take it, it is partly without motive, partly to quench their thirst when they fail to meet with pure water or juicy fruits on their road; or again, to demonstrate that a small quantity of the stuff can be imbibed with impunity. But they no more use it as food than the Ottomacs of the Orinoco and the Macus of Japura live on earth, although they may mix with their food, or take in the form of pills, as a stimulant, aperient, or digestive, it signifies little which, balls of a particular clay.

In his *Genera Plantarum*, A. de Jussieu, improving on the statement of the illustrious Humboldt, calls the farinaceous fruit of the *Artocarpus incisa*, and the sap of the *Galactodendron utile*, "bread and milk ready prepared by nature for the inhabitants of these countries." To give a finishing touch to the notion of the learned botanist, we may add that, besides the bread and milk aforesaid, if the inhabitant of Venezuela wanted a vessel of any kind—cup, bowl, or saucer—in order to breakfast with the greater comfort, the *Crescentia cujete*, or gourd-plant (*calebassier*), will furnish the same without cost.

[3] Although the natives of the Plain of Sacramento care little for the juice of the sandi as an article of food, they are, on the other hand, very fond of its fruit, which is really to be appreciated, although of an unpleasant viscosity.

had outwitted them, as might be judged by the stifled cries of an unhappy dog which he had seized and carried off into the woods.[1] The death of the ravisher was unanimously resolved upon. It was nevertheless necessary to wait for a propitious occasion. The beast is renowned in the country for his ruses and his malice, and his hunters knew that he would not again come too near the village where a price had been put on his head.

The next day the occurrences of the evening were forgotten amid the excitement of a pleasure excursion organized by Father Antonio. This excursion, which would have been approved by the Latin poet, inasmuch as it combined the agreeable with the useful, consisted in crossing the Ucayali and making a reconnaissance among the Sensis who inhabit its right bank. These natives, whom I had an opportunity of seeing at Sarayacu, where they came to exchange with the missionaries oils, turtle, and various other products, for axes, knives, and jewelry, had won my heart by their cleanliness, their discretion, and the odour of vanilla which impregnated their bodies.[2] It remained to be seen whether their virtues were only assumed, a mask which concealed their real characteristics; and the best way to resolve the doubt was to visit them unawares and discover them *en déshabillé*.

At ten o'clock my host and myself took our places in the largest canoe of the mission, manned by ten rowers and a pilot; we crossed the Ucayali, and, coasting along its right bank, ascended against the current towards Cuntamana. Night surprised us on our way. We landed at a convenient spot, where we supped and slept, guarded by three big fires. The next morning at daybreak we resumed our route, ascending successively the Yahuaranqui Canal, a narrow channel terminating in a circular lake; the Maquea Runa Caño, which exactly resembled the former; and, lastly, that of Cruz-Moyuna, which separates into two branches, each of which conducts to a small lake. All these canals and lakes are fed by the waters of the Ucayali.[3] At the proper time and place we will explain their very singular formation. At noon we had reached the entrance of the Chanaya Canal, which we also entered. This canal led us to a lake three miles in circumference. We landed on its shores, and leaving four men to guard the canoe, we entered the woods, preceded by the men, who cleared with their knives the brambles and vines which impeded our progress.

The Lake of Chanaya forms the northern limit of the territory of the Sensis. It is nine miles distant from the native village of Pancaya, the route lying through a thick forest which covers the western flank of the Sierra de Cuntamana, and up an ascent so steep that the path is formed by zigzags, thus trebling the distance and the fatigue.

[1] Similar occurrences are frequent in the villages and missions of the country. If the inhabited spot is situated on a river, and on level ground, instead of jaguars the caymans come prowling round the native dwellings, seizing any animal or thing which may be found at their entrances.

[2] The custom of suspending a few pods of vanilla in the opening of their sac, either before or behind, is common to most of the native tribes of which we have had a passing glimpse, and on whose territory the scented orchis grows wild. *Epidendrum odoratissimum*, or vanilla, is first found on the eastern side of the Andes, about the lower limit of the cinchona region. It abounds in the forests of the Sacramento Plain, but is not made an object of commerce either by the Indians or the missionaries.

[3] The term *canal* suggests the idea of an artificial course of water, but the explanation in the text shows in what sense the word is to be understood as used here and elsewhere by the author.—Tr.

But Father Antonio had the limbs of an athlete, I was myself a pretty good walker, and our men, like the Peruvian *chasquis,* would have trotted the whole day without losing breath. We therefore attempted the ascent, and beyond a few unlucky falls, of which our ribs and neighbouring parts had good reason to complain, we accomplished the journey without accident. At five o'clock, bathed in perspiration and panting with thirst, we entered on a level plateau, where we perceived a dozen cabins half-hidden by immense banana-trees.

The barking of dogs and the terrified cries of women and children greeted our arrival. Somewhat troubled at this reception, I had already retreated somewhat towards Father Antonio, when two gray old men, attracted by the noise, appeared at the entrance of one of the huts, and, recognizing the missionary, calmed with a word and a sign the feminine panic. With the ready adaptability which characterizes their sex, the women, passing from fear to confidence, made a merry hubbub, and came in a row to kiss the hand of the papa[1] of Tierra Blanca. This formality gone through, one of the old men conducted us to his dwelling, and seated us on mats. A jug of mazato was offered us by the women. This emblem of hospitality, with which the assistants refreshed themselves, went round the circle several times, and as they took care to fill it each time, our host's tongue and those of his companions were quickly unloosened, and soon all were chattering together. From the prolix explanations which each was emulous to give me, I at length learned that the better half of the population of Pancaya—by which must be understood the male sex between the ages of eighteen and forty-five—were on a hunting, fishing, and wax-collecting expedition, leaving the village under the care of the old men and the women. In the absence of their natural protectors, the latter had been frightened by our unexpected arrival, hence the foolish outcry they made, of the impropriety of which they were now quite conscious. The Reverend Father Antonio received the excuses of the women kindly, and through the pilot, who acted as dragoman, forgave them their fault.

Charmed with our friend's mildness, the matrons of the little community commenced a detailed account of their little troubles, not omitting the last *bobos* which had befallen their latest born. As I felt the delicacy of these domestic matters, I discreetly left the house, and walked to the edge of the plateau—a spot which commanded an immense prospect.

The Ucayali constituted the foreground of the landscape, and the moving surface of the river, observed from so great a height, presented much the same appearance as the reflected lights of a piece of moire-antique. The flanks of Cuntamana, which from my post of observation seemed to overhang the river, effectually screened its right bank, the left being alone visible. The lofty trees on that side, having their summits lighted by the oblique rays of the setting sun, and their bases already in darkness reflected in the water with a soft, dull light, formed the middle distance of a picture remarkable for its vigorous relief. Beyond stretched far away the Sacramento Plain—a sea of verdure in which each lofty tree was like a wave. The Sierra de San Carlos,

[1] As I have already stated, the natives designate the priests, monks, and missionaries by the name of *papas* or *fathers.*

connected in the south with the central mass of the Andes, consists only of a series of low hills in the north, and cuts in two the vast plain of which the extremities melt away in a golden haze. Ineffable calm, profound peace, reigned over this scene as night shrouded it from view.

I was absorbed in the contemplation of this spectacle when Father Antonio joined me; his voice roughly dissipated the day-dream in which I was indulging. To compensate me for breaking the charm, he pointed out, on the opposite bank of the river, a few yellow blotches which had not attracted my attention. Those blotches, said he, were the houses of Belen and Sarayacu. A little lower, at the edge of the water, that hollow, dark gap was the shore of the Sara-Ghêné, and the mouth of the river of that name; lastly, looking upwards from the Ucayali, those two silver threads winding through the green ground of the landscape were the rivers Pisqui and Cosiabatay. The twilight very soon interrupted this topographical study.

The night was signalized by the return of some of the Pancaya men. Their companions, occupied in searching for wax and sarsaparilla, were not expected until the day after the next. These new-comers, who trafficked with the Ucayali missions, knew Father Antonio, and fêted him. Our friend appeared to me as much at ease amidst this savage troop as he would have been surrounded by his own flock in his fold of Tierra Blanca. He joked and laughed with the Sensis so much as to make me believe that he made no difference between these castaways and the converts of his mission. From a gospel point of view, such impartiality was no doubt admirable; but a fervent Catholic, considering there might be two opinions about the matter, would no doubt have eschewed the practice. I remarked, besides, that the missionary, instead of entertaining his audience with the beauties of our religion, the advantages of civilization over barbarism, and the happiness they would experience by again submitting to missionary rule, spoke to them only of the quantities of sarsaparilla and wax they had collected, of the seals and turtle they had caught, of the number of pots[1] of fat and oil they held in reserve—commercial questions which, we must own in justice to them, the Sensis answered with the *aplomb* of old merchants.

After a frugal repast, we were conducted between two torches to the hut we were to occupy, and which had had some of its furniture hastily removed, on account of the character and habits of my companion. Our mosquito-curtains, which they had taken the fancy to place side by side, were soon occupied by us. As I had full liberty of speech with Father Antonio, I did not conceal from him my astonishment that he should have gossiped the whole evening on business matters with the Sensis, when, in my opinion, he should have persuaded the Indians to renounce worldly wealth in order to give their whole attention to their salvation.

"My dear Pablo," said the reverend father through the curtain partition between us, "if I have spoken of figures and commerce with the Sensis, it is because such a subject of conversation interests them most, and I make myself agreeable by meeting their views. In former times others have preached in the Chanaya mission of the

[1] These pots do not hold a determinate quantity, but vary in their capacity between one and four arrobas of oil. The Spanish arroba is 25 lbs. [33½ lbs. English], the Portuguese 32 lbs.

converts, victimized by the attraction a dog exercised over it, which the converts had tied to a tree, and by pulling a string made to whine, and thus act as a call. The dog, which had mistaken the joke for a real danger, was still ill from fright. As to the tiger, once dead the hunters dragged it to the mission, where the women, after breaking off its teeth and claws to wear as ornaments on fête-days, had removed its speckled coat. Whilst giving these details they showed me the skin, which was covered on the interior with a layer of yellowish tallow of bad odour. I became the owner of it at the cost of a threepenny knife, and then suspended it above the hearth near the ant-eater's remains. For eight days I had beneath my eyes this gloomy antithesis of the victim and its executioner, of the edentate and digitigrade carnivora; then one piece of canvas inclosed their remains, and a few lengths of string served to tie the parcel.

Two days after our return from Pancaya, Father Antonio, who had got a taste for rambling from this little excursion, proposed to poison one of the lakes of the Ucayali, in order to procure for me, in addition to the fresh fish, the pleasure of a method of fishing forbidden in Europe, but practised in this country. Such a proposition was of course only too agreeable to me, and I was anxious for its realization without delay. Whilst he visited from house to house to warn his people to prepare for the morrow, I set to work to put my affairs in order, and wrote out in permanent ink the following lines, which had been hastily pencilled on the plateau of Pancaya.

The Sensis, of whom it would be vain to seek for traces in accounts dating anterior to this century, belong to the tribe of the Schétibos, from whom they separated in 1810, the period when the mission of Chanaya-Mana,[1] or Tchanaya-Mana, if we write this Pano word as it is pronounced by the Conibos, was founded for them. To this mission of Tchanaya, which flourished from 1810 to 1821, and was abandoned by the missionaries, and soon after by the converts, has succeeded the village of Pancaya, where we now find these relapsed Sensis and their descendants.

The hilly country they have chosen is rich in all kinds of produce. Hot springs flow from the western slope of Cuntamana, and deposits of rock-salt are covered by the soil of the forests. In these forests the Sensis collect, besides incense, storax, copal, and caoutchouc, both sarsaparilla and vanilla, a coarse cinnamon called *canelon*, copaiba, sandi, three varieties of cocoa-nut, and honey and wax. These products, which they collect in the smallest quantities, as they are too lazy to work continuously, are carried by them to the missions, where they are exchanged for knives, scissors, turtle-darts, fish-hooks, and glass-beads.[2]

The cakes of wax which they prepare for sale, and of which we have now before us two samples, reproduce in relief the concavity of the soup-plate which served as a mould. Their weight is always three pounds, and this so exactly that the missionaries, who have bought them in confidence and without weighing them afresh, have many

[1] *Mana*, cerro or mountain—Mountain of Chanaya.

[2] The sham pearls of coloured glass, for which all the tribes of the Sacramento Plain were at one time raving mad, hardly attract any attention now. If they still accept them, it is only as presents. Their present currency consists of white and black porcelain beads (*chaquiras*) and seeds of the coral-tree.

case of conscience—flying as from a pestilence encounters by force of arms, shunning all manner of disputes whether by length of arm or length of tongue, with no taste for trickery and litigation, but settling by friendly arbitration whatever differences arise among them—having no chief who commands them and no captain who guides them, but submitting in emergencies to the moral authority of the oldest of their

TYPICAL PORTRAIT OF A SENSI INDIAN.

tribe—such are our Sensis, and such are the characteristics which recommend them to the favourable attention of ethnographers and learned men.

I was just finishing the last word with a flourish, as a token that I had completed my notice of the Sensis, when Father Antonio returned to the convent, and, like Pangloss, announced that all was going on well in the best of worlds. In fact, two alcaldes called in the evening to inform us that the necessary arrangements were made, and that it only remained for us to fix the hour of departure, which, for the success of our intended fishing expedition, ought to be as early as possible. We agreed to leave Tierra Blanca before sunrise.

At the appointed hour the men and women selected by the reverend father to take an active part in the fishery were drawn up in line at the convent door,

MENISPERMUM OR BARBASCUM FISHERY ON THE PALTA LAKE.

to Tierra Blanca. The canoes which had been beached received the freshly salted fish, the weight of which amounted perhaps to thirty *arrobas*.[1] Our men shouldered the canoes thus loaded, but not without making a grimace, and sedately remarking that the loads felt heavier than in the morning; an observation which no one thought of contradicting. We left *Palta Cocha*[2]—the name of the lake that we were no more to see—and again took the road through the forest to the Ucayali. We had not advanced many steps, when a rush of buzzing wings swept the air behind us, and hoarse discordances startled the silence of the woods: the vultures, the falcons, and the eagles had alighted as with one accord near the still smoking embers, and were disputing with each other the remnants of our repast.

Among the various species of fish which we caught in the Palta Lake,[3] there were two to which we think it our duty to call the reader's attention. If he has only the curiosity of an ordinary reader, he will take kindly the digression that is to follow, and which is just long enough to instruct without tiring him. If, however, he belongs to the class of ichthyologists—not to be confounded with ideologists by the way—he will receive with genuine pleasure the information I have to give about two American fish whose special traits his brother naturalists have not hitherto had either the opportunity or the leisure to describe.

The first of these individuals is called *daridari* by the Conibos, and counts three varieties. It belongs to the order *Selachii* and genus *Raia*. It is pretty nearly the same shape as our European ray, and in size varies from three to twelve feet in circumference. The belly of the animal is reddish-white, lightly fringed with black; the back of a bituminous sooty tint, splashed like the jaguar's coat with large black blotches, bordered with a fringe of ochrish yellow. The large spots are surrounded by smaller ones, fringed with the same colour.

The daridari carries on its tail, which is larger, though shorter, than that of our European ray, three bony, quadrangular spikes, we know not whether for ornament or defence, about four inches long and forty lines base measurement.[4] These spikes, which the animal raises or lowers at pleasure, are hollow; and although the cavity contains no gland for the secretion of any poison, the wounds they make are incurable. We have seen a Cocama Indian who had been wounded in the ankle by one of these venomous weapons; the miserable fellow's foot seemed ready to drop from his leg, and was entirely eaten up by a large running ulcer.

The fancy which the daridari has for exposing himself during the hottest hours of the day near the shore, and remaining in the most complete immobility, would be the cause of frequent accidents, if the natives of the Ucayali, well knowing the habits of this animal, did not take the precaution, before entering the water, to make a splashing

[1] The Spanish *arroba*, as already stated, is 25 lbs.

[2] Palta Lake. The *palta* is the fruit of the *Laurus persea*, called the *avocatier* in the Antilles. I do not know how the lake obtained this singular name, for there are no palteros or palta-trees on its banks.

[3] These same species are found in the waters of the Ucayali-Amazon, which they leave and to which they return when the river overflows, as will be explained further on.

[4] It will be understood that the length and size of these spikes are relative to the size of the animal. The measurements that we have given were those made on a specimen 6½ feet in circumference.

with their feet, and thus frighten the animal from his post. The Xebero, Ticuna, and Yahua Indians, whose hunting poisons are highly esteemed in the markets of the Amazon, are so well acquainted with the poisonous properties of the spikes of the daridari, that they powder them and add them to the other ingredients of their preparations.

Having spoken of this ray, for which the Indians sometimes fish out of curiosity, but of which they never eat the flesh, we will now allude to a member of the family of Siluridæ, as little known to science as the selachian we have just described.

This fish, called *candiru* by the river-tribes, and the length of which varies between two lines and six inches, avoids the deep waters, frequenting only the neighbourhood of the shores. The vicinity of inhabited places attracts it in particular, as it has there

THE CANDIRU.

frequent opportunities of satisfying its instincts. Like the majority of the Siluridæ of the Ucayali-Amazon, it has a viscous, smooth skin, its back is brown like an eel's, its sides zinc colour, its belly nearly white; it has a rounded head, and its barely visible eyes give it an appearance as of stupidity, rendered ferocious by its mouth, open as if for suction, and armed with microscopic teeth, very sharp and close set.

The larger of these fishes, measuring five or six inches in length, make a remorseless war on the calves of the natives who come within their reach: they dart impetuously at the fleshy mass, and rend a portion away before the owner of the calf has time to realize his loss. Never did any disciple of Æsculapius who practises tooth-drawing extract a molar with greater celerity than these candirus detach the morsel of the living flesh for which they show such a decided liking.

The smaller of the species, the size of which barely exceeds two or three lines, are dangerous in quite another respect. Gifted with that faculty so remarkable in trout and salmon, by which they are enabled to mount rapid falls, they introduce themselves into the secret parts of bathers, where their extended fins retain them captive. Hence the whispered advice which the native bestows on the traveller, to avoid passing urine into the water of a bath taken in the river. To the horrible sufferings which the introduction of this living needle may occasion, the Ucayali doctors know of one remedy alone, which consists of a tisane made with the genipa or huitoch apple, and which, taken very hot, acts, they pretend, on the urinary passages, and dissolves the animal which obstructed them.

This little fish, the object of fear and horror to the natives, possessed consider-

FISHES OF THE UCAYALI-AMAZON AND OF THE LAKES BORDERING ITS SHORES.

swollen, flowed over it. Here and there tufts of herbage, rooted in its shallows, dotted it with so many islets, which brightened a little its dull surface.

We had no sooner entered this watery domain than the canoes, instead of keeping in the middle, were rowed to the left, and took up a position near the shore. The rowers quietly lifted their oars from the water, and enjoined the women to keep silence; whilst the fishers, standing in the fore-part of the canoes, cast searching glances all round the lake.

FISHING THE CANDIRU.

After some minutes of expectation, a slight noise was heard on our right. All eyes were turned in that direction. The black-looking muzzle of a lamantin appeared above the half-submerged tufts of herbage. The animal breathed hard (*bruyamment*), to expel from its lungs the vitiated air in exchange for a few inspirations of the purer atmosphere, and having satisfied in this way the demands of its amphibious nature, it swam away towards the middle of the lake. At this moment five other individuals of the species showed their muzzles above the water almost at the same time; and, excited by the promise of a fine capture, our people clapped their hands, forgetting for a moment they might frighten the animals away. But the creatures were too intent upon an object of their own to heed this interruption. On perceiving the first lamantin, the five others swam towards it, and, influenced by the same thought (if lamantins ever think), manœuvred in such a manner as to surround it. When within a yard or two of the animal, they

animals, two males and one female. The difficulty of towing them against the stream had obliged them to cut them up on the spot. It was found that the female was on the point of becoming a mother. Had it been in the month of August the fact would not have been surprising; but, being in February, it was considered a remarkable exception to the rule; and, in consideration of this singularity, they deposited the still-born cetacean upon some leaves of the American rush without disturbing the posture in which they found it. The little animal was of a pale zinc colour, two feet eight lines in length by twenty-six inches in girth. Its muzzle was bent down upon its thorax; its fins were brought together in front so as to cross each other; and the suppleness of the still cartilaginous vertebræ allowed the tail to be bent round upon the belly. As for the expression of the face—for I took the portrait of the little mammifera—it recalled, by

FŒTUS OF THE LAMANTIN.

I know not what combination of innocence, blessedness, and resignation, the look of those old *habitués* of the theatre who go to sleep with their nose buried in their cravat during the performance of tragedies. The mother was so cut up as to be useless for my purpose, but one of the male specimens furnished me with a beautiful skeleton.

Poor skeleton! Instead of reposing, as was its right, under a fresh détritus of aquatic plants on the shore of that unknown lake in whose waters it had so long disported itself, it lodges unhonoured at the bottom of a cellar in the sixth *arrondissement* of the modern Babylon, where spiders, rats, and woodlice are its only visitors. The ways of Destiny are incomprehensible! But let us return to our lamantins.

All the natural history treatises we have been able to consult, and they have been numerous, seem to have combined to make the same statements respecting these animals, and to circulate the same errors respecting them. As an example we shall only quote the most recent of these treatises, signed with the name of a man who figures in the van of zoological progress, and sanctioned by the university, which guarantees its fitness for the instruction of youth. Speaking of lamantins, the treatise in question says:—

"They have an oblong body terminated by an oval fin or tail. The borders of the tail display the vestiges of nails, and they possess some cleverness in assisting their progress by these members or carrying their young. They inhabit the warmer parts of the Atlantic Ocean, near the mouths of the rivers of America and Africa. Their flesh is eatable, and they attain a length of fifteen feet."

Perhaps this was a true portrait of the lamantin at some pre-Adamite period when the animal first appeared in the limpid or brackish waters of the great rivers; but at present

CAPTURE OF LAMANTINS IN THE LAKE OF MABUISO.

lamantin is eatable, let us repeat in the superlative what we have already stated, that it is whiter, firmer, and has a more delicate flavour than pork, to which it is otherwise very similar. A notable difference between these two kinds of flesh is, that whilst pork lies heavy on the stomach and is difficult of digestion, the flesh of the lamantin is as easy of digestion as that of fresh-water fish.

Although the author of this treatise positively affirms that these cetaceous animals *attain fifteen feet in length*, and his assertion is supported by the measurement of the skeleton of one from Senegal preserved in the Museum, it is worthy of note that the lamantins of the Ucayali-Amazon are very much less than this. The largest of them barely measure six or seven feet from the snout to the tip of the tail. This inferiority in size of the American cetaceous animals is the result of the war of extermination waged on this unfortunate race on account of their commercial value. Under the insidious pretext that its flesh is good to eat and its oil well adapted for lighting purposes, the animal is the perpetual prey of the hunter. Every year it is called upon to supply for home consumption and for exportation a frightful total of flesh and oil. How can it possibly have a chance to grow to its full size?

Thus incessantly persecuted, the lamantin has entirely deserted the mouths of the great American rivers, where the author of the treatise might search for it in vain, and now flourishes in the inland lakes only. But commerce, not to be baffled, has sent its delegates in pursuit, and the massacre has commenced afresh. It is easy to predict that in the natural order of things the species will, in course of time, have disappeared from this part of America.

And now that we have exhausted our remarks respecting these herbivorous cetaceans, let us return to Tierra Blanca, whence our excursion to the Sensis, our fishing expedition to the Lake of Palta, and our visit to the lamantins of the Mabuiso, severally beguiled us.

What with the excursions I have related—the examination of places and things I have described—the chats, meals, and evening baths of which I have spoken—time flew like the wind. The life we led at Tierra Blanca—I say *we*, because my host entered into everything with spirit—had a dash of the adventurous, of the *laissez-faire*, Bohemian-like character, with which the gay, vagabond part of my nature was highly delighted, but against which my dignity and gravity sometimes energetically protested. When I retired to rest at night, and had an opportunity to sound my conscience, and question it, like Titus, concerning the employment of the past day, I indeed felt some regrets for the foolish pastime; but sleep overtook me so quickly that the time was not sufficient for remorse to penetrate very deeply into my heart. On the morrow matters were taken up where they had been left the day previously; and so, in the language of Scripture, I was like the dog that returned to its vomit.

There were however days when, reason being uppermost, my host and myself abjured our vagabond proceedings for a time and firmly resolved to work seriously. On these occasions, which were however rare, I shut myself up in our common sleeping chamber, and drew many sketches of the locality, and wrote many interesting notes, as I thought them, but which fate has found only useful to light my fire. For his part,

the reverend Father Antonio occupied himself on these occasions by plastering the walls of his house, which consisted of a single room eight feet long, six feet wide, and seven feet high, with a single door and window.

A day at last came when, having no further object in remaining at Tierra Blanca, I announced to Father Antonio that I was about to leave him for the purpose of continuing my travels. This determination, which was only what he should have expected, appeared to surprise him, and at the same time gave him such pain, that I agreed to delay my departure four days later than I had fixed. If this were a sacrifice on my part it was not destined to be fulfilled, thanks to the arrival of a convert from Sarayacu, the bearer of a letter from the prior of the central mission addressed to his fellow-priest at Tierra Blanca. This letter, which the messenger had sewn into the folds of his shirt in order not to lose it, was to the following effect:—An express had arrived at Sarayacu from the President of the Republic of the Equator and the Archbishop of Quito, informing the reverend José Manuel Plaza of his nomination to the bishopric of Cuenca, and ordering him to leave, with the least possible delay, the head-quarters of the Ucayali missions in order to occupy his new post.

The writer continued:—Considering the impossibility of divesting himself at a moment's notice of the authority he held from the order of Saint François, he prayed Father Antonio to replace him at Sarayacu, until the College of Ocopa, to whom he should refer the matter, had named his successor.[1]

To the contents of this letter the bearer, who seemed acquainted with its purport, added some explanatory remarks. The news brought by the express was rapidly spread at Sarayacu, and it had filled the converts with alarm. The alcaldes and the governors had met hastily in order to deliberate on what should be done, and, taking the advice of others, had repaired to the convent in order to ask their spiritual father whether, supposing the news of his nomination were true, he could make up his mind to abandon the children of his heart after passing more than half a century among them. But the old man, filled with the idea of his future grandeur, had sent the deputies about their business, praying them to let him attend to his own.

Although the convert who gave these details assured us that the reverend prior was at that moment preparing for his departure, not only was it impossible for me to believe in such haste, but doubting even that he would go at all, I looked at Father Antonio as though to question him in this respect. "He will go," said he; "and however quick I may be, I shall not find him at Sarayacu on my arrival."

As Father Antonio suited his action to his words, and prepared to follow the messenger, I caught him by the flap of his coat, and pointed out that as his stay at Sarayacu might be prolonged indefinitely, it was useless for me to remain in the company of Jean and Jeanne; that consequently I prayed him to accept *ex abrupto* my most tender adieus and my dearest wishes for his future welfare. The last and only favour I would ask of his good-nature was, that on arriving at Sarayacu he would immediately send an express to inform me of what had passed. I offered to wait forty-

[1] It was Father Juan Simini, one of the Italian monks whom Father Plaza had had for his companions at Sarayacu, who succeeded him in the spiritual and temporal government of the missions of the Ucayali.

eight hours the arrival of the messenger. Father Antonio promised to accede to my request, and we then parted to meet no more.

The forty-eight hours had hardly expired when a convert from the central mission, who had travelled by the Tipichca or inland canal which runs between Sarayacu and Tierra Blanca, woke me in the middle of the night, and handed me a bit of paper on which were written these few but expressive words: *Se va dentro de ocho dias y está loco de contento.* "He leaves in eight days, and is wild with delight."

Providing for the event, I had already ordered my men to launch the canoe and to be ready to leave at a moment's notice. The moment had now come, and having breakfasted, said farewell to Jean, and smiled on Jeanne, I quitted the mission of Tierra Blanca.

When fairly afloat on the Ucayali, my first care, after casting a glance at its banks, was to trace the visible part of its course, which, as far as the island of Mabuiso (near the lake which had been the scene of our lamantin fishery), maintains a course north-north-east by north in a nearly straight line. This done, and not knowing subsequently how to pass the time, for the sake of occupation I opened my note-book and amused myself by examining what I had last written in it. The entries in question related to the formation of the lakes and canals of the Ucayali, and I insert them here as the place most appropriate to them.

The series of canals and lakes which intersect the country lying to right and left of this great river, and which give it the irregular appearance noticeable on our maps, commences beyond the seventh degree, between the missions of Sarayacu and Tierra Blanca. This formation is due simply to the sinking of the banks of the Ucayali, which, from the territory of the Sensis as far as Marañon, continually decrease in elevation, and are overflowed by the river whenever the snow-fall in the Sierra causes a rise in the level of the rivers which descend from its slopes.

The continuous slope of the country through which these rivers flow[1] give to their floods, which nearly always cause an overflow, a formidable character for violence and impetuosity. Foaming and roaring, the river pours over its banks until, in consequence of a cessation of the snow-fall, its level decreases, when, withdrawing itself from the wide expanse of waters which cover the country, the latter remain stationary in the depressions of the surface which they have transformed into lakes. The overflow of these lakes afterwards returns to the river by the beds of the ravines, or by making themselves a channel through the soil; and thus a species of permanent communication is established between the river and the lake, which had in the first instance owed its existence to a flooding of the land. The cetaceans, turtles, caymans, and fish which have left the river during its flood, or been swept through by the inundation, settle down in the lakes thus formed, and there multiply as in their native stream.

From the fifteenth of August to the fifteenth of November, a period during which snow does not fall on the Sierra, the river, falling to its lowest point, ceases to flow along the canal communicating with the lake in the interior. The water of the latter

[1] The altitude of their sources is about 15,000 feet; and in the Sacramento Plain, in the neighbourhood of Sarayacu, the height of their bed above the sea is not more than 380 feet.

then becomes stagnant, deposits the muddy particles which it owed to the incessant flow of the canal which fed it, and soon acquires that limpidity which we remarked on the occasion of our barbascum fishery.

When the rainy season in the valleys returns, which corresponds to that of snow on the heights, the river, again feeding the dried-up channels, amply compensates the lakes in which they terminate for the losses which these may have suffered during the dry season. Taking advantage of this second inflow, the majority of the inhabitants of the lake return to the river, whilst other individuals leave the river and take their place in the lake.

These artificial lakes—which must not be confounded with true lakes[1]—are of very irregular shape and size. Some of them are only about two hundred yards in circumference; others, though few in number, measure ten or twelve miles round.

Fantastic in its course, and capricious in its humour, the Ucayali not only creates gullies and lakes at the time of its flood, but sometimes, as we have before stated, it deserts its bed and cuts out a new channel for itself at a greater or less distance from the old one, leaving in the place of the latter a sort of ditch which has no exit, but extends from the new bed into the country like an arm. Some of these channels, now filled up and covered with vegetation, but the direction of which may be traced on the old maps of the country, exhibit, by comparison with those which the reader will find on our map, but which did not formerly exist, the extraordinary changes of this kind to which the river has been subject.

The channels to which we allude are of two kinds, and have two distinct names. When they result from a displacement of the river, and shorten the distance from one point to another, as in the one we travelled by between Sarayacu and Tierra Blanca, they are called *tipi-schca* (a cross-road). When, instead of shortening the road, they lengthen it, as in the case of a channel formed by the contiguity of an island with the mainland, the natives call them *moyuna*[2] (long road). In addition to these two kinds of channels, there is a third called *hiyantaë* (the throat); but as this is only a feeder, longer or shorter, more or less wide and sinuous, which supplies a lake of the interior with the waters of the Ucayali, we need not occupy ourselves with them.

Whilst watching the stream, and reading over, not without yawning, the theory of the channels of the Ucayali which I have just presented to the reader, who will probably yawn also, I remarked that the banks of the river as we have said at the commencement of our theoretical explanation, exhibited a continuous tendency to sink. At certain points they presented only a brown or yellowish line hardly visible above the

[1] The true lakes do not originate like their neighbours in the floods of the Ucayali-Amazon, but are formed by rivers flowing from the interior; besides this, their waters are always black, whilst those of the artificial lakes are always white. We are speaking of the artificial lakes of the Ucayali-Amazon only, let it be understood, because the rivers *Jandiatuba*, *Jutahy*, *Japura*, *Negro*, &c., whose waters are black, cannot give to the artificial lakes created by their overflow any colour but their own. By-and-by we shall have to speak of true lakes from twenty to thirty miles in circumference.

[2] These *moyunas*, which the indigenes navigate, not for pleasure, but for the shelter they afford against the tempests to which the open river is subject, or to work up more easily against the currents of the Ucayali when they ascend the stream, make sharp angles in consequence of the indentations caused by the islands in the mainland, and thus considerably lengthen the route. Some of them are only from three to six miles in length; others, like the *Ahuaty-Parana*, are as much as 135 miles.

water; at others they rose to a height of five or six feet, and formed a sort of stylobate to the green wall of the forest. Notwithstanding our proximity to the Sierra of Cuntamana, not a single fragment of rock, graystone, basalt, or trachyte exhibited its smooth surface or sharp angles; and my old pilot gravely assured me that we should travel hundreds of leagues without finding a single flint-stone the size of a *huintihui's* egg.[1] In default of rocks to give variety to the landscape, and to break the monotony of the never-ending straight line of river and forest, the earth, where any was visible, displayed alternations of ochre, clay, agglomerations of sand and humus, fractured and torn into angular masses, hardened by the sun, worn by the rains, so rich in tone, so vigorous in outline, that a professional landscape-painter would have mistaken them at a distance for solid minerals, and made a study of the supposed rocks, which were so soft as to yield to the thumb-nail.

The approach of night interfered with my reflections. Julius, who knew all the inhabited points of the Ucayali, had already selected the spot where we should pass the night without consulting me. This was the dwelling of a native of his acquaintance. As we approached he pointed out the master of the place, seated on the slope and watching our approach. This person, he told me, named *Maquea-Runa*,[2] was a husband and father, and did a little trade with the missions. At the moment we accosted him the Maquea advanced to meet us, smiled at me in particular, and shook hands with each of my men. By his fullmoon-like face I recognized a Schétibo. Congratulating us in the Pano dialect on our arrival, he conducted us beneath his roof, where his wife offered us a mat. The female Maquea, already on the decline, had a head rather sunk between her shoulders, a lean figure, knotty knees, with her hair cut short across her forehead and the rest flowing over her shoulders. Her costume, the true négligé style of the interior, consisted of a strip of cotton three inches wide, which circled the middle of her body.

With the delicate tact which belongs exclusively to the sex of which she was the savage representative, the worthy housewife soon perceived that her husband's conversation was not sufficiently substantial to satisfy our stomachs, and set herself to prepare us some supper. In the twinkling of an eye a fire was kindled, a saucepan of water mounted safely on three stones, and the ham of a wild pig unhooked from the joist where it had been swinging in the evening breeze. With the help of the formidable nails with which the woman's fingers were armed, she tore from the leg fragments of flesh, and threw them into the boiling water. Half an hour sufficed to cook this native ragout, which our hostess served up without the least seasoning whatever, but boiling, foaming, and bubbling in perfection.

At the end of this repast, of which we partook in common, I presented my host and hostess with a glass of rum, which it required no pressing to make them swallow; and

[1] A little slender-billed bird of the Laniadæ family, with an ashen gray back and a yellow belly. It suspends its nest among the reeds by the river-side. The Brazilians of the Amazon call it the *bentivi*. It is the *Lanius sulphuratus* of Buffon.

[2] In Quichua *the man Maquea*. The canal and lake of Maquea-Runa, which figure in our map, were named from the Schétibo in question, he having resided there. We chanced more than once to come upon canals and lakes which, like those of Maquea-Runa, bore the names of individuals who had lived or still lived on their shores

nowise anxious to interrupt, might have ended disastrously, if, like the *deus ex machina* of antiquity, I had not intervened with the object of giving another turn to the business in hand. It was sufficient for me to seize as tenderly as possible the stronger of the two brothers by the scruff of his neck; and as he, enraged by my tacit encouragement of his weaker brother, tried to turn round and bite me, I took up a piece of burning wood, and making the smoke enter his nostrils, compelled him to let go. The mother, whom I had supposed to be wholly engrossed with her gossip, had not lost a single detail of this performance,—nothing escapes the eye of a mother. At the roar set up by the boy when the smoke entered his nostrils, she ran across the room, and improving upon the strong measures I had taken, dealt him a shower of Schétibo cuffs on the

COPAIBA TREES.

head, which bore a striking resemblance to European slaps. As the blubbering child crept out of sight under his mosquito-curtain I consigned to my album the following observation, so nearly effaced by lapse of time that it would be indecipherable to any one but myself:—"*Blows, slaps, and cuffs, even a punch on the nose, have an orthography, a value, and a parallel in all languages.*"

On leaving the next day I was not able to thank as I wished the Maquea couple for the hospitality they had shown me. They had both, according to the custom of savages, risen with the day and wandered into the woods. Their children, remaining at home, were playing at I know not what childish game. The nut which had been the occasion of discord between the two brothers was by this time forgotten, and the strife which it had kindled between them, so far from disuniting them, had only drawn tighter the bonds of their affection. To console the elder for the rough treatment he had received at my hands, and to leave some agreeable souvenir of myself with his little brother, I presented each of them with a looking-glass worth about threepence, and left them laughing and putting out their tongues at their own faces in their mirrors.

Again we abandoned ourselves to the current of the Ucayali. The river, notwithstanding its numerous windings, which every minute presented the landscape in a new aspect, swept along in occasional reaches of insupportable length and monotony. The

line of forests on either bank bounded it with a wall of verdure like the classic hedges designed by Le Nôtre. There was grandeur in this, but not much to relieve one's weariness. Here and there, in graceful contrast with the cold immobility of these straight lines, a group of palms (*Corypha cerifera*) or acrocomias disengaged themselves from the mass, and raised against a sky of ideal purity its bundle of fans or its bouquet of plumes. Sometimes the verdurous wall suddenly broke off or appeared to fall back; and at such places, just above the water, was a stretch of ochre or reddish brown, on which, like milestones marking the distances and the direction of the road, rose the smooth straight stems of the copaiba, with umbelliferous heads and foliage of darkish green.

Right ahead, in the limits of the perspective, several brown trembling points, which were seen and lost to sight alternately, figured in an azure light. These points were islands, from twenty to thirty miles in circumference: they were known respectively as the Isle of Cedars, the Isle of Capirunas, the Isle of Mohenas, and the Isle of Yarinas, the names being derived from the species of vegetation with which their surface was profusely covered.

Sometimes the hollow trunk of a rosewood-tree (*Jacaranda*), detached from its natal soil by the slipping down of the banks or the overflow of the Ucayali, floated past my canoe. By its trunk, stripped of the bark, and the absence of the smaller branches, it was evident the tree had been at the mercy of the waters for a considerable period. Even the successive stages of its journey, and the ports it had touched at, might be readily guessed by the sand and earth which filled its crevices and served to nourish the vegetation it carried. The white and pink *Convolvuli* which twined around its larger branches were contributed by the territory of the Conibos. Some unknown bank against which it had struck on the Sacramento Plains must have provided it with those beautiful purple *Malvaceæ;* and the mouth of some little stream where it had run aground had furnished it with the yellow *Œnothereæ*, the white *Alismaceæ*, and the delicate blue *Pontedereæ*. These plants, in luxurious development and in full flower, formed a sort of triumphal investment to the old trunk, battered as it was by the winds and waves. Imagination might have fancied it one of those *chinampas* or floral rafts with which the Aztecs formerly travelled along the canals of Tenóchtitlan, the holy village, and on which their descendants now sell cabbages, carrots, and other vegetables.

The only distraction of the morning was our meeting with one of these garlanded trunks, upon which some half-dozen philosophical herons had found a resting-place. Standing on one leg, the other being tucked up, with their beaks almost buried in their crop feathers, they looked the picture of contemplative thought. The light, at this time, was perfectly dazzling; the river seemed to roll in molten gold; no mythological and compassionate zephyr refreshed the air, of which each atom was burning hot; the heat and *ennui* weighed upon us without mitigation. The only break in the general calm—for nature seemed enervated, and without breath or voice—was made by the call of the *inambu*,[1] a large partridge about the size of the guinea-hen (*pintado*),

[1] Notwithstanding that in all the treatises of ornithology the partridge of the Old World would be represented at Guiana by the family of the *tinamu*—pronounced *ou*—in Brazil by the genus *pezu*, and in Paraguay, extending even

which, squatting in the forest, was to be heard minute after minute uttering the four notes on the scale, *ut, mi, sol, ut,* which was repeated by another individual of the same species at a distance, and taken up by another still farther off, and so on. These four notes, at first sonorous and distinct, then gradually diminishing in intensity, and ultimately becoming inaudible in the distance, recalled the nocturnal *Who goes there?* of the sentinels on duty before the enemy. This somewhat monotonous song of the *inambu* was varied only by the incessant song of the grasshoppers.

As a conscientious traveller, I may at once admit that I have never seen the

A FALLEN TREE ON ITS TRAVELS.

American grasshopper, although for year succeeding year I have endured the martyrdom of their music. After this avowal the reader will readily understand that it would be extremely difficult for me to add a fresh chapter to the history of these homoptera, seeing that I am totally unacquainted with their shape, size, or habits. Do they, like the European cicadians, carry their rattle in their abdomen? have they also four membraneous veined wings, of which two are semi-coriaceous, and serve as sheaths? Have they, in fine, three eyes arranged in a triangle at the summit of their forehead, a trumpet-shaped mouth, and antennæ with seven articulations? These are truly interesting questions which I am unable to answer, which I regret the more, as the grasshopper was the object of much veneration in antiquity. They were one of the sacred animals, the memory of which the Egyptians were pleased to perpetuate in their hieroglyphics. The Greeks, who called it *tettix,* held the grasshopper to be the incarnation of Titon, the worn-out old lover of Aurora, the prototype of the old beaux of

as far as Buenos Ayres, by the genus *inambu,* a classification adopted by the learned travellers Spix and Martius, the natives of the Ucayali, following the example of those of Paraguay, have given the name of *inambu* to three or four varieties of American partridges, differing in size if not in plumage. The individual referred to in the text is the largest representative of the genus *inambu* in the Sacramento Plain.

our days, laced, powdered, and painted. Sappho the Lesbian,[1] Anacreon, Xenarchus immortalized the grasshopper in their verse. A temple was built for it in the isle of Tenos. Among the Athenians, who had adopted it as the symbol of nobility and descent, the young patricians stuck in their wigs of fair hair (*phênaké*), which they obtained from the long-haired Gauls—*Gallia comata*—long pins with heads of golden grasshoppers. Hence doubtless the nickname of *tettigoforoï* with which they were dubbed by some ill-natured wit of the period.

The Romans, far from sharing the infatuation of the Greeks for the grasshopper, treated it, on the contrary, with some little rudeness. Horace and Ovid complain of the irritation induced by the *voice* of these insects, and the tender Virgil stigmatizes them as *cicadæ raucis*. This humorous epithet of the Mantuan Swan proves that he had, like myself, a nervous system which it was easy to irritate, and that he was no more partial to the shrill noise of the grasshopper than I am. The antipathy I have always felt for these insect ventriloquists and for their song, which resembles the rasping of a file on a saw, must stand as an excuse for my scientific ignorance concerning their American congeners.

But while I am thus inconsiderately gossiping about a subject of which I know nothing, my canoe has attained and passed the extremity of a curve in the river, and as the breakfast hour has long since passed, I request my rowers to leave the middle of the stream and coast along the left bank, in order to seek a spot where we may land and light the necessary fire.

A shore exactly such as I had wished lay right in our path. It was a vast bed of sand, bordered a hundred paces from the river by a copse of gyneriums, which are called *schéticas* by the descendants of the Pano nation, and which overtop the cecropias, so common in the territory of the Chontaquiros. Hence the name of Schética-Playa, or Coast of the Schéticas, which the spot on which we had landed now bore, according to the statement of my men.

Leaving Julio to strike a light, and his men to collect wood, I crossed the strip of shore and advanced towards the border of vegetation where it terminated. An opening in the gynerium wood, which seemed to have been made by men, by tapirs, or by tigers, perhaps by all three animals, attracted my attention. As I was somewhat distrustfully looking at it, the bushes rustled, and opened to give passage to an individual clothed in white, whose head was ornamented by a hat of beaver's skin. This individual, in whom I recognized Eustace, the major-domo of Sarayacu, held a bottle in his hand. At an exclamation I made he raised his head, recognized me, and advanced towards me with a ridiculous swagger. At the first words he uttered I saw he was drunk; getting a nearer view, I saw that his lips were wet with froth, and that

[1] These lines of Sappho, *The grasshopper beats out harmonious sounds with its wings when the breath of summer bends the ripening corn*, &c., doubtless indicate that in her time observers were struck by the effect without inquiring into the cause to which it was due. Xenarchus, a comic poet, who lived about two and a half centuries later than Sappho, and was contemporary with Aristotle, knew that only the male of these tribes was provided with the striking organs, and that in the females they only existed in a rudimentary state. Hence the lines, in which, having remarked that the grasshopper race is more favoured in some respects than mankind, he exclaims, in a fit of spleen against the fair sex, *Happy grasshoppers, whose females are voiceless!*

he squinted horribly. To come across Eustace in this condition was simply to be expected, but to find him so at a distance of nearly a hundred miles from Sarayacu surprised me greatly. I entreated my ex-lackey to explain the mystery, which he did, but not without interlarding his narration with sundry pauses, sighs, and hiccoughs, which greatly lengthened it.

Fifteen days ago he had left Sarayacu at the head of a party of converts which

EUSTACE OUT ON A MISSION AT SCHÉTICA-PLAYA.

the reverend Plaza had sent to fish in the Ucayali lakes, and salt the fish on the spot, in order to provision the convent, whose stock was drawing to an end.[1] His master had at the moment of starting ordered him to pass Tierra Blanca without stopping, in order, said he, to avoid the indiscreet questions which Father Antonio would certainly put on the subject of the fishing expedition of which he was in charge. He concluded by stating that he passed the time very sadly at Schética-Playa whilst his men explored the neighbouring canals and lakes, from which they had already succeeded in finding a good supply of fish. As he had nothing more to tell me, and

[1] These provisioning expeditions, which take place three or four times in a year, serve not only to provide the convent with food, but to make a little stock for exchange with the Cholo Christians who come from the villages of the Huallaga, as I have elsewhere stated, to exchange their woven stuffs, their arrow-poison, and their straw-hats, called hats of *Moyobamba*, against salted fish, tobacco in rolls, and sarsaparilla. These various articles—above all the last—are profitably resold by them to the river-side inhabitants of the Upper Amazon, who send them on to Para.

and marvellous an aspect, that I was inclined to embrace the major-domo in gratitude for having spontaneously brought me to witness it. But recalling the fetid odour of the man's breath, I repressed this inclination, and contented myself by expressing with a look and a smile the pleasure he had given me.

The waters of this lake were black as ink, and reflected neither the light of the sky nor the rays of the sun; it was about six miles in circumference; and was fringed by a thick curtain of vegetation. Its surface at certain parts was covered with Nymphæa, whose gigantic leaves were of a brownish-green tint (*vert-pralin*), which contrasted with the ruddy wine-colour of their turned-up borders. Mingled with these leaves magnificent flowers were in full blossom, whose petals, of a milky whiteness outside, were brightened inside with a dull red tint, with centre markings of a darkish violet. These flowers, in consequence of their enormous development and the size of their buds, which resembled ostriches' eggs, might have been taken as representatives of an antediluvian flora. Quite a multitude of stilt-plovers, ibises, jacanas, anhunas, savacus, Brazilian ostriches, and spoonbills disported themselves on this splendid carpet, and added to the striking character of the scene, whilst serving as objects of comparison by which the observer could judge of the size of the leaves and flowers, which these birds shook by their movements without possessing sufficient weight to submerge them.

After having enjoyed the view of this brilliant example of intertropical vegetation, I became desirous of possessing a specimen. My men pushed the canoe into this network of leaves and flowers, and, with the help of a woodman's axe, I was able to detach a flower and a bud from their stout stems, which were covered with hairs three or four inches in length. The leaves of the plant, anchored to the bottom of the water by spiny stems the size of a ship's cable, resisted the combined efforts of my men, and I was compelled to cut one a few inches only below the surface. This leaf, perfectly smooth above, was divided below into a multitude of compartments, with subdivisions of very regular form, the lateral partitions of which, bristling with prickles, were one inch in depth. Laid out flat on the canopy of our canoe, this marvellous hydrophyte covered it entirely.

I passed nearly an hour standing up in the canoe, in order to examine, as a whole and in detail, this lake of black water and these white flowers, from which I could not take my eyes; then, having made a sketch of the place, I gave the order for our return to Schética-Playa, where I arrived with the leaf, the flower, and the bud which I had just secured, and of which I was prouder than old Demetrius Poliorcetes of a new city added to the list of his conquests.

On landing I had two sticks arranged as a cross, on which I placed the leaf of the Nymphæa, and by means of which two men carried it to the camp. Julio preceded and made a way through the rushes with the blows of a sabre. My vegetable trophy arrived without hindrance at its destination, and I hastened before the heat should have affected it, to examine and describe its various parts. The weight of the still moist leaf, as ascertained by means of a steel-yard which Eustace employed to weigh out the salt to his fishermen, was thirteen pounds and a half; its circumference was twenty-four feet nine inches three lines. The flower, which measured four feet two inches round, and of

that of *jurupary-teañha;*[1] and in the south, near the sources of the affluents of the right bank of this river, the Guaranis, on whose territory it also flourishes, call it *irupé.*[2]

This Nymphæa, of which the penetrating odour recalls at once that of the reinette-apple and the banana, appeared to me, from the resemblance in size and colour, to be of the same genus as the Nymphæa *Victoria* or *regia* found by Haënke on the Rio Grande; by d'Orbigny on the San José, an affluent of the Parana; by Pœppig in a pool (*igarapé*) of the Amazon; by Schomburg in English Guiana; and lastly, by Bridges on the Jacouma, a tributary of the Rio Grande.

In his monograph on European hothouse-plants, Van Houte, who has painted and described this splendid Nymphæaceæ, of which the Jardin des Plantes in Paris possesses a specimen in its aquarium, has painted the exterior petals of the flower a pure white; those which immediately succeed are of a delicate pink tint; whilst, as the centre is reached, they display a uniform China-rose colour, of an intensity and brilliancy very different from the dull pink and violet tints of the flower found by us on the lake Nuña. We may point out in passing that the geographical *habitat* of this plant, which extends from the Ucayali to the Teffé, and from English Guiana to the plain of Moxos, adds still more to the surprise and admiration which are awakened by its extraordinary dimensions.

During the day no incident occurred worth relating. After passing a number of canals on either bank, as the sun declined and no habitation was in sight, we camped on a bit of shore named Huangana—from the wild pig. By means of the abundant rushes my men constructed a very comfortable ajoupa, under which, lying on the warm sand and sheltered by my mosquito-curtain, I managed to pass an excellent night.

The next day, as we were about to quit this hospitable spot, a trunk of a tree that was floating down stream suggested to me to take a morning bath in the open river. I made the rowers pull hard to overtake it, and then, having fastened the canoe to one of the larger branches, pulled off my clothes, mounted the floating platform, and took a header. My people were not slow to follow my example. As we had nothing to fear from caymans, electric eels, daridaris, or candirus—ichthyologic vermin which swarm on the shores of the Ucayali, but never venture into the centre of the stream—we disported ourselves in the water with unmixed pleasure. For a whole hour we bathed and smoked and frollicked to our hearts' content; and then, wearying of the exercise, we re-entered the canoe, and loosening the rope which fastened it to the trunk of the tree, we left the latter to continue its journey alone.

By noon we had reached the entrance of the Yanacu canal, which runs parallel to the Ucayali, has two points of communication with this river, and flows by the territory of the Amahuacas and the Chacayas, Indian groups who trace their origin to the Pano family, whose idiom they speak. These natives belonged to the Schétibo tribe, and

bird *bentivi* (*Lanius sulphuratus*), of which we have already spoken. As this bird haunts the leaves of our Nymphæa for the sake of flies and other insects on which it feeds, the indigenes have added its name to that of the pan, of which they are reminded by the shape of the leaf: hence *iapuna-uaopé*—the pan of the bird *uaopé.*

[1] In the Tupi tongue, *teañha,* fish-hook—*jurupary,* devil—devil's fish-hook, from the numerous long barbs with which the stems and leaf-stalks of the plant are armed.

[2] From *i,* water, and *rupé,* a plate or flat coverlid—literally, a water-plate.

an immense number of large pear-shaped bodies which swung gently in the wind. One might have supposed it an immense Chinese hat jingling its bells. These pears or bells, whichever they may be termed, were nests of the cassique (*Icterus*), of the variety known as the golden-rump (the *Oriolus* of Linnæus). They were about the size of our blackbird, clothed in a black velvety plumage from the head to the feet, but having on

TYPICAL PORTRAIT OF AN AMAHUACA INDIAN.

the posterior extremity of the back a large spot of a chrome-yellow colour, which shone in the sun *more like gold than gold itself*, as Sappho says in one of her epithalamiums. Like bees around a hive these birds came and went around their aerial abode, or suddenly disappeared into the interior by a longitudinal slit which served as the entrance.

Whilst sketching this fig with its living fruit, I observed that my men were scrutinizing the state of the atmosphere, indicating the horizon with their finger, and exchanging some words of which I did not understand the meaning. Perplexed by this proceeding, I requested an explanation of Julio. "*Ventarron*," he replied, laconically.

Ventarron might be translated a gust of wind; but as the sky was as brightly blue as the forget-me-not, the sun radiant, the movement of the air almost insensible, and the

been disposed to laugh at it, if, while I was stealthily scrutinizing its expression, a cloud had not suddenly intercepted the light of the sun, and caused the clear daylight to be succeeded by the twilight as of an eclipse.

In an instant the blue sky became yellow, then turned of a sickly pale hue (*au pers*), and by-and-by acquired a fixed, livid, green tint, streaked with red and black like the plumage of the harpy-vulture autochthone. A slight trembling passed over the surface of the water, the white colour of which became grayish. At this moment we were in the middle of the Ucayali, a condition which seemed perilous to my men, who struck off obliquely to the left, in order to reach a channel (*moyuna*) formed by the proximity of an island to the main shore. Under the impulse of their oars the boat rapidly approached the point mentioned; but, much as if the air she displaced in her progress had awakened the sleeping tempest, the wild gusts of a heavy hot wind began to disturb the upper branches of the trees.

Julio encouraged his companions to redouble their efforts, and seconded them to the best of his power with his paddle. Although the canoe flew over the surface like a water-hen, the tempest seemed to outstrip it in speed. Just as the old pilot called to his men, *Valor! muchachos!*—Courage, boys!—a gust of wind, a forerunner of the hurricane, passed over the boat and carried off the palm-tree roof.

I could not suppress a cry of surprise and fright. The situation was critical. The wind came upon us with a resounding metallic sound, and under its strength the great forests on the right bank bent and gave way like twigs or stalks of grass.

In less time than we can write it the surface of the water became wrinkled; the wrinkles were changed into furrows; and the furrows, worked up by the wind, were transformed into great waves, which, running up in a curve and breaking at the summit, threw flakes of foam into our faces.

In spite of a certain emotion which I could not overcome, and which would come naturally to more than one of my readers, I could not help admiring the coolness of my men. Accustomed from infancy to gambol on the Ucayali, they seemed indifferent to its anger; and, leaving it to roar at its ease, rowed imperturbably towards the spot that it was desirable to reach, and which they attained with no accident beyond the rather rough shock given by some waves which soaked us from head to feet.

Hardly had we turned the corner of the island when the storm-wave, which had followed us in the track of the current, crossed the bed of the Ucayali and broke on the left bank, scattering the sand, and, like a strong wrestler, swaying hither and thither the large trees which bordered it. Thus attacked by the hurricane which threatened to uproot them from the soil, these giants of the forest struggled violently, now overcome and stricken almost to the earth; now victorious, and raising proudly their beautiful crests. But this desperate resistance only hastened the moment of their defeat. Under the immense leverage which they afforded the enemy, the friable soil which supported them gave way—broke up; and the poor trees, of which the roots had been uncovered, fell with a tremendous crash.

The herons, egrets, and spoonbills, which were carelessly roving along the shore at the moment of the disaster, were carried aloft by the wind and swept away like straws.

A PUFF OF WIND ON THE RIVER UCAYALI.

lamantin and small fish. Of the two Indians, the one whose spherical face, nearly clean shirt, and necklace of sham pearls announced him a Schétibo and master of the house, leaped to the shore, and, leaving his very ragged companion to effect the housing of the fish, he nimbly climbed up the bank where we were collected. To the eager salutations of our men he returned only a smile and a motion of the head.

His wife met him on the threshold of his dwelling, and gave him wherewith to wash

AN INTERESTING DETAIL OF SCHÉTIBO CUSTOMS.

himself in a calabash. In default of a napkin she offered him a bunch of the sweet basil of the woods (*Ocymum*), which serves the Schétibo as a means both of drying and perfuming his hands. This incident of domestic life had a touch of the pastoral which at once surprised and charmed me. It was like a fresh page from the book of Judges —an episode in the time of Ruth and Boaz—that happy time when men, as a reward for their uprightness, lived as long as the oaks, and, like the oaks, flourished and fructified for several consecutive centuries. These times are, unfortunately, long past. Now, when a man has attained his fiftieth year, he no longer resembles a green tree; he wears spectacles, takes to a wig, stuffs his ears with cotton, sees his teeth fall out one by one, and his back bend forward towards the earth which is already anxious to receive him. But let us turn to a more inviting subject.

After supper, which had been furnished by the appetizing flesh of the lamantin, I

requested Julio to negociate with our host for the purchase of six turtles, in exchange for which I offered two knives with yellow wooden handles, and four fish-hooks of various patterns. The bargain having appeared advantageous to the Schétibo, was accepted by him, and the affair concluded to our mutual satisfaction. He picked out from the mud the finest subjects in his collection, cut the four pedicular membranes of each, which he fastened together with a piece of bark, and having thus rendered it impossible for them to move, he carried the animals on his back to the boat, into which he pitched them like so many oyster-shells.

As this complaisant act was outside our bargain, I thought it right to show my gratitude by offering him a glass of rum, which he accepted without waiting to be pressed, and which he swallowed at a single mouthful. Until then he had disdained to ascertain anything concerning me, privately determining that I was not worth the trouble; but so soon as he had tasted my liquor he altered his mind, and asked in an undertone of Julio who I was, whence I had come, and whither I was going—questions which the latter answered to the best of his ability. The son of the Ucayali seemed to understand nothing from the titles of wandering annotator and *mamarrachista* (daubing colourist) which my biographer gave me; but the ignorance in which he was left as to my business was so far from undermining the sudden confidence with which I had inspired him, that it rather increased it. After having asked me for a second glass of rum, which I had not the courage to refuse him, he suddenly snatched the cigar I was smoking from my mouth, and put it in his own.

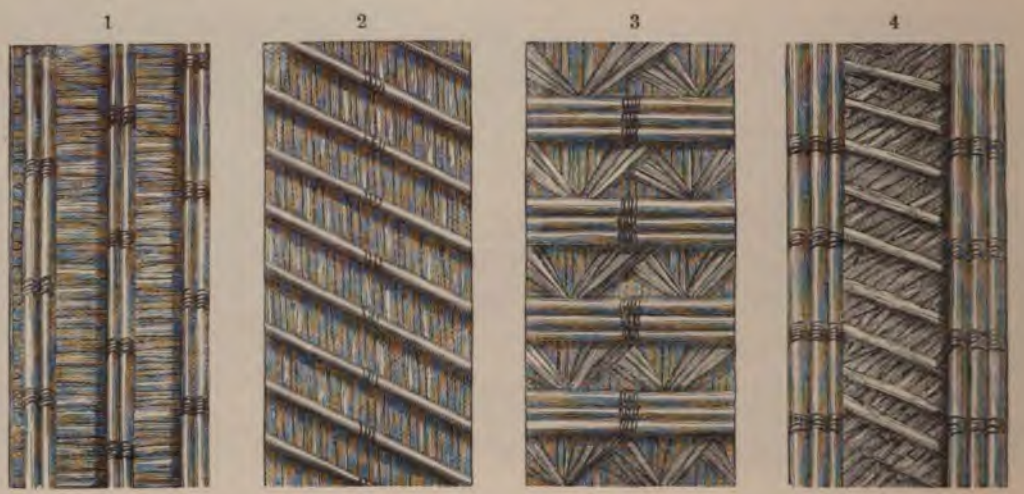
The unceremonious way in which this native treated me did not encourage his companion to lessen the respectful distance which he had maintained between our persons. Ever since he had entered the dwelling I had several times looked him full in the face, and whether my glances disturbed or displeased him I know not, but when he found they were directed towards him, he quickly turned his back upon me. In addition to this mark of humility, when, during the repast, we had each helped ourselves with our fingers out of the common dish to what suited us, this unobtrusive individual, seated aside, contented himself with the pieces of broken victuals which the mistress of the place gave him from time to time as to a domestic animal. Puzzled by the countenance of this taciturn messmate, I indicated him with my finger to the Schétibo, who understood the interrogation implied by the gesture, and answered, *Remo*, accompanying this word with a grin which exposed his gums blackened with the herb *yanamucu*.[1] This laconic bit of information would not have helped me much, if Julio in his character of interpreter had not enlarged on it.

The man in question belonged to the tribe of the Remos, whose territory, situated, as one may see, on the right bank of the Ucayali, between the rivers Apujau and Huatpua, adjoins that of the Conibos. Taken when young by the latter in an armed expedition against their neighbours, he had been exchanged by them to the Schétibo for the handle of a knife provided with half a blade. The child had followed his new master, and had grown up in his service.

[1] The *Peperomia tinctorioides*, of which mention was made in our special notice of the Conibo Indians.

The patterns numbered 1 and 2 in the sketches below, termed *yarina-yepuë* and *hunguravé*, from the names of the palm-trees of which they are made, have appeared to the native builders the most simple and least extravagant of all, and these are met with in their buildings from the territory of the Chontaquiros to the mouth of the Ucayali. In these two styles of roofing, which require only one layer of palm, four petioles, laid side by side, are fastened by liana ties, and the folioles of the palms are crossed or matted. Roofs constructed in this manner will last five years. After that time cracks begin to appear, and they require renewal.

The arrangements figured in Nos. 3 and 4, called *yarina* and *schimba*, are very generally employed by the missionaries for roofing. Two layers of palm are necessary for the first, three for the second. The roofs constructed in the *yarina* style, in which



VARIOUS STYLES OF ROOFING IN THE SACRAMENTO PLAIN.

the three petioles exhibited in our drawing are strengthened by three other petioles placed above in the interval filled by the folioles, last as long as eight years. The *schimba* style, which as illustrated by our drawing appears the most simple, is formed of three superposed layers of palm. In these the petioles are placed obliquely, and are strengthened by other petioles placed above in the grooves formed between the first. Roofs constructed in this manner last fifteen years.

The amount of labour and trouble involved in procuring the palms necessary for roofing a large building, for example, a church or a convent, would astonish the reader if by any accident he could witness the busy scene. Generally, a fleet of seven or eight canoes and about thirty converts are sent on these expeditions. Food, both solid and liquid, is got in readiness a week in advance by the women; then, the time for departure having arrived, the flotilla starts with the good wishes and cheers of all assembled, directing its course towards the Ucayali. After travelling from forty to fifty or sixty miles, up or down the river, and minutely exploring the lakes and canals on either bank during an absence of twenty or thirty days, the expedition returns to the mission, towing three or four of the canoes loaded with palms. Now, after stating that a hundred palms of good growth are sufficient to load a canoe, let us suppose that the four hundred palms collected in the expedition, and which represent the spoliation of

forty-five or fifty palm-trees,[1] are employed for the construction of a roof in the *schimba* style, which entails the use of three superposed palm-leaves; let us suppose that the building, church or convent, for which they are intended measures no more than sixty yards in length, the breadth being proportional,[2] and then let any arithmetician calculate the number of palm-leaves necessary to cover the two faces of its roof. Hence interminable delays in the completion of one of these buildings, of which the plastered walls are constructed in fifteen days, whilst the roof is not completed until after labours and excursions extending over twelve or eighteen months.

And now that the reader is as well informed as ourselves on the subject, we bid farewell to the native roofs, where we have already spent too much time with our square and rule, and once more follow the course of the Ucayali, and the extracts from our daily journal.

The eighth day after our departure from Tierra Blanca we reached on the left bank the entrance to the Sapota canal,[3] which supplied me with a good subject for a water-colour drawing. This canal, which is fed by the Ucayali, and of which the mouth is shaded by beautiful trees whose topmost boughs interlace in an arch of verdure, intersects the north-eastern angle of the Sacramento Plain, and furnishes a communication between the Ucayali and the Marañon. It is about sixty years since some geological disturbances opened this channel through ground which was formerly the site of *malocas* or villages of the Cocama Indians.

After travelling some fifteen miles up the Sapota canal, a small lake, about three miles in circuit, is reached, and from this flows a second canal which leads into the lake Pitirca, formed by two small rivers, the Yanacu and the Imotecua, which flow from the lower slopes of the Sierra de San Carlos and which disappear under ground at this spot. A channel, running from Lake Pitirca, about thirty or forty yards wide and forty-two miles in length, forms a communication with the Marañon, and is fed by this river. The trading natives from the Huallaga villages, who visit the missions of the Sacramento Plain in order to exchange their woven stuffs, hunting-poisons, and straw-hats, for salt-fish, sarsaparilla, &c., habitually travel by this route, and thus avoid the terrible rapids of the Ucayali at its embouchure, and also some two hundred miles in the distance.

Opposite the entrance to the Sapota canal, on the right bank of the Ucayali, there was formerly a sand-bank, which would not have been specially distinguishable from its fellows except from its associations with death. This bank had been the scene of a criminal execution. Three converts having assassinated their missionary in a journey from the Huallaga to the Ucayali, had been there hung up high and dry on a capiruna by order of the Jesuits. As the maps of the eighteenth century designated this spot by the name *Playa de los Ahorcados* (the Hanged Men's Bank), modern geographers have

[1] The species of palms exclusively used for roofs differ considerably as to their number of fronds. Thus the individuals of the genus *Metroxylon* have 6 or 7, the *Oreodoxas* 7 or 8, the *Acrocomias* from 7 to 9, the *Nipa* 12 to 15, &c.

[2] The convent of Sarayacu is 57 yds. long by 10 broad.

[3] The name of Sapota given to this canal is derived from a tree of the family of *Sapotaceæ* (*Achras Sapota*), which the ancient Cocamas planted around their dwellings for the sake of its fruit, which they thought particularly delicate. The *Achras Sapota* is very common in the eastern valleys of Peru, where the Quichuas call it the *luccma*. The best idea I can give of its sweet, yellow, pasty fruit, is to compare it with the yellow of an egg boiled and sugared.

thought proper to preserve it, as we find by the large-scale map of Brué-Dufour, edition of 1856. It is true we find it twenty leagues to the south of its true position, which would be a serious mistake if the sandbank still existed, but it has disappeared from the river as completely as the memory of the catastrophe has faded from the minds of the natives. On the spot which it formerly occupied may be now found the island and the *moyuna* (straits) of Huaraya. We trust the editors of the next map of South America may profit by our instructions on this point!

From the entrance of the Sapota canal to that of the Pucati, or Pocati, as it is wrongly spelled now-a-days, the distance is thirty-three miles. The Pucati, like its neighbour, is a cross-channel which intersects the Sacramento Plain and communicates between the rivers Ucayali and Marañon. The large and beautiful trees which shelter the entrance to this canal invite the traveller to enter it, and seem to promise him a charming voyage. But the promise is by no means fulfilled. The banks of the canal, at the distance of a mile or two from its mouth, are completely bare of trees and shrubs, and, under the aquatic plants which obstruct its course, innumerable legions of mosquitoes lie in wait to attack any unfortunate traveller who is imprudent enough to enter their domain.

Regardless of the unequal struggle to be maintained against these insect blood-suckers, my pilot wished to enter the canal in order to save his men the fatigue of turning the mouth of the Ucayali and of ascending the Marañon on the way to Nauta. In any other case I should have let him please himself; but I wished to visit the river Tapichi on the opposite bank, so, notwithstanding my wish to please Julio, as his projected cross-cut interfered with my plans, not only did I request him to give up the idea, but I, moreover, ordered him to cross over to the right bank, where, according to a map sketched by the reverend Father Sobreviela, which I had spread out before me, I expected to perceive opposite the Pucati channel, the Tapichi river, on whose banks dwelt the Mayoruna Indians.

But Father Sobreviela, if he combined the qualities of an apostle and a missionary, must have been a very bad map-maker, for we continued to advance without discovering even the semblance of an affluent to the Ucayali. Julio, when I consulted him thereupon, seemed to feel a malignant pleasure in telling me that the river in question could not be reached until the next day, inasmuch as a bend of the Ucayali, three leagues in length, still separated us from it, and the sun, already low in the horizon, indicated approaching nightfall.

I had resolved to pass the night on the island of Pucati, so, meanwhile, I climbed on to the pamacari of the canoe, and lying on my back, smoked a cigar and watched the sky change from flaming red to dark blue, and the stars light up one by one in the ethereal distance. To climb on to the pamacari of a canoe while in motion, and lie there like a stranded fish, is a feat in acrobatic equilibration only to be acquired after a long voyage and an intimate acquaintance with the habits of these unsteady vessels. More than one professional acrobat, more than one renowned gymnast or clown, would fail in the attempt, and would only succeed in upsetting the canoe and finding it transformed into a head-dress. I therefore justly prided myself on this clever feat,

degrees latitude more or less. Before proceeding further I may state that there exists no river of this name in the neighbourhood of the Ucayali, and that it is to the Ucayali itself, and not to a distinct water-course, that the tribes of the Plain of Sacramento formerly gave the name of Paro or Apu-Paro—Great Paro—and this to the section between its junction with the Pachitea and its confluence with the Marañon.

In an action brought by the Franciscans of Lima against the Jesuits of Quito in 1687, and which we alluded to when speaking of the sources of the Apurimac, the *Real Audiencia* of Quito demanded, as a means of assisting them to a correct judgment of the facts, that a map of the places should be produced; accordingly the Jesuits intrusted a missionary of their order, the Father Samuel Fritz, with the drawing up of this map. This individual, who was imperfectly acquainted with the part of the country we are now crossing,[1] sought the experience of one, consulted the opinion of another, and ultimately, as the first explorers of the Plain of Sacramento had indicated the existence of an affluent of the Ucayali flowing from the interior, the geographer, with full faith in this hearsay evidence, gave the name of Paro to a river of which he knew nothing positive, and made it flow into the Ucayali below the sixth degree of latitude. Owing to the scientific reputation which the Jesuits enjoyed at the time mentioned, the map drawn up by Father Samuel Fritz was accepted without question,[2] and the error having been reproduced, with variations, at a later period by Spix and Martius, and repeated by Arrowsmith, d'Orbigny, Brué-Dufour, and other geographers, has been perpetuated to our time.

Having stated the nature of this old error, we may now indicate the cause to which it was due.

At the commencement of the present century there still existed, on the right bank of the Ucayali, at the spot where the above writers place the confluence of a river, called by one Beni, by another Paro, and by a third Paucartampu, a channel fed by the Ucayali, which terminated abruptly in the interior. This channel, which manuscript tracings of the last century, and later, the map of Peru prepared in 1826 by the order of Simon Bolivar, pertinently designate by the phrase, *Caño grande que corre para el Este*—great canal which flows to the east—was nothing more than one of the tipichcas, the origin of which we have already explained, and which the Ucayali had formed by leaving its bed and making another channel to the west.

Although we cannot fix the exact date of the formation of this tipichca, it may be traced back at least as far as 1670, since the first explorers of the Sacramento Plain had mistaken it for a river, and Father Samuel Fritz had in 1687 described it as an affluent of the Ucayali. The priests who succeeded them simply perpetuated the error, because they contented themselves with merely examining the tipichca in passing,

[1] We are by no means surprised that Father Samuel Fritz should exhibit his imperfect knowledge of a country in which he had not lived when he came to trace it on paper; but it is surprising that Father Plaza, who had lived there over fifty years and was supposed to have travelled over every part of it, should have maintained, with a confidence that admitted of no reply, that the river Ega or Teffé, an affluent of the right bank of the Amazon, and the river Japura or the Grand Caqueta, an affluent of its left bank, were only one and the same river under different names!

[2] It is to the same Father Samuel Fritz that we are indebted for the belief which prevailed during a century and a half that the Tunguragua, or Upper Marañon, was the true trunk of the Amazon.

longitude lay between him and the country of the Mayorunas, and at such a distance it would be difficult to judge *de visu* whether these Indians had, as he says, *a beard as thick as a Spaniard's.*

The same traveller—whom we may have to speak of on another occasion, as we are charmed to find in him that robust faith we ourselves once possessed, but which we have lost by our longer contact with men and things—adds to this somewhat hazardous

MOUTH OF THE RIVER TAPICHI.

assertion, and with that *naïve* assurance of youth which is not abashed by any enormity, "that the Mayoruna Indians have descended from the Spanish soldiers who, in 1560, settled in the country after the murder of Captain Pedro de Ursua."

This Captain Pedro de Ursua, of whom we have had occasion to speak in our monograph on the Antis, was one of the adventurous companions of Pizarro. Having left Cuzco at the head of a troop of adventurers, hoping to discover the fabulous Enim, Païtiti, or El Dorado—or at least the lake Parima, with water of liquid gold—he was assassinated on the road by his lieutenant, Lopez de Aguirra.

The motive for this crime is as vaguely indicated by historiographers as the itinerary of the adventurers.[1] Some attribute to Aguirra a desire to become chief of the

[1] Some writers state that they entered the Amazon by the river *Jurua;* others by the *Jutahy.* I may remark, by the way, that the sources of these two rivers are still unknown. A third and more likely statement is, that Pedro de Ursua and his companions reached the Upper Amazon or Marañon by descending the river Huallaga.

a jaguar of the larger species—*Yahuaraté pacoa sororoca*—with pale red fur, beautifully marked, was crouching with fierce aspect on its fore-paws, its ears straight, its body immovable, and generally in the position of a pointer marking down the game, so as fully to display his robust and graceful limbs; the animal's eyes, like two discs of pure gold, followed with inexorable greed the motions of a poor lamantin occupied in crunching the stalks of false-maize and water-plantains which grew on the spot.

JAGUAR ATTACKING A LAMANTIN (SEA-COW).

Suddenly, and as the lamantin raised its ill-shaped head above the water, the jaguar sprang on it, and burying the claws of his left paw in the neck, weighed on its muzzle with those of the right, and held it beneath the water to prevent it breathing. The lamantin, finding itself nearly choked, made one terrible effort to break loose from its adversary. But he had no baby to deal with. The jaguar, being now pulled under, and now lifted out of the water, according to the direction of the desperate somersaults of his victim, still retained his deadly hold. The unequal struggle lasted some minutes, when the convulsive movements of the lamantin began to relax, and presently ceased altogether. The poor creature was dead. Then the jaguar left the water backwards, and resting on his hind-quarters, with one fore-paw as a prop, he succeeded in dragging the enormous animal up the bank with the other paw. The muzzle and neck of the lamantin were torn with gaping wounds. Our attention was so fixed and close—I say ours advisedly,

that it produces drunkenness and sleep owe their origin to the imaginations of men fond of the marvellous.[1] I have several times partaken of it, but never has it excited my brain, disturbed my reason, or caused me to long for sleep. All I can say respecting this liquid, which was always somewhat repugnant to my taste, and of which I drank purposely, to test the effects which are attributed to it, is that its singular viscosity, comparable to a strong solution of gum-arabic, rendered it necessary, every time I drank of it, to wash my lips immediately in a plentiful supply of water, in order to remove the glue which threatened speedily to close them for ever.

As to the nutritive qualities of this vegetable milk, which Nature, like the red-haired cow of the poet, dispenses from her generous bosom to the natives of Venezuela, if Humboldt and A. de Jussieu are to be believed, I can only felicitate the inhabitants of this country on their possession of such a provision, always at hand for the satisfaction of their hunger. If the river-tribes of the Sacramento Plain, less civilized than the people of Venezuela, do not yet avail themselves of it as an article of food, they have long used it for the purpose of repairing their canoes. By mixing lamp-black with the liquid sap of the sandi, they obtain, after coagulation, a composition which they use to caulk their vessels. The very astringent properties of the sap find a place for it in the local pharmacopœia; it is administered with success in cases of tenesmus and dysentery. For the sake of science and its European patrons, I once filled a bamboo-cane with this fluid, in order that it might, at a later period, be submitted to analysis; it was put in the cane in a liquid state, and on being taken out fifteen days after was found to be converted into a solid, which resembled, in its colour and semi-transparency, a stick of colophony or sugar-candy.

On turning away from the wounded sandi, whose sap continued to flow in abundance, I felt something like pity for the unfortunate plant, so turned back and closed its wound with a little moist earth, accompanied by a silent prayer that it might replace, for the tree's benefit, the ointment of Saint Fiacre, used by gardeners for the same purpose. This done, I returned to my men, who were enjoying a quiet gossip by the fire, and at the same time superintending the cure of the lamantin's flesh. Already

[1] In the pages on the *Missions of the Sacramento Plain* I alluded to a biographical notice published in a Lima journal —*El Comercio*—of the Reverend José Manuel Plaza, prior of Sarayacu. A passage in that biography recalls an excursion made by the reverend father in the forests of the Ucayali—we are not told at what point—and treats at the same time of the alleged effects of drunkenness and sleep caused by the milk of the sandi. The passage is so curious that I subjoin a translation, *currente calamo*, for the benefit of my readers:—

"During one of these rambling journeys, when Father Plaza was suffering from thirst, he remarked that the Indians who accompanied him made incisions with a hatchet in the trunks of certain trees, and quenched their thirst with the milk which flowed out in an abundant stream. The fever he had had at Sarayacu had left him with an affection of the stomach—*obstruccion de estomago*—which one of his brothers, a physician from Quito, cured by administering a few pinches of resin from the sandi. Scarcely had the monk observed that the milk which the Indians drank was that of the sandi, than partly by reason of his thirst, and partly out of gratitude for the providential remedy to which he was indebted for his cure, he desired to drink with them. His companions urgently represented that this unaccustomed drink would make him drunken—*fuerte embriaguez*—but he was deaf to their advice. On seeing him lift the beverage to his lips, they hastened to collect dried leaves, and prepare a bed, upon which the reverend father fell down immediately after taking the drink. He slept profoundly for some hours, and on awaking, found himself surrounded by his faithful companions, who had not lost sight of him for an instant. It was thus ascertained at his expense that the milk of the sandi intoxicates those who drink it for the first time," &c. &c.

I must beg the reader to excuse the remainder of the quotation.

my men to cross from one bank to the other, a method of navigation which not only increased the length of the journey tenfold and disgusted my pilot, but also exasperated the rowers by constraining them to row across a rapid current with which they would have been especially pleased to run. When their patience was exhausted or their arms weary of the work, I opened the rum-bottle, and pouring out into a goblet about three finger's-breadth of the fiery liquid, I offered to each in his turn this slight reparation. This never failed to produce the anticipated effect. However vile their temper, however strongly their brows were knit, the sight of the liquid operated on them like magic; their anger disappeared, the muscles of their face relaxed, an idiotic smile

HABITATION OF COCAMA INDIANS.

played on their lips, and the furious interjection with which they were just prepared for explosion, expired in a gentle gurgling.

A rancho of some Cocama Indians which we passed on the right bank, at the entrance to the Quebrada Yarina, is the last habitation to be met with on the Ucayali. Having come, like the Xeberos, from the equatorial countries by the routes along the rivers Morona, Pastaza, and Chambira, which flow into the Upper Marañon on the left, the Cocamas had settled around the lakes Sapota and Pucati in the Sacramento Plain, whence a little later they passed over to the Huallaga missions. There the crossing of their race with that of the Balzanos and Cumbazas speedily modified the original type. A few pure-blooded Cocamas still exist, although none of these natives are now to be found in the wild state; they are all glossed over with civilization, as the mechanic's bread with garlic. Some live independently in the Quebrada Yarina and some unknown corners of the Upper Amazon; others prefer to settle in the Marañon villages, and hire themselves as rowers to the traders of these places. In the journey from Nauta to the Brazilian frontier we shall again have occasion to speak of these natives, who, whilst borrowing of the civilized Indian of our time the shirt and trowsers, and the

they turned the boat's head east-north-east, and shot out resolutely into the open water. They made eight hundred and eighty strokes with their oars, and each stroke advanced the boat about three feet in a right line, but the current caused the boat to deviate from the right line, which deviation the pilot had to rectify in some part by paddling. As we approached Nauta the sounds of fife and tambourine became more distinct, and seemed to be a sort of ovation welcoming our arrival. I therefore looked upon it as a good omen. It was five o'clock in the evening when my canoe gently cleft the mud of an unknown river. Before landing I was inclined to thank, in the ancient fashion, the mythological god of the great river for his clemency towards us; but, as I had no charger to cast into his bed, nor sheep nor goat to sacrifice on his banks, I satisfied myself by doing him mental honour, and casting into his waters, as a kind of offering, the end of the cigar which I had just finished smoking.

AN ÉGARITEA OF THE UPPER AMAZON.

ELEVENTH STAGE.

NAUTA TO TABATINGA.

The author is received like a brother in a strange family.—Pen-and-ink portraits of a father, mother, and son.—A grotesque, facetious, and compromising governor.—An ethnological and statistical study of the village of Nauta and its inhabitants.—Fishing and dissecting a fresh-water dolphin.—The author loses in one night the fruit of his labours.—An *égaritea*.—Dissertation on the Cocama Indians.—Their language and music.—The village of Omagua and its inhabitants.—Iquitos and its population.—The river Nanay and its indigenes.—Oran Pucallpa.—M. Condamine and his measurements of the river Napo brought into question.—The islet of Ambiacu.—The mission of Pevas.—The lay brothers.—History of the mission.—A young clay-eater.—The Orejones of Ambiacu.—Departure of the author for the mission of San José de los Yahuas.—The reverend Father Manuel Rosas.—A dithyramb in honour of beautiful forms.—Journey to Santa Maria.—The black waters.—Yahuas relapsed and Yahuas idolatrous.—The dance of the Bayenté.—Composition of a vegetable poison.—The past history of the Yahuas and their idiom.—Return to Pevas.—The village of Mahucayaté.—Marahua and Mayoruna Indians.—Portraits and customs.—Peruhuaté and Moromoroté.—The mission of Caballo-Cocha and its missionary.—Penance imposed on two young girls.—Our Lady of Loreto.—The Quebrada of Atacoary.—Subject for a water-colour drawing.—Ticuna Indians.—Their customs and their idiom.—An Indian scalped by a tiger.—A descendant of the Amazons.—About mosquito-curtains and how animals defend themselves from the bites of mosquitoes.—Landscape, rainbow, and tempest.—The possessions of Brazil and the *Ilha da Ronda*, called by literal people the Round Isle.—Arrival at Tabatinga.

WHILST I was thus occupied, Julio rolled up my mosquito-curtain, tucked it under his arm like an umbrella, ordered his men to unload the boat, and then, preparing to leave them, he invited me to follow him. I climbed behind him the gradually sloping bank which led to the village. We stopped before a thatched house of somewhat comfortable exterior: an extension of the roof, supported on poles, sheltered the fore-part of the building, and in the shade of this colonnade a man walked up and down, clothed in white, and smoking a pipe. Julio addressed him familiarly, inquired after his health and that of his family, and drawing a letter, somewhat soiled by perspiration,

out of a little leathern bag that was hanging round his neck like a scapulary, he presented it to the person in question, who hastened to unseal it. He was a man of about fifty years of age, small of stature, of a dry olive-coloured complexion, and bilious temperament. With his bearded face and frizzly hair, his low narrow forehead and retreating skull, his prominent jaws and long teeth, he was far from prepossessing.

Having finished reading his letter, the unknown advanced one step towards me, removed his pipe from his mouth, and bidding me welcome in the language of Camoëns, he begged me to make free use of his house, his person, and his time. This reception so astonished me, that instead of thanking him for his kindness, I could only gaze at him in stupid surprise. He then hastened to inform me that he was the agent of the reverend Plaza, and that he transmitted to Para the products that the latter sent him twice a year from Sarayacu. Julio's letter was a friendly recommendation from the chief of the central mission to his factotum at Nauta to treat me as well as possible, to give me any necessary information about the country, and, when the time came for my departure, to procure me a boat in which to continue my journey. I thanked the Bishop of Cuenca from the bottom of my heart for his past and present benefits; and, cordially offering my hand to the representative of his commercial interests, I assured him of my highest esteem, and followed him into his dwelling.

His first thought was to present me to his wife, whom I found squatting on a mat, attended by two black slaves, and occupied together with them in spinning cotton destined for the manufacture of a hammock. Although already on the decline, this lady was still remarkably beautiful; the sculptural nobility of her profile, the richness of her hair and bust, something indescribably powerful in the setting of her arms, and infantile in the extremities, transported me suddenly to a scene at the Odéon, at the time, already distant, when the sandal and the buskin still monopolized its boards. I fancied I could see Mdlle. Georges stripped of her theatrical costume, and working at a spindle like the classical queens she so invariably personified.

The worthy matron smiled on me most benevolently, ordered one of her waiting-women to bring in coffee, and, whilst I sipped a cup, she inquired with interest after my native country and the object of my visit to Nauta, and thus we chatted for a quarter of an hour, during which I satisfied her inquiries to the utmost of my power. The conversation of this queen of the household was simple and ingenuous: instead of the redundant alexandrines which I expected to fall from lips which resembled those of the tragic muse, I heard only quiet confidences respecting household matters and the poultry-yard.

By night I was as much at home among these honest people as if I had passed a considerable part of my life with them. So far I had only seen father, mother, and servants: to complete the home picture, the son of the house returned from fishing, and was presented to me by the author of his being; this charming youth, seventeen years of age, was the living portrait of his mother. Homer would have compared him to a tender hyacinth, and Virgil to a lily, the pride of the garden. According to his father, who was his instructor, Antinoüs could already read very fluently, and had begun to trace pot-hooks with his pen; he was to devote himself to commerce: until he should be

his diocese, and stays twenty-four hours in each of the places above alluded to. The ecclesiastical boat waits at the river-side until the pastor has said mass and given his blessing to that particular flock, when it conveys him to the next. Steamboats have already penetrated this part of Peru, but not, as yet, either civilization or comfort, the native pirogue serving both as a private carriage and a hired vehicle.

The curés, vicars, and missionaries of the Upper Amazon—for Peru has three missions on this frontier, Pevas, San José de los Yahuas, and Caballo-Cocha—hold their authority from an ecclesiastical jurisdiction, of which the seat was formerly at Moyobamba but which has been transferred to Chachapoyas. The most illustrious bishop of this capital of the department of the Amazons, according to the present division of Peru, is the pastor of this sacerdotal flock, and deals as he pleases with these more or less docile sheep. He places or displaces them, supports them in their position or cancels their appointment, but in all defers to the final approbation or disapprobation of the Archbishop of Lima.

Generally speaking, the ecclesiastics of this part of Peru—let us not fear to say so emphatically, for their lamentations and clamours are no secret, and in some measure authorize the remarks—cry out against this abomination of desolation, and lavish on the presidential government the characteristic but hardly parliamentary epithets that the followers of Calvin once applied to the court of Rome. The indignation of these ministers of the poverty-stricken villages may be conceived when we state that they are now totally deprived of the income of some fifty pounds per annum which they once received from the state—at least so they say. Like the missionaries of the Sacramento Plain, they are reduced to traffic in salt-fish, sarsaparilla, cotton stuffs, harpoons, and turtle-spears. On Saturday nights, having made up their weekly accounts, and hung up their scales and measuring-rod, they dismiss terrestrial thoughts; the Sunday they sanctify by repose, mass, and prayer, and until Monday morning they dream only of heavenly things!

Side by side with the religious power, so exposed to trouble and so truly a church militant, the secular power, represented in these countries by sub-prefects, magistrates (*corrégidors*), governors, and mayors (*alcaldes*), flourishes proudly and triumphantly. The governors and alcaldes of the Upper Amazon are subordinate to a central corrégidor established at Balsapuerto, on the river Huallaga, who commands five districts, each comprising five villages. This functionary is responsible to the magistrate of Moyobamba. Let us say in passing, that the magistrates on this side of the Andes recall to mind, if not by their nobility and their valour, at least by their arrogance and despotism, those great vassals of the crown who took the oath of obedience and homage to the King of France, but really led him by the nose at their pleasure, and played the lord and master themselves. The following fact will show how the hapless people are oppressed and ground down by these petty "tyrants of the fields." The Peruvian government had exempted from tribute for twenty years any stranger, whether Indian, Cholo, or Métis, who should establish himself in a village east of the Andes; but these provincial magnates, disapproving of a measure which did not help to fill their pockets, imposed on the immigrants an annual tribute of two pounds of salt-fish and a pound

Ucayali missions the *Mayu*, bears here the name of *I-garapé*. The influence of Brazil is already sensibly felt on this Peruvian soil. I-garapé, in the ancient idiom of the Tupinambas, derived from the *lengoa geral* of Brazil, is synonymous with "little river."[1]

The banks of this I-garapé, which I ascended some three miles in a canoe, are covered with a rank growth of shrubs and pendent lianas, serving as a fringe to the great forest whose dark shadow mingles with their foliage. Slopes matted with thick grass, mosses, and ferns, stretch away on either side of the river, in which, from invisible sources, their tears of liquid diamond fall silently. The entanglement of the branches stretched over the stream partly intercepts the view of the blue vault of heaven, breaking up the rays of the sun, and converting the dazzling light of the open into a pale and softened clearness, in which the outlines of objects are harmoniously blended. What a pity that this mysterious and enchanting retreat, so formed for reverie, so convenient for a swim, should be the haunt of the largest species of alligators!

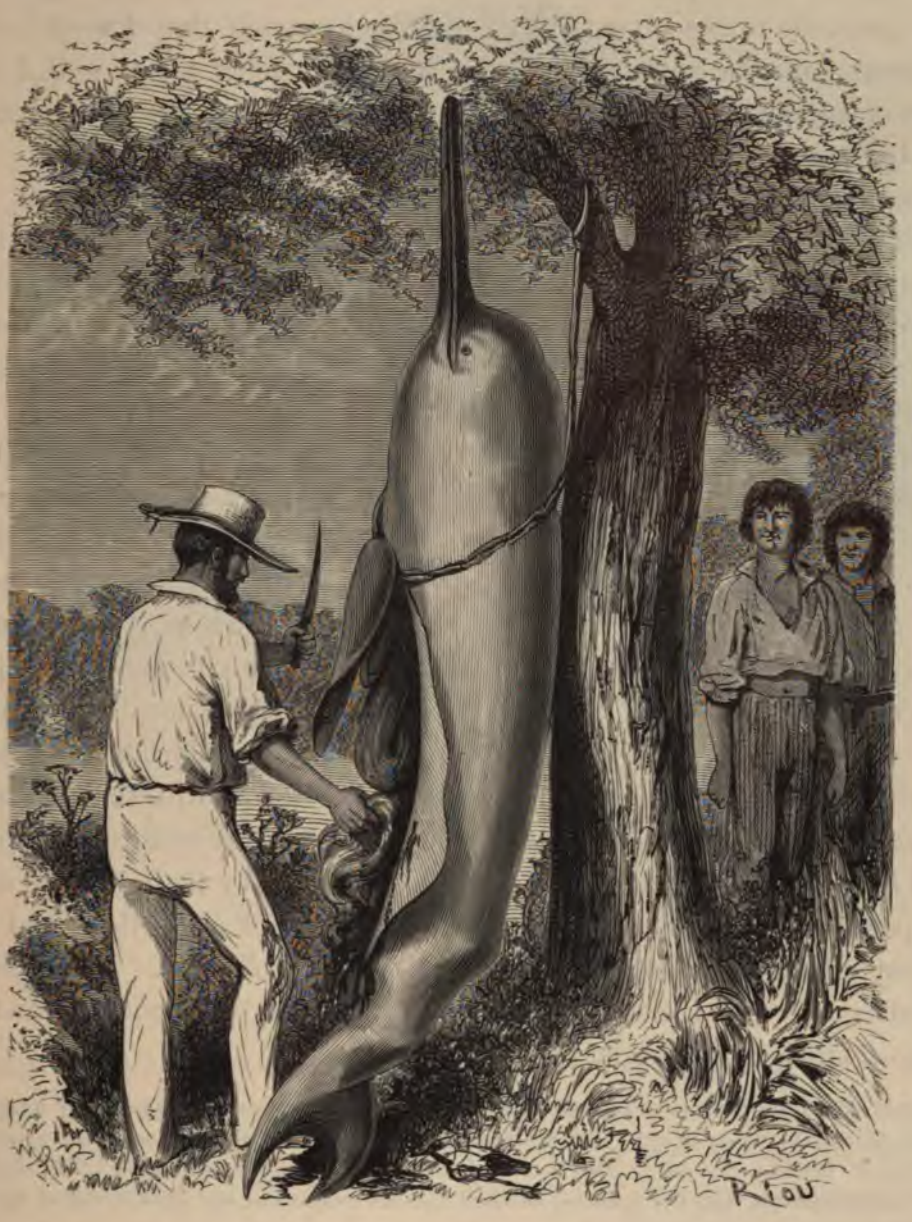
A few lessons in reading and writing which I had given to the son of the house on two rainy days which kept me within doors, drew down upon me the blessings of his parents, and secured for me the unbounded devotion of the young man himself. I turned this to advantage by sending him to fish on the bank of the river. I made him climb trees, or creep through the shrubs, the thorns of which would have damaged my clothes. The young fellow did all I wished with the enthusiasm of an ingenuous soul not yet spoiled by calculating selfishness. More than once on returning from our adventurous rambles, undertaken with no other end but that of scientific utility, the ragged shirt of my companion, or his trowsers rent to the knees, procured him a scolding from his father and a gentler reprimand from his mother. On such occasions I consoled him with the gift of a pen or pencil drawing of a peasant, an unfinished sketch, which he would fix just as it was on the wall, and at which, for some moments together, he would stand gazing in ecstasy.

Thanks to the devotion of this aboriginal Telemachus of whom I had constituted myself the Mentor, I got possession of a spouting dolphin [the species called *bouto* or *porpoise* by the natives], which I had long coveted, but which the Indians had always been unwilling I should capture, on account of their deplorable superstitions respecting this cetacean, to which they ascribe the attribute of language and absolute dominion

[1] For the scrupulous philologist, and the lover of exact renderings, it would be necessary to translate the words I-garapé by *inclosed* or *entrenched stream* (from I, *water*, and garapé, *gorge, ravine*); as these gentlemen might reasonably object that the Tupi idiom employs the expressions *Parana-assu* (by corruption *huasu*) and *Parana-miri* to designate a great river and a little river. All the same I would reply, that the I-garapé of Nauta, several leagues in length, from 25 to 30 yards broad in some places, and of a depth varying from 2 to 5 fathoms, appears to me, like many similar water-courses that we shall find upon our route, to pass the limits of a simple stream, and attain those almost of a small river.

To end this note with what should have commenced it, the vocable, or letter I, which signifies *water*, does not appertain, as the Brazilians of the Amazon believe perhaps, to the idiom of the Tupinambas—derived from their *lengoa geral*—but to that of the Guaranis. In Tupi water is called E. Accordingly it is E-garapé, not I-garapé, that the Brazilians should say, and that I should have to write. But in this, as in so many other cases, custom has the force of law; and the thing itself is so little important to us, we will e'en take an E for an I, and say I-garapé, like the rest of the world.

over every species of fresh-water fish. My pupil, accompanied by two Cocama Indians, had gone to harpoon this dolphin near the mouth of the Ucayali, and he presented it to me with much grace. I immediately hung the animal to the branch of a tree, and having made an incision from the throat to the tail, I began to strip off its



THE AUTHOR'S PREPARATIONS FOR PRESERVING THE SKELETON OF A DOLPHIN.

skin. That operation finished, I thought of preparing its skeleton, when the day closed, and I was compelled to postpone my work. During the night the river rose some six feet above its level, and the alligators took advantage of the incident to rob me of my dolphin, of which in the morning there remained no trace.

I did not find it convenient to await the realization of the offer which my pupil made to supply me with another cetacean. On the next day but one I took leave of him, saying a few words calculated to encourage him in well-doing, and having also

thanked his parents for their hospitality, I embarked in an *égaritea* belonging to them, which was to land me at Loreto, the last village on the Peruvian frontier.

I had scarcely seated myself under the canopy of this vessel when I discovered in the midst of the provisions of all kinds with which my hostess had supplied me, a roasted duck, the smell of which made my mouth water, at the same time that it excited my gratitude to the giver. While vowing to myself that I would ever hold in faithful remembrance the noble matron who had entertained me so well, I anticipated the pleasure of supping that very evening on the aquatic bird which had been so nicely roasted by her generous hand.

Two hours after leaving Nauta we passed the mouth of the Ucayali. My heart leaped at the sight of this old friend, the impassible and mute witness of my past griefs and joys. To honour its confluence and bid it a final adieu, I poured ten drops of rum into a calabash, which I drank to its prosperity, and then threw my cup into the stream, where it turned over, filled, and disappeared. Great was the astonishment of the Cocama Indians who saw me do it!

This duty fulfilled, I sketched the curve which the great river[1] described before us, noted accurately its apparent direction, and then, not knowing very well how to employ the time, stretched myself under the canopy which served as a shelter, and in which four individuals of my size could have easily found room. The vessel, which it commanded like a quarter-deck, was of Brazilian construction, rounded in form, and of a common type. A French sailor had made merry with it, and called it the *sabot* (boot). Its equipment consisted of six Cocama rowers and a pilot. These brave fellows rowed little during the morning, but they exerted themselves to drink plenty of *caysuma*.[2] Twice or thrice they landed on the banks, and marched about with their noses in the air, influenced solely by that instinct of vagabondage which characterizes the people of their nation, and of which I have spoken elsewhere. I profited by these halts to collect some botanical specimens. The left bank of the Amazon, which our fellows had chosen for their ill-timed idling, abounded in trees of the fig kind (*Ficidæ*). In an extent of less than ten miles I counted eleven varieties. Gyneriums (*Gesneriaceæ*) and cecropias continued to flourish on the right bank.

[1] This river, of which the Tupinamba Indians of Brazil know only the lower part (the Lower Amazon), was called by them *Parana-Huasu* (the Great River). The brothers Pinçoës having discovered its embouchure, called it the *Mar Dulce*, which Capt. F. Orellana changed to *Mar Orellana*. The name of Amazon was subsequently conferred on it in memory of the female warriors that the Spaniard Orellana and his companions had encountered at the mouth of the river Nhamundaz.

In the higher part of its course (Upper Amazon) the same river had received from the Peruvians the name of *Tunguragua*. The Spanish conquerors called it the *Marañon*, from the name of an edible fruit—the *Anacardium occidentale*, which grows abundantly on its shores between Jaën de Bracamoras and San Regis. The name of *Solimoës*, which was given to it by Pedro Teixeira and his companions on returning from their expedition to Quito, was that of a powerful nation, the *Sorimaos*, who, at the period of the conquest of Brazil, occupied about 450 miles of the coast.

With the view of avoiding confusion in my narrative, out of these seven names which the king of rivers has borne and still bears, I will select one—the Amazon—and always call it by that name.

[2] This is the *chicha* of Peru, and the *mazato* of the Ucayali, with this difference, that the *chicha* of the Peruvian Métis, the *acca* of the Quichuas, is produced from maize, and the *mazato* of the indigenes of the Ucayali from bananas. The process in both cases is the same: the grain or fruit is always boiled, pressed, fermented, rather strongly distilled, and serves for food as well as drink. The *caysuma* of the Upper Amazon is fabricated from the root of the sweet maniot [*cassava*, from which tapioca is made]. From the Barra do Rio Negro to Para this same drink is called *macachéra*.

We have remarked that all the individuals of the Cocama race, long since baptized and nearly all Christians, have changed their costume as well as their belief, and wear the European shirt and pantaloons. Let us add that there remains no vestige whatever of the ancient customs of that nation, and that its living representatives have so entirely lost the tradition of them, that it is impossible for us to give the reader any information on the subject. The idiom of their forefathers is the only attestation of their descent preserved amongst them, and as that idiom, already much altered by their constant intercourse with the Brazilians of the east and the Peruvians of the west, is in danger of disappearing also, I will hasten, while there is yet time, to give a specimen of it.

COCAMA VOCABULARY.

God (the Creator)	Yara.
devil	mahi.
heaven, sun, day	cuarachi.
night	hipuitza.
moon	yasi.
star	tupa.
morning	camutuni.
yesterday	icuachi.
cold	tsiriahi.
heat	saco.
rain	ttupa.
fire	tata.
water	uné.
earth	chueirata.
stone	itaqué.
sand	itini.
river	parana.
island	hipua.
forest	tapuëta.
tree	ehueira.
man	yapisara.
woman	huayna.
child	tagra.
old	tupa.
young	curumitua.
death	humanu.
house	huca.
canoe	egara.
oar	apocuyta.
apron, girdle	saichimi.
basket	huarata.
bow	canuto.
blowing-tube (sarbacane)	puna.
lance	patihua.
poison	huirari.
manioc (yucca)	yahuiri.
banana	panara.
cotton	hamaniou.
palm	tzua.
flower	sisa.
wax	mapa.
fish	ipira.
bird	huira.
wild boar (pécari)	tahuatzu.
tiger	yahuara.
caiman	yacaré.
snake	mui.
butterfly	héna.
fly	huama.
mosquito	yatiou.
black	soni.
white	tini.
red	ppuetani.
green	iquira.
blue	sinipuca.
thief	muna.
to steal	munasuri.
to open	ipicatura.
to attach	ttequita.
to roast	michira.
to run	yapana.
to arrive	yahuachima.
to go out	husema.
to sleep	ocquera.
to awake	hopaca.
to eat	mahun.
one	huipi.
two	mucuyca.
three	musaperica.
four	iruaca.[1]

The song of the Cocamas and the play of their oars brought us by about six o'clock in the evening to Omaguas, one of the five villages under the civil and ecclesiastical jurisdiction of Nauta. The aspect of the latter place had certainly not inspired me

[1] Beyond four, they count in Quichua: five, *piccha;* six, *socta*, &c.

and shall therefore have another opportunity of alluding to the past history of these natives, we limit for the present our historical notice of them to the above brief statement of facts.

During my two days' stay at Omaguas, installed in a species of large open cage, a kind of caravanserai in which the travelling merchants found gratuitous shelter, I had time to take stock, piece by piece, of the furniture of the village huts, and to be bled

OMAGUA INDIAN

almost to death by the mosquitoes, for whom this melancholy village seems to possess a peculiar charm. On the morning of the third day, exasperated almost to madness by their incessant attacks, I fled, like the cow Io from the mythological gad-fly, and precipitated myself into the river. Somewhat calmed by this cold bath, I entered the égaritea, and ordered my men to head for the middle of the stream. Just as the point of an island was about to hide from me for ever this odious village of the Omagua-Cocama Indians, I remembered that its population numbered one hundred and fifteen individuals, living in twenty-nine huts.

During the day's journey I kept my eyes constantly fixed on the right bank of the Amazon, hoping to see one of the Mayoruna Indians, whose territory occupies in length

race, although their skin varies in colour between that of a dead leaf and burnt brick, and would hold it derogatory to mingle too freely with the red-skins. These representatives of the Iquito aristocracy wear a short shirt and blue cotton pantaloons, a straw-hat manufactured by themselves, and habitually go barefoot for want of shoes. They all cultivate a little patch of ground to supply themselves with food.

TYPICAL PORTRAIT OF AN IQUITO INDIAN.

The Iquitos, crossed with Omagua-Cocamas and Ticunas who people this village, are not the only representatives of their race. About six miles off, on the banks of the river Nanay, which flows into the Amazon on the left, there are Iquitos of pure descent who have not yet been purged by baptism of their original pollution. The river-tribes of the country, a little inclined to exaggeration and hyperbole, accuse these pagans of eating their dead, and even of taking an occasional bite of the living. But as they offer no proof in support of this statement, we must regard the accusation as a calumny until the fact shall have been certified by unimpeachable testimony.

have thought it proper to call the second village New Oran, the descendants of the Omaguas, in reference to the ruddy colour of the banks, have called it [1]*Tuyuca-puëtani* (red earth)—a name perhaps less noble than the first, but on the other hand more picturesque.

Two tribes which had long been enemies, but whom Christianity had reconciled,[2] inhabit this village, which contains eighteen dwellings. These tribes are those of the Mayorunas of the right bank of the Amazon, and the Orejones of the river Napo. Ten houses built of plaster and straw, and covered with thatched roofs, after the style of

EMBOUCHURE OF THE RIVER NANAY.

those we had left behind us, are occupied by the Mayorunas; the remaining eight by the Orejones.

A large thatched house, destined to serve as a church, was not yet finished, although it had been in progress during five years. The joists and poles intended to support its roof lay on the ground half-covered up with vegetation. This carelessness of the inhabitants respecting the means of worship gave us a poor opinion of their religious sentiments. Moreover, the time was unfortunate for a visit to Pucallpa. It was three o'clock in the afternoon, and its population were wandering about in the woods. Two men, shirtless, but clothed in cloth breeches, remained to guard the village, and were occupied in repairing a canoe. These individuals, who were neither Orejones nor Mayorunas, told my rowers that if they had any business to negotiate with the inhabi-

[1] From this vocable of the Omagua tongue, the river-side inhabitants of the Amazon, who use the Tupi idiom or *lengoa geral* of Brazil, have made, unconsciously perhaps, the word *Tijuco*, by which they designate the argillaceous mud of their soil soaked with rain—a mud so viscous that it compels them in the winter season to use a kind of pattens (*sabots-patins*) six inches high. We have hazarded this philological remark on the word *Tuyuca* because it does not exist in the idiom of the Tupinambas, in which earth is called *êuê*, and red earth *êuê-piranga*.

[2] It is scarcely necessary to say that we are here speaking of a small fraction of these tribes. The Orejones and Mayorunas, who are separated by the river, and are at a considerable distance, have no relations with them, and indeed seldom see them.

Equatorial republic; that in its course towards the Amazon it receives the waters of numerous tributaries, of which the principal are: the Azuela or Aguarico, the Coca, and the Curaray; and that the majority of these affluents are gold-bearing streams, &c. But it were superfluous here to trace the course of the Napo, as we have only to do with its embouchure.

An island covered with vegetation, known as the *Mango-isla*, divides its mouth into two unequal branches. One of these branches measures 697 yards broad, the other 172 yards. The water of the Napo at this point is of an opaline green tint, and flows with a feeble current.

This quiet river has some historic interest.

In 1539 Francisco Orellana, a Spaniard, descended it, under the utilitarian pretext of exploring the province of Cannelle, but in reality to seek the region of gold, represented at this epoch by the fabulous Manoa and El Dorado, the lake Parima, and the kingdoms of Enim and Païtiti.

In 1637 Pedro Teixeira, a Portuguese, commissioned to determine the limits of the Lusitano-Brazilian possessions, ascended the Napo as far as Quito, and in returning fixed on the right bank of the Aguarico as the limit of the Brazilian possessions. But the Spaniards, who on their part had extended the possessions of Peru as far as the Lake of Ega, made no account of these measures, and threw the posts which the Portuguese lieutenant had planted to indicate the line of demarkation into the water. In 1744 La Condamine, on his return from Quito, where the French government had sent him in company with Godin and Bouguer to measure some degrees of the meridian, entered the Amazon by Jaën de Bracamoras, passed the mouth of the Napo, calculated its breadth geometrically, or else estimated it simply with the eye, and continued his journey as far as Para, where he embarked for Europe.

The account of this voyage, which he published two years after his return, would be poor food for the modern reader, who has become difficult to please in respect to travellers and their travels, in consequence of the readiness with which he can make fresh "tours of the world"[1] every year without quitting his arm-chair. But if the ethnological information furnished by La Condamine was not always drawn from creditable sources—if his geographical notions are sometimes guesses—lastly, if his personal opinions are a little out of date—the frank honest tone which rings throughout his book renders it peculiarly attractive. The grateful tribute which he has paid publicly to those who extended their hospitality to him is worthy of a man of honour. What heart would not be gently moved with the amiable portrait he has drawn of the Davalo family, of whom the eldest of the young ladies—*a model of grace and modesty, painted holy pictures in three colours, played the German flute, and aspired only to the happiness of becoming a Carmelite!*

On a reperusal of the pages in which La Condamine has exposed the sentiments of his fine soul, we can only apologize beforehand for the several instances in which we are obliged to point out the errors he has committed in the account of his journey from

[1] *Tours du monde*, in allusion to the title of a well-known French serial.—Tr.

All the Indians of the Orejona race are tall of stature; and their well-balanced proportions and suppleness add somewhat of elegance to the combined strength and beauty of their forms. They have a square face, and somewhat oblique small eyes, rather screwed at the corners. The nose, large at the base, is very flat and broad; the mouth is prominent, and literally extends all round the face.[1] They wear their hair long and loose, and insert through the partition of their nostrils a stick of palm-wood, as large as a penholder, to each extremity of which they suspend a shell. Instead of a strip of palm-thread round their loins, they wear a belt of tahuari-bark, shaped like a wreath (*torsade*). The distinctive feature in their physiognomy lies in their ears, of which the lobes are so elongated that they hang down to their shoulders, and resemble pieces of shapeless flesh. The Ccotos and the Anguteros pierce this lobe, enlarge the opening, and fit into it circular carvings of cecropia-wood of an astonishing size. The Orejones also lengthen their ears, but are satisfied with carrying simple pendants, without any ornament, a peculiarity which distinguishes them from their congeners.

We may mention here that the first Peruvian Incas from Manco-Capac to Mayta-Capac also lengthened their ears, a strange custom which they derived from their unknown ancestors. After Mayta-Capac, the fourth Inca, this habit was abandoned by the emperors, and adopted by the Curacas or caciques, who served under the Children of the Sun as guards of honour. Hence the name of Orejones, or Broad-Ears, which the victorious Spanish gave, on their arrival in Peru, to the latter.

Although separated by the breadth of the Napo, the Ccotos and Anguteros maintain neighbourly and friendly relations. In order to cross from one bank to the other, they construct rafts of the porous wood of the cecropia. They have also canoes made of the hollowed trunk of the tarapote palm-tree (*Iriartea*), which they split longitudinally, and having removed the medullary fibre, have only to close up the extremities. Some of these canoes carry as many as twelve persons. This species of boat is common to them and the Iquitos of the Nanay.

The arms of these natives consist of the sarbacane or blowing-tube, the club, and that terrible lance with a bamboo-head, which makes such wounds that recovery is almost impossible.

The women of both nations, like their fathers and husbands, have excessively elongated ears. Notwithstanding the fact of their neck being so sunk between their shoulders as to make them appear a little hunch-backed, they are not so ugly as the men. The only clothing worn by these savage beauties is a mussel-shell tied round their loins by two strips of bark.

A few bow-shots from this river Napo, inhabited by cannibals or those so called, and whence mosquitoes seem to have banished themselves,[2] we find on the low clay soil a

[1] It will be observed that the author has failed to show this peculiarity in the typical portraits of the Orejones in the annexed engraving.—Tr.

[2] These bloodthirsty diptera are unknown on the shores of the Napo. May their absence be attributed to the mineral chain, which, under the name of the *Sierra del Napo*, stretches along this river from west-north-west to east-south-east, attracting the clouds, and maintaining a degree of freshness unfavourable to the birth of the larvæ? I do not pretend to say.

TYPICAL PORTRAITS OF THE OREJONE INDIANS (TRIBE OF CCOTOS).

clearing named Bellavista (*Belle-vue*). Five little houses, latticed like aviaries, and roofed with palm-leaves, are grouped amidst banana-trees of a brilliant green. Here and there large trees spared by the axe—*capirunas* with short trunks and abundant foliage resembling enormous cabbages—cover the turf with large areas of shade. Round their stems lianas wind their way to the summit, and crown them with an inextricable network of leaves and flowers; then falling again to the ground, they strike root, drawing down in every direction the green hair of the *capirunas*, which look as if they were howling with grief.

EAR OF A CCOTO-OREJONE.

Bellavista charmed me so much at first sight that I resolved to pass forty-eight hours there; I had also to revise at my leisure my sketch of the course of the river, and translate into a readable language the pencilled hieroglyphics, by aid of which I recorded my thoughts when my intellectual idleness prevented me from properly developing them. This determination on my part, which put the Cocama rowers into a very bad temper, turned out quite an inspiration from heaven, for on the morning of the second day five Orejone-Ccotos, from the river Napo, of whom three were men and two women, came to Bellavista, in order to exchange with the natives of the place their stock of hamacs, coarsely woven of palm-fibre, for knives and turtle-spears (*puyas*). I amused these savages with a few baubles, and passed half a day enjoying at my ease the sight of their monstrous ugliness. One of them, the size of whose mouth would have placed him in Perrault's category of ogres, and who would have eaten at one mouthful the little Poucet and his six brothers, had had the lobe of his ear torn in some fight; of the lobe thus divided there remained two strips of flesh, living straps which threatened to be for ever dangling in their proprietor's face, if the ingenious savage had not been clever enough to make a bow of them; this cravat-knot, made by a man with his ears, appeared to me the most striking *tour de force* I had ever witnessed.

Starting from Bellavista, which we left early the following morning, the places we

passed successively carried my thoughts back to Pucallpa, that new Oran serving as an antithesis to its old namesake. The first was the Oran lagune, whose black mouth made a broad inlet in the right bank of the Amazon; afterwards the islands of Oran, close to which we passed; and, lastly, the site of the first village of Oran, gazing at which, I meditated for a moment on the instability of places, as of men and things. During the whole day, which was unutterably wearisome to me, although for distraction's sake I made my men cross the stream of the Amazon twice, all I perceived on either bank were the outlines of miritis and acrocomias, with interminable edgings of gyneriums or American canes (*balisiers*) half-submerged, with here and there, on a bottom of ochry or clayey soil, a huge copaiba, with its drooping fronds.

The sun disappeared behind a line of figs, which veiled its splendour like a green curtain, as we coasted the site formerly occupied by the village of Saint Joachim; the égaritea stopped, by my order, before this *campus ubi Troja fuit*, which I contemplated with the melancholy respect which I have for the memorials of the good old time. Nothing remained of the defunct mission; the primitive forest had reconquered its domain, and on the spot on which the Jesuits had founded their village now rose the white, smooth, straight trunk of a cotton-tree, which produced on me the effect of a grave-inscription, which informs the passers-by that here below the man and his work are but dust and ashes.

A short distance from the site of Saint Joachim, the mouth of the Ambiacu opens out; a water-course to which, out of weakness or condescension to the outlines traced by the map-makers, we have given the configuration of a river, although, in our opinion, it is only a canal fed by the Napo, and flowing into the Amazon. Some families of Orejone Indians, who have been baptized, live at the mouth of this pseudo-river, which communicates directly with the Napo, and receives, at a place called *Masan*, two insignificant streams. In the middle of the mouth of the Ambiacu, at an equal distance from either bank, is an island of bluish clay, so hardened by the sun and worn down by the rains, that at a distance of fifty paces it might easily be mistaken for a mass of rock; its summit is covered with thick vegetation, which gives it a picturesque aspect.

The halts we had just made before the ancient Omaguas and the Rio Ambiacu, though they had been short, had given the sun time to disappear; night fell rapidly whilst a Spanish league, nearly six French kilometres (about five and a half miles), still lay between us and the mission of Pevas, where I counted on finding food and shelter. At one time I thought I should have to renounce the idea of reaching it; my men, tired out with the day's work, already spoke of passing the night on a bank, but a thimbleful of rum which I gave each of them changed their determination, and seemed to give them fresh strength. After having drunk the liquor, and animated each other by voice and gesture, they rowed away vigorously, and the égaritea soon shot rapidly past the banks where the flying-frog (*Caprimulgus*—a species of goat-sucker) flew about in summersaults which resembled the leaping of grasshoppers.

The pilot cautiously picked his route in the darkness which soon enveloped us. Suddenly a luminous point, resembling the brilliant light of a jack-o'-lantern or glow-

VILLAGE OF BELLAVISTA, ON THE LEFT BANK OF THE AMAZON.

worm, shone out in the distance; the boatmen gave a joyous shout. The boat, like a giddy moth attracted by this light, increased its speed, and soon shot under a hill, in the side of which steps had been roughly cut. This rustic stair led to the mission of Pevas, and I commenced its ascent as if I were running a race; but the dampness of the night, by soaking the clay which formed the steps, had rendered them so slippery, that before reaching the last I had fallen half-a-dozen times.

QUEBRADA AND ISLET OF AMBIACU.

Covered with mud from head to foot, I knocked at the door of the convent of Pevas. After the usual questions through the door, an Indian opened it, and allowed me to enter; at first, the transition from darkness was so sudden, that I was too much dazzled by the light of a lamp with three burners to distinguish anything. I saw imperfectly a kind of spacious cavern full of arms and plunder, in the midst of which two motionless men were stationed, clothed in shirts and red night-caps, who appeared to me like Catalan smugglers. But my eyes soon became accustomed to the light, and the hallucination passed away; what I had mistaken for a cavern, was a large shop, and in the Catalan smugglers I found two lay monks in the act of making their nocturnal toilette, and smiling at my dazed appearance.

Founded in 1685 by the Jesuits of Quito, under the protection of Saint Ignatius (Loyola), and for the benefit of the Pehua Indians who inhabited at this period, at some distance inland, the banks of several tributaries of the Napo and the Içá, the mission of

Pehuas, a name which has been corrupted into *Pevas*, was at first situated between the mouth of the river Ambiacu, now behind us, and its present situation. Its history in this place extends over three centuries. In 1788 the converts, having assassinated the chief of the mission, withdrew into their native woods, abandoning the Christian village, which soon fell into ruins.

A second village of the same name was erected a few years later about three miles eastward of the first. To the Pehua assassins, who came to renew their residence, the missionaries added a few individuals of the Catahuichi, Orejone, Yahua, Ticuna, and

THE MISSION OF PEVAS.

Yuri nations. This village existed for twenty-three years, and was then abandoned by the converts, but without adding to their desertion the crime of murder.

For the third time Saint Ignatius of the Pehuas, like the phœnix of the old fable, arose from its ashes; a party of French missionaries, whose names have escaped me, having founded it anew where it now exists. To people this third village, which they no more called *San Ignacio de los Pehuas*, but simply Pevas, they had recourse to the indigenes already catechised, of whom I have given the list. Some of them obeyed the call of the missionaries, but the greater number were deaf to the appeal. An epidemic had decimated the Pehuas; the Catahuichis had gone to camp on the shores of the Jurua, and the Yuris refused to be separated from them. The new population was composed of the degenerate descendants of Pehuas, Orejones, Yahuas, and Ticunas.

The existing mission reckons, at the time I am writing, a half century of existence. It possesses twenty-three houses, inhabited by forty-five households averaging six individuals each, which gives a total population of two hundred and seventy individuals, including old people and infants at the breast. The area occupied by the village, the church, and the convent, which, by the way, are very oddly grouped, is formed by the juxtaposition of low hills, whose undulations extend to the eastern flanks of the Andean

more or less certainty of sale, gave me a very high opinion of their qualifications as traders. Had it been Grandet de Balzac who had found these two monks in the full practice of his profound theories, he would have felt the purple wen on his nose, which enshrined at once his understanding and his heart, throb with delight.

Intrusted temporarily with the spiritual and secular government of the mission whose titular chief passed his life in the heart of the forest among the Yahua Indians, the lay brothers, engrossed by the exigencies of their business, could not give so much attention to the converts as they would have wished. It was only with great difficulty, they told me, they could find time to take their meals, to get a little rest, or to smoke a cigarette. Out of this time, so parsimoniously measured out to them, they would nevertheless, from their feeling of regard for me, devote a few hours to visiting in their dwellings the converts of both sexes, with whom my chaperones exchanged many pleasantries. In all that respects the amenities of social existence, these indigenes appeared to me far below the people of Sarayacu. Their type, a mixture of Pehua, Orejone, Yahua, and Ticuna, was indecipherable.

During this walk through their mission, the monks showed me in a hut attached to the convent, a human being whom science would have ranged in the category of phenomena, and whom a speculative showman would have been glad to exhibit at a fair. This monstrosity was a little girl, five years of age, whom a depraved taste for earth, clay, and fragments of pottery, was slowly dragging to the grave. To combat this shocking mania for scratching up the ground and eating dirt by handfuls, the lay brothers, who had undertaken her guardianship, conceived the idea of tying her hands behind her back, and placing her on a table, where, so long as she was watched, she remained immovable in a kneeling position; but when left alone, even for a moment, she scrambled to the edge of the table, threw herself on the ground at the risk of breaking her skull, and licked with avidity the earth which would soon open to receive her.

It would be impossible to express the sentiment of mingled pity and disgust with which this poor creature inspired me, whom her yellow and parchment-like skin, her oblong head, her miserably attenuated limbs, and her protruding stomach, made to resemble a Japanese or Hindoo idol endowed with the power of motion.

The day after my arrival the young laymen proposed, as a short distraction from the cares of business, and also for the sake of making themselves agreeable to me, a visit to the Orejone families established in the interior on the river Ambiacu. I offered my égaritea for the journey; the Cocama rowers, whom a copious libation of rum, presented by the monks, had put in a charming humour, rowed with enthusiasm from Pevas to Ambiacu, and amused us the whole way with the song of which I have given the notation.

The Orejone village, situated on the right bank of the Ambiacu, at two musket-shots' distance from the Amazon, is composed of nine circular huts; their conical roofs of palm-leaf supported by a circle of stakes, so spaced out that the wind and the rain are at liberty to enter and leave the dwellings in perfect freedom. This mode of construction, notwithstanding its originality, appeared to me to leave a little to be desired in respect of comfort.

As the inhabitants of the place had gone into the woods in search of sarsaparilla, we found there only a single family, consisting of the father, mother, and two children. On seeing us enter their dwelling, the man and woman went and seated themselves on a trunk of a tree, which served them as a divan, and replied to our questions by simple monosyllables. Although, according to the monks, they had become by baptism children of God and of the church, and they were enabled to speak in the Quichua idiom naturalized by the missionaries, they obstinately insisted in replying in their mother tongue, which my cicerones were far from speaking fluently. With the exception of a bit of rag used as an apron, these pretended Christians were as naked as their friends and acquaintances of the river Napo. The oblique stealthy looks which they cast upon us reminded me of the manner of wild beasts imprisoned behind the bars of a cage, and showing their teeth at the curious who approached too near. In other respects the type of these Orejones had undergone some very apparent modifications. Their ears were scarcely ten inches long, and appeared to me very poor affairs compared with those of the Ccotos which I had previously seen at Bellavista, and compared to the ears of young elephants.

On our way back to Pevas we talked over the past history of these poor Indians. The pressure of business had prevented the lay brothers from acquiring much information about them, and all they were able to tell me may be comprised in a few words. I learned, for example, that they were only able to count up to four: *nayhay*—one; *nénacomé*—two; *fénińichacomé*—three; *ononocoméré*—four; beyond this they reckon in the same manner as the Quichuas. Their congeners of the Napo count by duplication like the majority of the American races.

Although these unhappy wretches had appeared to me so nearly allied to the brutes whom they resembled in physiognomy, they were not so unintelligent as they appeared. They had their little system, neither better nor worse than most systems, concerning the soul, that tyrannic mistress of the body. According to them the soul is not immortal; it dies with the individual, but enjoys the privilege of returning to life some time afterwards in the form of a white vulture (*urubu*) with yellow and violet caruncles—the *urubu-tinga* of the river-tribes of the Amazon, the *Vultur papa* of the learned.

Their ideas of a symbolic Trinity are limited to the recognition merely, without rendering any worship to him, of a God-creator, whom they call *Omasoronga;* a God-preserver, whom they name *Iqueydema;* and a Spirit of love and intelligence, to whom they give the name of *Puynayama.*

The tradition of a deluge exists among them, only instead of the ark or vessel which in the cosmogonies of various peoples floats on the surface of the waters, we find among the Orejones a large open box, coated with the local pitch, which their ancestors buried deep in the ground, with its open part downwards, and under which, supplied with solid and liquid provisions, they remained nearly a month, while the deluge covered the earth.

These ideas of the Orejones, which I attributed to their affiliation in past time to the nations of the other hemisphere, were, the lay brothers of Pevas ingenuously told me, all that remained to them of the religious instruction that had been given to them

in remote times by a disciple of St. Francis. To prevent the man of God from propagating among the neighbouring tribes the articles of his faith, and preserve the monopoly of it to themselves, the Orejones had killed him, and having eaten his flesh, had made flageolets of his thigh-bones, which was their fashion of paying him honour and perpetuating his memory.

Four days sufficed for me to visit every part of the mission, to ascertain that there was really nothing interesting or curious about it, and to learn at the same time that my amiable companions, who fancied they were overwhelmed with work, spent the day in playing at shuttlecock, or swinging in a hammock, and smoking an indefinite number of cigarettes. Feeling sufficiently informed on these points, and having besides exhausted the series of questions which I had to ask, I resolved to go and present my respects to the commander-in-chief of the mission, whose rural tastes and solicitude for the natives detained him in the depths of the forests.

One morning, therefore, I started on my journey, accompanied by a convert of Pevas, of Yahua origin, who was to serve me as guide. According to the statements of this man, who was confirmed by my hosts, the mission of San José, whither we were going, was at so short a distance from Pevas, that it was useless to encumber ourselves with provisions. I took nothing but a pocket-compass, an album, a few crayons and colours, which I put in my haversack, and strapping the same on my back, I stepped out bravely behind my guide. A hundred paces from the village we entered the forest, the shady covert of which shut us out from the view of the heavens. The compass, however, indicated the north.

About the middle of the day, after we had forded eleven rapid streams, some of them with the water only half-way up our legs, some deep enough to reach our arm-pits, feeling disheartened by the adventure, and seeing no signs of the Christian village, for which I looked with all my eyes, I questioned the Yahua about it.

"A little further," he replied, swallowing, at the same time, a handful of the leaves of the *ipadu*, that coca of the Quichuas of the Sierra.[1] I suppressed a sigh, and tightened the belt of my pantaloons to impose silence on a certain subdued grumbling that I could not otherwise control, and continued to follow my guide, whose quick march was not in the least relaxed.

At sunset, exhausted with fatigue, soaked with perspiration and with the water of nineteen rivers we had crossed on our way, I seated myself on the trunk of a fallen tree, and cast a weary look around me. The scene, purpled by the setting sun, was no doubt exquisitely beautiful, but the vacuity of my stomach deprived me of all power of enjoyment. At that moment I would have given the finest landscapes in the world for a bit of broiled meat. Meanwhile it behoved me to be up and stirring. I drank out of the hollow of my hand a mouthful of water; I begged of the Yahua a few leaves of his coca, which I chewed to give me strength; and then invoking Providence, and praying to be spared a trial beyond my strength, I resumed the route.

The sun disappeared. A pale twilight crept over the forest. The birds warbled

[1] The Yahuas cultivate coca on a small scale, and chew the leaves like the Quichuas of the Andean plateaux, but without adding, like the latter, a pinch of burning ashes.

in common their prayer to the great universal Spirit; and then night descended, confusing distances and obscuring all objects. My guide had left off ambling, and began to trot. Fearing to lose sight of him, I recalled him to my side. Then to satisfy at once my desire that he should remain near me, and his own wish to proceed more rapidly, he cut a liana, fastened it round his body, and gave me the other end. Hungry and blind, I followed this human spaniel, who thus towed me along through the darkness.

FROM PEVAS TO SAN JOSÉ, THROUGH THE WOODS.

As the night grew darker, and a mantle of ice seemed to fall upon our shoulders, strange noises were heard in the depths of the forest. Bodies of a sickening softness brushed the trunks of the trees; wings of bats passed and repassed, fanning our foreheads like a damp wind. In the underwood the dried sticks and twigs crackled under unknown steps. A heavy, intermittent snoring, caused by the breathing of some tiger asleep,[1] fell ominously on the ear. This noise, so little reassuring, ceased as we drew near the spot whence it proceeded, and recommenced when we had passed by.

Above our heads, in the dense darkness which it was impossible for any eye to sound, a harsh cry was suddenly heard, and the foliage, brusquely shaken, rained down upon us a shower of dew. That cry and that movement disclosed the presence

[1] This strange noise, heard in the forest, when all else is still, causes the European to tremble with fear, but has no terror for the indigene, who replies tranquilly when questioned on the subject, "It's nothing; it's the puma snoring."

of a monkey writhing under the pressure of a nightmare. The poor wretch sees perhaps in a dream the jaguar, his mortal enemy, stealthily creeping from branch to branch, till it reaches him and fascinates him with the magnetic glance of its flaming eyeballs.

On approaching one of those forest streams of which I have spoken, a rustling in the grass, and the fall of a heavy body in the water, announces the escape of a cayman who has been aroused by our approach out of his digestive torpor. Hot blasts of musk emanating from the bodies of the great saurians, an odour of garlic produced by trees of the *Cerdana* family, acrid smells and enervating aromas impress acutely my olfactory nerves, irritated to desperation by a too long abstinence.

WASHING THE AUTHOR'S FEET.

Thus we continued our course for some time longer. Then the scene changed its aspect: a greenish light spread through the forest; the moon rose on our right, and just when its oblique rays had silvered the trunks of the trees, we came out on a clearing strewn with burned débris, and with pieces of timber laboriously squared with the axe. Some black-looking heaps, here and there visible in this space, like giant mole-hills, were, my guide told me, the temporary dwellings of the converts of the mission of San José. The Yahua went to knock with his fist at a more promising house built of planks, and situated at the extremity of the clearing. Some words were exchanged by him with the inhabitant of this hut, then a light shone through its badly-joined planks, and the door was opened by a man of short stature clothed in the robe of a missionary. "Enter, señor, and welcome to my poor abode," said the monk in a tone of extraordinary sweetness.

I entered; and as I opened my lips to thank him for his gracious welcome, a cloud seemed to pass before my sight, my ears tingled, my limbs gave way, and I had barely time to throw myself on a bench which happened to be at hand. The fatigue of the day's journey, the weakness occasioned by a fast of thirty hours, and the penetrating

the seat of a bishopric. In physique he was a small, thin, nervous man; his beardless face had prominent cheek-bones; his nose was of the Roman type; his hair of jet black, plastered down upon his temples. The type was Quichua in all its purity. He appeared to be from thirty-six to forty years of age. As for his character, I thought I recognized

THE REVEREND FATHER JOSÉ-MANUEL ROSAS.

in him a heart tender and susceptible of affection, a temper sweet but unequal, a certain tenacity in matters of opinion, and an understanding apt only to seize the vulgar side of things. His instruction, like that of the Peruvian clergy in general, amounted to almost nothing. An irresistible vocation, he affirmed, had led him into the heart of the forest, where he passed his time in singing the praises of the Creator, and in ameliorating the condition of his fellow-creatures.

The village—as yet merely sketched out—which he inhabited, was destined to serve as the sheepfold of a flock of Yahua Christians, who, after having resided for a con-

strength and grace, the very climax of art and the ideal, were charming to contemplate.

Under the hammock two young scapegraces of five or six were playing with red seeds. The mother, a fine young woman, naked like her husband, but veiled like him with a fringed girdle, was squatted on the ground, occupied in rolling upon her thigh

THE BENJAMIN OF THE FAMILY.

with the palm of her hand some folioles of the chambira palm-tree, divided into thin strips, and destined for the manufacture of one of those thread-hammocks in the production of which the Yahua Indians excel. Her looks were directed alternately to the children who were playing near her and to the one so merrily bounding in its father's arms. A fixed smile, stereotyped as it were upon her lips, revealed the heartfelt joy which she would not have dared to translate by a gesture or a word.

This man and woman were remarkable for the beauty of their forms. Had it not been for the plumpness, which obscured a little without obliterating the lines of beauty, though it exaggerated its delicate softness (*morbidezza*), the man would have made a superb gladiator and the woman an exquisite Niobe.

From that hour these two Yahuas became my choicest models. In order to have a plausible pretext for going as often as possible to study the graceful curve of their forms and their splendid anatomy. I gave them each a commission—the husband to

from Pevas, and continued his descent of the Amazon. But the missionary had spoken to me of the mission of Santa Maria, which he had abandoned the preceding year, and in which relapsed Yahuas and downright idolaters were now living promiscuously together. Besides this, I suspected, in consequence of having seen it in a dream or in some forgotten map, the existence of a river flowing from the interior, and communicating with that great affluent of the Amazon which the Peruvians call *Putumayo* (River of the Sea-shell), and the Brazilians *Içá* (the name of an ape).[1] How was it possible to resist the temptation to see all these things! A vague restlessness possessed me, such as at any other time would have caused me to grow thin. But this was scarcely possible under present circumstances. My skin, which resembled parchment, almost adhered to my bones.

Father Rosas, whom I tried to interest in my project, turned a deaf ear to it, and changed the conversation. Three times I returned to the charge without more success. At last the offer to paint his portrait decided the missionary to listen to my entreaties. This portrait in water-colours was hardly sketched when the reverend father, overcome by the genius displayed in it, began to talk of accompanying me in my intended excursion, fearing, he said, that I might commit some indiscretion.

Three days afterwards the above-named portrait, very carefully painted, touched up, and piously surrounded with the heads of Yahuas cravated with wings, to represent the souls of idolaters whom Father Rosas had won over to the true faith, was stuck up with four pins above the barbacoa in which my host slept; and our departure was fixed for the next day. The various specimens of Yahua industry which I had commissioned of the men and women of the mission—the hammock, the girdle, a pair of bracelets, and a crown—were to be ready on our return.

Accompanied by the missionary, I left San José at daybreak. Four Indians went on before in the character of pioneers (*éclaireurs*); two others followed, carrying our provisions, consisting of dried flesh and yucca-roots already cooked. A wide-awake little lad, who was expected to do duty, according to time and circumstances, as cup-bearer, *maître d'hôtel*, and *valet-de-chambre*, gambolled merrily at our side.

On leaving the mission, the road which we took through the wood led in a direction east-north-east. The thickness of the covert soon concealed from us the sight of the heavens. We proceeded on our journey in the midst of sombre shades, which the gradual elevation of the sun warmed up and kindled to greater brightness, but could not break.

I have sometimes had occasion to make a remark, the justice of which I felt more strongly than usual when walking through the great woods of Pevas. It is, that travellers, of whatsoever nation they be, and to whatever class they belong, chatter and shout with more than the vivacity of the birds when they enter a forest; but, in a little while, yield to the influence of the place and gradually become silent. The farther they go, the more powerfully the imposing majesty of these solitudes exercises its sway; and, overcome by an inexpressible sentiment of terror and admiration—the *sacred horror of the woods*, as ancient writers have called it—soon the most loquacious of the company, thrown back upon themselves, keep profound silence. My remark applies not only to

[1] When passing this river I commented on the names which have been given to it by the Brazilians and the Spaniards.

tilt was stretched over our heads, and attached to the trees by its four corners, to shelter us against the dew, which was already falling drop by drop. Stretched fraternally side by side, with the soles of our feet towards a large brazier, intended to keep the wild animals at a respectful distance, we were soon asleep, hushed by the harmonious *pianto* of nature and the inexplicable rustle of those mysterious beings for whom twilight is an aurora.

I was dreaming of Yahuas, marbles, and statues, when the reverend father awoke

A HALT IN THE FOREST.

me. The moon spread its greenish light through the dome of the forest; an abundant dew bathed the leaves, which, under this cold aspersion, trembling, crackling, adjusted themselves on their petioles with curious little starts. In the twinkling of an eye we were afoot, and busied with our preparations for departure. Our people unfastened the tilt that had sheltered us, and wrung it to squeeze out the water. Then, the packages having been refastened and strapped on the shoulders of those who acted as porters, we resumed our journey, walking one behind the other in Indian file, like the cranes on the wing spoken of by Dante.

Thus we continued at a good pace for several hours. Gradually the darkness fled, the gray of the morning appeared, day dawned upon us. The ground, which had hitherto been level enough, became undulating, unequal, and by-and-by was broken by deep ruts. A carpet of moss or *détritus* perfidiously concealed these cavities, and

foliage—a sign that we had reached the landing-place and the mission of Santa Maria. The black-looking river along whose course we had travelled during the last hour was that affluent of the Putumayo of which I have remarked I had some vague intelligence, as if I had seen it in a dream. Under the name of the *Rio de los Yahuas* it rolled its waters some thirty miles from this spot into the great tributary of the Amazon.

One of our Indians, who acted as porter, having swam over and floated the canoe, we were able by its means to cross to the other bank. Arrived at Santa Maria, we found there only old men, women, and children. The men had been out since the morning, hunting and fishing, and would not return till the evening. In their absence the women offered us mats to sit upon, and a bowl of caïsuma to refresh us. While pretending to sip this thick gruel-like preparation, the reverend father kindly inquired about the sanitary condition of the population—wholly composed at present of relapsed Christians and idolaters; lent a ready ear to the talk of the women about the last ailments of their little ones, and prescribed to an old man who complained of a sprain of the wrist I know not what preparation of alligator's fat and local herbs, collected and boiled down at the time of full moon.

Leaving the worthy monk to his gratuitous consultations, I went to inspect the village. I counted only a dozen habitable huts. The others, from which the people had taken the posts and rafters to use as firing, were fallen to ruins, and the thatch of their roofs was slowly rotting. The church, deprived in like manner of its principal timbers, was only a heap of litter. On a cubical structure of earth, which appeared to have been the altar, two cocks were about to engage in a fierce contest for the possession of a reddish-brown pullet. Behold all that remained at this moment of the mission of Santa Maria, founded by the Jesuits, and subsequently occupied by the Franciscan friars! Over this nothingness of man and his handiworks nature had already extended, as if to conceal the ruin that had been wrought, a beautiful and verdant network of trailing plants.

My walk round the village brought me at last to the spot at which we had crossed the stream. For an instant I amused myself by marking the contrast between the whiteness of the sandy shore and the blackness of the river of the Yahuas. This sad-looking water, in which not a single object was reflected, gave to the blue of the sky and the verdure of the banks an aspect so hard and raw, that only a painter could convey an adequate idea of the scene.

The learned have offered the most diverse explanations of the cause of this colour. Some have attributed it to an infusion of carbonated hydrogen; others have thought such rivers flow over a bed of peat. These again, imagine that their bottom is formed of pit-coal: those, that they have ploughed their way through a formation of anthracite. Yet others of the learned, having less talent for system-making, have contented themselves with suggesting that the richness of the tropical vegetation, and the multitude of plants which grow on the banks of these rivers, are the sole causes of their strange colour.

Humboldt, in the observations which he has left on the subject, mentions besides the comparative lowness of the temperature in the regions traversed by these rivers, a remarkable diminution in the number of mosquitoes on their banks, and the total

absence of caymans and fishes, he adds that the waters of the Atapabo, the Temi, the Tuamini, and the Guainia, observed by him, are coffee-coloured in the light and as black as ink in the shade, and that seen in a transparent vessel they are of a fine golden-yellow.

Although I have not explored the Guainia, the source and head of the Rio Negro, nor descended or ascended the course of the Atapabo, the Temi, and the Tuamini, three streams which flow into the Rio Negro on the left, I have on the other hand had the opportunity of observing the black waters of two rivers of the first order, three miles broad and nine hundred miles long; two of the second order, eleven of the third, nine river-lakes of between thirty and forty miles in circumference, and thirty-seven secondary lakes. This experience should be sufficient, one may suppose, to relieve me from any charge of presumption in speaking of these black waters after Humboldt, and in humbly writing my observations upon them beneath his.

In the first place these waters—the reader may please himself with speculating on the causes of their peculiar tint, I confine myself as usual to a simple statement of effects—have always appeared to me to be of the same temperature as the white waters in their neighbourhood, and in which they always sooner or later mingle.

Besides this, the lands through which they run, whilst they present no signs of peat or coal formations, appear on the other hand to be of the most diversified character: feldspathic porphyry in the Jutahy and the Jandiatuba, calcareous schist in the Japura, and a quartzose sandstone in the Rio Negro; as for the bottom of the lakes, we have invariably found them to be formed of beds of sand, veins of ochre, and ordinary marl, or the kind of argillaceous mud which the riverain natives call *tijuco*.

The black tint of the water viewed *en masse* is really, as Humboldt says, like black coffee in the light and like ink in the shade; when, however, it is taken up in a transparent vessel, instead of being of a *golden-yellow* as he has imagined, it is perfectly colourless and limpid, rivalling in purity any water at its fountain-head.[1] Like that also it is clear and sparkling, excellent to drink, and tasteless as water should be; its secret influence is not limited to the diminution of the number of mosquitoes, it chases and puts to flight every known species of these insects. Lamantins, dolphins, fishes of the scaly species, voluntarily desert the colourless streams to people those waters which have indeed a dark surface, but flow over a crystalline bed. Finally, caymans abound in them, and turtles never show themselves there.[2]

[1] This crystalline limpidity of the black waters appears to me to depend on the greater or less rapidity of their course. Some igarapés and lakes otherwise unimportant, and whose movement was inappreciable to the eye, exhibit, on the contrary, when their stagnant water is examined in a transparent vessel, a brown tint such as would be caused by leaving a little tobacco for a few hours in a glass of water. This simple experiment will enable every one to judge from the evidence of his own eyes whether the colour of these waters does not approach more nearly to the colour of bitumen or sepia than the golden-yellow mentioned by Humboldt.

[2] To judge from the dissertation of the illustrious author of *Cosmos* upon the nature of the black waters, the golden-yellow colour which he attributes to them, and the animal species which according to him cannot exist in their neighbourhood, we should be driven to conclude that he only glanced at them hastily in passing. It would be impossible, however, to account in the same way for certain exaggerated statements of his which have always appeared to be inconsistent with the calm of his high intelligence. We know hyperbole is a figure of rhetoric generally employed by individuals of the genus *migrator;* we even go so far as to believe that the strange sympathy which impels them to such statements is one of the constitutional effects of their nature; but admitting all this and much more in respect to the generality of travellers, men

The wonderful and unexplained singularities of this water could hardly fail to excite the curiosity of science, whom painters represent as a woman. As we are too just and too gallant not to satisfy a woman's curiosity after having awakened it, we deposit at her feet two bottles of that black water very carefully sealed with a local pitch. One contains water from the river Jutahy, the other from the Rio Negro.

At sunset several Yahuas came in from their hunting expedition, while their companions, who had been out fishing, arrived by water. All were avowed idolaters; the relapsed converts, informed of our arrival at Santa Maria, and fearing the reproaches of the missionary, having kept out of the way. Their absence did not grieve me much. I knew these deserters from the Catholic faith but too well, and had always found them below the level of savages.

The hunting and the fishing had both been successful: the hunters brought in besides an *agouti*,[1] a few curassows, pauxis,[2] guaus,[3] and a number of birds with magnificent plumage, but hard and leathery flesh. The fishers had harpooned some *tambakés* and *gamitanas*,[4] and had gathered in the woods a few *motelos*, or land-turtles, whose flesh is superior to that of the water-turtle. The women vied with each other in the care of preparing the supper, which was served in the largest hut of the village. A bright fire was burning in one corner of it. Two old women, Yahua vestals, worthy representatives of craziness and decrepitude, fed with faggots, while we had supper, that fire whose clearness seemed designed to serve in the place of the absent candles.

At the end of our repast, and after a confabulation in a low tone between the Yahuas, an old man announced that they were about to perform in our honour the national dance of the *Bayenté*. This Bayenté is nothing else, let me say, but the Yahua devil.

That dance, or rather that *pas du diable*, was executed by three coryphæ, each imprisoned in a sac made of bark and shaped like a reversed funnel. The opening of the sac, which reached to the knee of the dancer, was bordered with a fringe of leaves; the upper extremity, provided with three holes for the mouth and the eyes, was adorned with a bouquet of folioles forming an aigrette.

of lively fancy for the most part, we are obliged to make an exception with respect to men of genius. Thus, had an ordinary traveller, talking about the *Galactodendron utile* and its milky sap, spoken in our hearing of *having drunk a large quantity of this vegetable milk every morning and evening*, the pleasantry would only have made us smile. Coming from Humboldt it presents itself in a serious aspect. In like manner what are we to think of *so prodigious a number of orchids in the equatorial forests that the whole lifetime of an artist would not suffice to paint them?* Certainly there can be no doubt that the forests of the equator, like those of Brazil and Peru, which are contiguous to them, abound in Orchidaceæ; but we are very far from believing that their abundance amounts to the extravagant profusion mentioned by Humboldt. Were the artist of whom he speaks to devote only ten years of his life to the representation of these plants, and were he to paint—which is quite possible—one variety every day, he would have depicted at the end of that time about *three thousand six hundred and fifty* varieties of that family, a figure which it is impossible to admit if it comprises only the species peculiar to the equatorial forests.

We might extend these remarks further, but what good purpose is to be served by the criticisms of a pigmy on the works of a giant? Would an occasional false note in the execution of a symphony efface the sweetness of the melody which runs through it, or affect seriously the harmonious *ensemble?* Would a few ill-shaped stones in an edifice prejudice the purity of its style and the effect of its mass? Certainly not; any more than the spots and chasms which astronomers pitilessly expose in the sun prevent that luminary from imparting its light, heat, and fecundity to our modest little planet.

[1] A kind of Indian pig (*Cavia*) the size of a kid.

[2] A gallinaceous bird of the currassow kind, called in scientific nomenclature the Ourax.—Tr.

[3] Gallinaceous birds of the Penelopinæ family.—Tr.

[4] The gamitara is a fish with scales of the size of a large carp, and of the family of Cyprinidæ.

The dance of the devil, or of the Bayenté, strikingly original as it may seem to an ethnologist, is next to nothing compared with the dance of the moon, or Arimaney, which takes place in the middle of the year. This Yahua dance, of which the converts of San José have told me a few particulars in our gossips, is less a divertissement than a religious solemnity in honour of the "pale courier of night," as the versifier Lemierre calls the moon. The mystery made of this festival had awakened my curiosity, and

DANCE OF THE BAYENTÉ.

the Bayenté or devil's jig had scarcely terminated when I asked one of the old men of the troop whether I, as a stranger, might not be favoured with a specimen of the ballet of Arimaney.

This simple demand excited grave murmurs in the assembly. I had shocked without knowing it the susceptibility of the Yahuas with respect to an object which they worshipped as a divinity, cherished as a friend to whom they could recite their joys and their sorrows, but of which they were weak enough to be jealous. Father Rosas undertook to plead my cause with them. After having made my hosts understand that the simple curiosity of the traveller had suggested the request which had excited their indignation, he succeeded in calming them down with his honest words, which, in the manner of Father Aubry, he spoke from the bottom of his heart.

All that I could learn of Arimaney, combining what the converts of San José

had told me with what I could gather from the Yahuas of Santa Maria, is that this mysterious ballet takes place once a year in a great hut built in the middle of the woods for the occasion. This hut only serves once for the solemnity, and is burned the day afterwards, together with the flageolets and the drums to the sound of which the corypheæ had performed their dance to the moon.

During that solemn night, while the enthusiasm of the dancers and their attendants, composed of men only, is excited by fermented drinks, a gigantic flageolet, or better still, an organ-pipe made of the stalk of the largest bamboo which they are able to find, keeps up a perpetual moan inspired by the pious breath of the faithful. When one performer has exhausted his strength, another takes his place. This pipe, the very sight of which, so say the Yahuas, would cause the eyes of the profane who looked upon it to rot in their sockets, is burned at the conclusion of the ballet with the other accessories. If the moaning of the instrument during the time of the fête reaches the ears of the women who are left alone in the village, they begin to howl and smash their crockery, and strike the walls of their huts with a stick, in order to overpower the sound of the instrument, which they regard as an infallible presage of great trouble.

What would I not have given to possess such a pipe! Unhappily the manner in which the Yahuas had received my proposition on the subject of the dance had relieved me of all desire to press such a demand upon them. I turn to another subject—that of the poison which they manufacture for hunting purposes, in which they dip the points of their lances and the needle-like arrows of their blowing-tubes.

The poison made by the Yahuas is as active as that of the Ticunas, although in the markets of the Upper Amazon their selling price is different. Thus the poison of the Yahuas costs only twelve reals for a pot containing a pound, whilst that prepared by the Ticunas sells at three piastres. Some explain this difference of price between the two products by a difference in the time they keep; the poison prepared by the Yahuas, they say, scarcely retains its virtue to the end of a year, whilst that made by the Ticunas is as effective at the end of two years as at first. Among the river-side inhabitants of the Amazon, with whom the blowing-tube takes the place of a gun, these poisons, of which the *wourali* and *curare* are only counterfeits, replace advantageously the powder and lead of the European sportsman.

More than one traveller, whose names have escaped me, speak of the composition of this poison. In addition to their explanatory statements, they have informed us that the savages, instead of preparing it in their huts, go into the depths of the forest for that purpose, in order to guard the secret from the eyes of the curious. Not knowing what to think of this statement, I begged Father Rosas to use his influence with the Yahuas in order to arrive at an exact knowledge of the fact.

The Yahua to whom he addressed himself courteously offered him a small pot of his poisoned pomade, but refused to let him know of what drugs it was composed and how he prepared it. The monk tried to seduce him by the gift of a knife (*eustache*) with a handle of yellow wood, but the discretion of the savage was proof against such a trifle. He laughed in the monk's face, and turned his back upon him.

A second individual showed himself more communicative, dazzled as he was by

the offer of a table-knife, which the missionary had substituted for the clasp-knife previously tendered. This fellow spoke of a shrub and a liana, but he refused to indicate their species, or explain the manner of using them.

More than an hour was spent in negotiating this affair. In place of the single knife presented to him at first, the monk now offered him three. The temptation was too strong for the moral force of the savage. Two Yahuas, the father-in-law and son-in-law, succumbed at once; one promising to bring me a branch of the shrub in question, the other a stem of the liana. This was something, doubtless; but the nearer I drew to my end the more exacting I became. I requested them to let me have some flowers or fruits of these vegetables: they replied drily that it was not the season.

Although obedient to the periodical law of vegetation, the forests of South America are accustomed to the enjoyment of certain privileges unknown to those of Europe: whilst the mass of vegetation flourishes and fructifies at a determined epoch, some individuals blossom and bear fruit before or after the season. It was upon these precocious or tardy vegetables that I calculated for the success of my negotiation. After a discussion which ended in my favour, the two Yahuas set out and did not return until the next day, when they told me they had travelled forty-five miles through the woods to find the flowers and fruits I required. One of them presented me with a slender branch of a shrub having oblongate leaves, opposed and veined like those of the Melastomaceæ. From the fork of one of the branches hung a cluster of fruit like that of the *ubilla;* each fruit, of the size of a very small grape (*chasselas*), was formed of a ligneous shell, dehiscent and of the colour of yellow ochre, with an exterior velvety coat, exposing to view when open four seeds or stones in their cells, almost like those of the raisin. The other Yahua brought me a stem of a flat liana, two centimetres in thickness and twenty broad, with a fine and whitish-coloured bark, which reminded me of the silver-birch. This liana was destitute of leaves, but it bore below a fragment of ligneous tendril of the size of one's little finger, three great flowers of the same kind as the leguminous Papilionaceæ—a *dolichos* perhaps; the inferior alæ or carina of a pinky whiteness, the wings of a rosy lilac, and the standard a violet purple. I had now but one more wish to gratify, that of knowing how to make use of these treasures. This desire was such an enormity in the eyes of the Yahuas, that they taxed my reverend friend to the amount of eight fish-hooks, before they consented to reveal the mysteries of their cuisine.

One of them fetched an earthen pot of a middle size, which to all appearance had never before been used, and filled it with water; the other heaped up round it a quantity of little branches, which he kindled with a handful of a peculiar tinder.[1] This done, the first, who was the father-in-law, and who alone meddled with the preparation of the poison, leaving his son-in-law to attend to the fire, threw into the water the leaves and the stem, cut into small bits, of a branch similar to that which had been brought to me, the fruit being useless to the operation. When the water commenced

[1] Called in the country ants'-tinder, *yesca de hormigas.* It is a viscous substance, of a pale reddish colour, secreted by a variety of these hymenoptera. They stick the branches of a tree together with it, at some yards above the ground, filling up the spaces, and forming the enormous pellet which constitutes their nest or ant-hill. This matter, almost as soon as it is produced in contact with the air, becomes dry, soft, spongy, and holds fire like true tinder.

boiling it first turned yellow, and soon afterwards the colour of rust. When the boiling had been continued for two hours, the Yahua took the sediment of the leaves and the wood out of the pot, threw it aside, and scraped into the mixture the bark of the liana with violet flowers, including the inner membrane or liber. A brisk fire was kept up; and a thick scum formed again and again, as often as it was removed by the operator with a wooden spatula with which he stirred the mixture.

When this part of the process was accomplished to his satisfaction, he took from a calabash three little packets made of the leaf of the American cane and tied with a thread of bark, undoing which he emptied the contents of each into the pot. One of these packets, he told us, contained the bruised and pulverized stings of a certain species of ray, the *dari-dari*, fished in the Içá; the second held an assortment of the glands and fangs of venomous serpents, dried and reduced to powder; the third, some thousands of corpses of the *tasua-pira*, or fire-ant.[1] On hearing this foreign name I did not feel the surprise that might have been expected. During my residence at Nauta I had made the acquaintance of the charming little monster, and the cramps and pains that had resulted from my indirect relations with him were fresh in my memory. It sufficed for that to have walked barefoot over the trunks of fallen trees at a place where the *tasua-pira* had passed, leaving behind it a caustic slime, the action of which upon the skin may be compared to that of cantharides pickled in sulphuric acid.

The poison, seasoned with these various ingredients, was cooked for at least two hours longer, having previously been three hours over the fire. It now assumed the consistency and colour of molasses, on perceiving which the Yahua lifted it quickly from the fire, and without giving it time to cool, put over the mouth of the pot two sticks crosswise, on which he placed a leaf of heliconia, and then covered it with earth.

The next day the pot was broken, and the poison, which had become hard, was turned out like a lump of black wax weighing about four pounds. To soften it for the purpose of dipping the arrows it is sufficient to bring it near the fire.

The active qualities of this poison are of short duration. After a year or eighteen months, instead of remaining black and unctuous, it becomes grayish and brittle, and is covered with a kind of mould, when it is only fit to be thrown away. The natives are able to tell at a glance, within a fortnight or so, how long ago a pot of the poison was prepared, and even to name the tribe who had manufactured it. It is prepared in the forest because the necessary combustibles abound there, and the labour of carrying them home from a distance is thus avoided.

At Santa Maria, as at San José, I had the opportunity of admiring at my leisure the beauty of the native forms—both men and women. The fashion of cutting the hair quite close was prevalent amongst them. Some of the younger fashionables—stars that had but just risen—had the head so closely cut that the cranium, stained ashen blue, resembled the flower of the violet plum or the freshly-shaven chin of a native of the south of France. With their head thus adorned and their face daubed red, these damsels wore, for their only clothing, a cravat made of the folioles of the *miriti*, the

[1] The words *tasehua*, ant, and *pira*, fire, from which by corruption is derived *tasua-pira*, do not belong to the idiom of the Yahuas, although in use among them, but to that of the Tupinambas or *lengoa geral* of Brazil.

ends of which hung down upon their bosom. The men and women, like the converts of San José, wore the fringed belt and bracelets made from palm-leaves, and like them also, daubed the body as well as the face with arnotto.

Whether it be that nature has gifted the Yahuas more liberally than the neighbouring tribes, or that the equatorian Jesuits who catechized their ancestors infused gentler sentiments which have been transmitted to their descendants, I know not, but I was at once surprised and charmed by the courteous manners of these barbarians. For the rest, everything contributed to prove their Quichua origin; and if they lived in the woods instead of dwelling in the plateaux of the Andes, it was only, they affirmed, because of the misfortunes (*malheurs*) their nation had experienced on the death of an Inca who formerly governed it. To my great vexation they could give me no information as to the nature of these misfortunes, nor tell me the name of the Inca under whose rule they had lived. They could only show me, in support of what they said, a few plantations of *Erythroxylum Coca*, which they cultivated under the name of *ipadu*, and of which that son of the Sun had taught them the use.

Certainly this was a fine opportunity for establishing the bonds of relationship between the Yahuas and the indigenes of the Sierra, and more than one traveller I know of would have seized upon it eagerly. If I failed to do so, it was because more weighty considerations prevented me. In the first place, the Jesuits might have found the coca among the Yahuas in its wild state—I had often found it elsewhere—and have instructed these indigenes to cultivate it, to harvest it, and, finally, to make use of it in the form of chicha. Then again, that Inca of whom the Yahuas spoke without being able to identify him, might have been only the hero of an Odyssey, with the recital of which the Spanish missionaries had beguiled the long evenings of their converts, and which the latter had repeated to their unconverted brethren. The doubt I felt seemed to me the more reasonable when I reflected that the characteristic traits, the physique, the manners and customs of the Yahuas present no analogy whatever with those of the natives of the Sierra. As to their idiom, the few words that I was able to collect, and which I insert in this place, will enable the reader to judge for himself how far it resembles that of the Quichuas.

YAHUA VOCABULARY.

God	Tupana.	heat	huanequi.
devil	bayenté.	earth	muka.
heaven	arichu.	stone	ahuichun.
sun	hini.	sand	quincha.
moon	arimaney.	river	nahua.
star	narchi.	forest	toha.
day	ñiana.	tree	hamunino.
night	nipora.	wood	hingunsen.
morning	tanaramasé.	man	huano.
yesterday	tatander.	woman	huaturuna.
to-day	nibia.	child	huina.
water	aah.	old man	rimitio.
fire	jigney.	old woman	rimitona.
rain	humbra.	young	medra.
cold	sanora.	dead (or death)	sanitima.

house	roré.
canoe	muiñun.
oar	satian.
basket	hithou.
girdle	pichanaï.
bow	cano.
blowing-tube	runasé.
lance	rouhuëa.
poison	ramua.
fish	quihua.
manioc (cassava)	chuchia.
banana	sambuë.
cotton	richun.
palm	cojohno.
flower	ramoëh.
wax	mapa.
peccary	hagun.
tiger	nimbou
cayman	noroto.
bird	huicha.
butterfly	euyuta.
fly	nashi.
mosquito	ninoh.
white	papasé.
black	mihanecaï.

red	tuineh.
green, blue	ancachi.
thief	saperanu.
to steal	saperanuma.
to open	yamutatara.
to attach	ñampichina.
to roast	agatara.
to run	yansuima.
to arrive	sitamana.
to go out	saïmana.
to sleep	rimaheni.
to awake	seynasema.
to eat	ejemi.
one	tckini.
two	nanojuï.
three	munua.
four	naïrojuiño.
five	tenaja.
six	teki-natea.
seven	nanojuï-natea.
eight	munua-natea.
nine	naïrojuiño-natea.
ten	huijejuiño.

I tried to obtain from the Yahuas some information concerning their religious belief, but all I could gather from them left me in strange perplexity. Evidently they had made of their system of theogony and of the Catholicism of the missionaries a deplorable amalgam. They called the Virgin Mary *Amamaria*, recognizing her as the fecund mother of the stars and the twin-sister of Jesus Christ, whom they called *Imaycama*. According to their notion Satan was only the very humble servant of the spirit of evil Bayenté. I abandoned the idea of finding any ray of light in this darkness.

The number of their tribe, adding to the thirty-nine individuals of both sexes established at Santa Maria some Yahua families who lived on the shores of the Black River and its tributaries, appeared to be about a hundred souls.

In exchange for the knives which the missionary had given them, I obtained one of the costumes used in the dance of the Bayenté, and which had only been worn once; a few flageolets, several girdles made of bark, and some neck ornaments. As for the magnificent *torses* of the indigenes, which I would gladly have seen adorning one of our European museums, I could not at any price effect a purchase, and in place of the originals, brought away with me nothing but copies.

There was nothing now to detain us at Santa Maria, and the five days which we had intended to devote to this visit had scarcely expired when my reverend friend gave the signal for departure. As the canoe landed us on the right bank of the Rio de los Yahuas, I suddenly felt a desire to descend that stream to its confluence with the Içа or Putumayo, and to return to Pevas by the Amazon. Father Rosas, to whom I imparted my project, took me by the shoulders with one hand, and with the other pointed to the forest we had previously traversed. I followed the indication unwillingly;

but, in fact, the enterprise I proposed would have cost twenty days' toil. After travelling thirty miles with the current of the Rio de los Yahuas, we should have floated into the river Içá; seventy-five miles more in the descent of that stream would have brought us to the Amazon, and a hundred and fifty miles rowing against the current of the mighty river would have landed us at Pevas. A short and delightful excursion, surely. It would have been, besides, an episode the more in my travels, and a doubt the less weighty upon my mind. But this happiness was denied me.

VILLAGE OF COCHIQUINAS, ON THE RIGHT BANK OF THE AMAZON.

On returning to San José, I occupied myself with my journal while the converts were finishing the various articles that I had commissioned them to make. When all was ready I took leave of the missionary, who, regarding me as an *enfant terrible*, and feeling shocked at the idea of leaving me to travel alone, resolved to accompany me as far as Pevas, where besides some business called him. The next day but one, however, we definitively parted. With one foot on the shore, the other on the edge of my canoe, the worthy missionary folded me in his arms, and wished me *Bon voyage*, "down both rivers, that of the Amazon and that of life," with what was meant for a rallying smile, in which, however, there was real sadness. May his faith in the realization of his twofold wish never fail; it is not I who will undeceive him!

The mission of Pevas comprises in its jurisdiction four villages situated on the right

The expression of their physiognomy, which I studied, was mild (*débonnaire*) and grotesque, calculated to provoke laughter rather than inspire terror. I sought in vain for that stamp of ferocity and sullenness which characterizes, we are told, all the tribes who eat human flesh. If these Mayorunas eat their fellow-creatures, it can

TYPE OF A MARAHUA INDIAN.

only be in spite of their feelings, with all sorts of ceremonies and tricks of delicacy, as a fine lady might suck the wing of a fowl.

The object of their visit was to borrow an axe of the Marahuas, for the purpose of clearing a bit of the forest, where, by-and-by, it was their intention to plant some bananas and yucca. They scarcely stayed half an hour, but I profited so well by the opportunity that when they left I possessed a copy of their physiognomy, and of that of their friends and allies of Mahucayaté.

Cut on the same pattern as the Mayorunas, to whose nation they belonged, the Marahuas, nevertheless, differed from them in the style of their toilette. It is an old custom among the red-skins when they separate from the mother nation to adopt a costume and style of ornamentation of their own. Thus the Marahuas, instead of

shaving the head and marking the face with black hieroglyphics, pieces of silver, and feathers of the ara, were content to let their hair float loose, and garnish the sides of their mouth—bored full of holes for the purpose like a cook's slice—with needles of the palm six inches long. Admiring the strength, audacity, and artfulness of the tiger, their fixed idea is to resemble him in physique as well as in *moral*. Hence

TYPE OF A MAYORUNA INDIAN.

they fix the palm-needles round their mouths in imitation of the movable moustaches with which nature has endowed the feline.

Notwithstanding that the baptism they have received, and their character of Christians, impose upon them the obligation of being decently clothed, they prefer to go quite naked, as in the palmy days of their history. When scrupulous persons ask them the reason of this disgraceful preference, they coolly reply that the shirt used in the missions cramps the movement of their arms and the pantaloons chafe them.

The Marahua tribe, of which the inhabitants of Mahucayaté are only a small fraction, is distributed along the small tributary streams of the interior, on the banks of the Javary, and even on those of the Jurua. To judge by the extent of country they occupy it would be supposed they were numerous, yet they only number three

contained no more than eight finished houses; the others, not having got beyond the first rough sketch, presented nothing to the disappointed beholder but their rudimentary posts.

The spiritual head of Caballo-Cocha was a man of about thirty years of age, with a white skin, brown hair, and the make of a carabineer. He habitually tucked up the sleeves of his gown as far as his elbows, whilst the tail of the garment was tucked

VILLAGE OF PÉRUHUATÉ, ON THE RIGHT BANK OF THE AMAZON.

into his belt. The moment our égaritéa reached the shore he appeared on the bank, and began to question my men in a style that I thought the reverse of civil. As I slipped out of the pamacari to put an end to this cross-examination, the monk perceiving me, changed a little the tone of his voice, and, with a slight salute, offered me the hospitality of his roof. I accepted his offer and followed him into his dwelling, with a full understanding that my visit was far from enrapturing him. Perhaps I had interrupted his prayers, or interfered with his arrangements for the evening.

In the course of the supper to which he invited me I entertained him with an account of my stay at Pevas, and of my journey to Santa Maria with his superior, Father Manuel Rosas. These matters, which I thought would possess some interest for him, plunged him into an icy reserve. My efforts being thus repulsed I affected an appearance of fatigue, and retired to the room which had been accorded me.

Next morning, at daybreak, I sallied forth to examine the banks of the Caballo-Cocha. Amongst the beautiful vegetation I found two varieties of croton, a *Carolinea* with sulphur-yellow flowers, and that species of cinnamon-laurel which, on account of the citron-like scent of the leaves and the cinnamon odour of the bark, has obtained in Brazil the name of *canelon.* At this early hour the living creatures which inhabited the waters of the lake crowded to the surface to salute the dawn of light; the young fry leaped joyfully. The *surubis* opened their valve-like mouths, the *maïus* exhibited their glistening rose-coloured scales, the dolphins threw water up from their snouts, the lamantins snorted loudly, and the caymans, hidden in the moist vegetation, yawned amorously at the sun, or snapped together their formidable jaws in honour of that luminary.

After sounding the lake and finding that its black waters had a depth of three fathoms, with a bottom, here of clean sand and there of mud, I returned to the mission to take leave of my host. I found him at the door of his house. The reflection which comes with night had favourably influenced the humour of this individual. He almost smiled whilst announcing that breakfast would soon be ready. I thanked him for this forethought, but announced my immediate departure.

"You will not leave without breakfast!" exclaimed he.

"I shall leave without breakfast," I answered.

The astonishment which this announcement caused him was more than a sufficient revenge for the petty annoyance he had caused me, so I added, in order to lessen the shock which my determination seemed to give:

"I have to make my way along the river, and shall not breakfast before reaching Loreto."

On fetching my mosquito-curtain from the room in which I had slept I found two little Ticuna girls in the posture of suppliants. An unhappy shout of laughter which they had been unable to repress during prayers had drawn upon them the punishment of kneeling and gazing, for twelve hours, at the corner of the wall. At the time I entered, the bigger of the two, wearied with counting the bits of straw in the plaster-wall, had closed her eyes, and, squatting down on her heels, slept peacefully. I obtained a pardon for these little girls, who flew from the room with a cry of joy like birds set at liberty.

At the mouth of the channel which connects the lake of Caballo-Cocha with the Amazon my boatmen crossed the river diagonally, in order to reach the village of Loreto, about twelve miles distant. We arrived there about eleven o'clock.

Loreto is the last Peruvian possession which the traveller finds in the eastern part of the river. It has existed thirty-three years. The land on which it is situated, half-ochre half-clay, presents a series of little rounded, juxtaposed elevations, lying in a direction from the south-east to the north-west, and resembling the swellings which are thrown up by active volcanoes. On these little hills, intersected by ravines, are situated sixteen thatched huts, sufficiently detached to prevent the inhabitants from conversing together, even at the top of their voices.

This mournful place, Peruvian by right but Brazilian in point of fact, is inhabited

by Portuguese merchants, who are occupied with a very restricted trade in [illegible] cotton goods, and salt-fish. If there is little to divert the residents there, at all events mosquitoes are very common, and the chique or *pulex penetrans* abounds; whilst the first feed on your blood, the second, like troglodytes, excavate little caverns and holes beneath the toes, where they increase and multiply, perfectly indifferent to the violent itching which you suffer from their filthy presence.

The Loreto factory, in which I lived some days, would not have furnished me much information concerning the original Loreto mission, except for the excursion I made in the company of a very young Portuguese with whom I temporarily shared the dwelling.

PENANCE IMPOSED ON TWO YOUNG GIRLS.

The égaritéa which had brought me to Loreto had left for Nauta, and it was in a sort of canoe that we ascended the river as far as the Quebrada of Atacoari, where my young man had some business to transact. It was in the interior of this gorge, whence flows a river of black water, that in 1710 the Equatorian Jesuits had founded, under the patronage of Nuestra Señora de Loreto, the first mission of this name, of which there no longer remain any traces. The grandchildren of the converts, Indians of the Ticuna race, now dwell in a state of nature on both banks of the Atacoari.

The narrow and winding entrance to the quebrada is invaded by the Amazon, whose white waters extend to the distance of a mile and a half inland. Pendant branches and vines, stretching across from one bank to the other, give the outline on the blue sky of those festoons and streamers of which the author of *Lutrin* speaks. At the time we ascended, the river, which had been overflowing since the evening, had already covered the banks and their bushes. Little trees, of which the trunks had disappeared, still displayed their leafy tops, and seemed to protest against the inundation.

After a zigzag progress for an hour amid the submerged vegetation, of which our

The colour of these natives recalled that of old mahogany. A thick rough mane of hair covered their shoulders. The man was decorated on each cheek with tattoo-marks of a deep blue, produced with the juice of the *Pseudo-Añil indigofera*, the design of which somewhat resembled the Chinese letters on a tea-chest. He wore round his neck a necklace made of three or four rows of monkeys' teeth mounted on an osier framework; a brassart of woven cotton, ornamented with a bunch of yellow feathers and surmounted with a crest composed of the long feathers of the ara, was fastened just below the shoulder of each arm; bracelets of a similar material, but without the *pompon* or crest, encircled his legs above the ankles; and a peculiar girdle round his loins completed his attire. In his hand he carried a lance of palm-wood, with a notched point. The woman had neither the hieroglyphic marks on her face nor

CANOE OF THE TICUNA INDIANS ON THE RIVER ATACOARI.

the crested bracelets on her arm. She wore a necklace of red glass beads, acquired in one of her husband's transactions with the Brazilians. A band of woven cotton adorned the lower part of her legs, and a belt of the same material, none too wide, encircled her loins.

This little group, dimly seen in the faint light of the quebrada, and standing out in relief against the rich back-ground of vegetation, through which the blue sky was here and there visible, presented a charming subject for a sketch, of which I proceeded to take advantage. Having stopped the canoe, my companion amused the two Ticunas while I set to work to paint them. Puzzled by my occupation as much as by the intentness with which I regarded them, the couple exchanged some observations in an idiom with which I was unacquainted, and in the utterance of which they appeared to use their throat rather than their tongue. The gutturals of Hebrew, the double consonants of the Quichua tongue, the G, the Jotas and the X of the Castilian, are sounds of the softest melody compared with the vocal gurgling of these Ticunas,

whose words I afterwards tried to express in musical notation, despairing ever to write them in syllables.

Like most of the river-tribes, these Ticunas understood the Tupi dialect, and spoke

TYPICAL PORTRAIT OF A TICUNA INDIAN.

it a little. Our men learned, from their inquiries as to our unexpected meeting at such an hour, that the natives had visited their plantation in order to gather the banana and yucca which they were then taking home. This store, providing sustenance for a week, assured them of passing the whole of this time in idleness, swinging in a ham-

mock. On parting we gave the man some fish-hooks and the woman a pair of scissors which had been notched by long use. This liberality procured from the pair a torrent of thanks from the depths of their throats, besides a present of part of the bananas they had gathered.

We stopped successively at several Ticuna huts, where, without other payment than a trifle gracefully presented to the proprietors, we ate, drank, slept, and collected musical pipes, drums, necklaces, bracelets, coronets, pompons, crests, and other baubles representing the wealth of the country, of which a Parisian bourgeois would have envied us the possession to decorate the walls of his villa at Asnières or Pantin.

The information we obtained on our journey concerning the manners and customs of the Ticunas is limited to the subjoined details. If we do not preface them with any notice of the antecedents of these natives, it is because the thread which connects their present with their past is too slight to sustain a dissertation.

The Ticuna nation, mention of whom occurs as far back as the seventeenth century, occupied, at the time when Pedro Teixeira ascended the river, the space on the left bank comprised between the rivers Ambiacu and Atacoari. On the north its territory was bounded by the Pehua and Yahua Indians; on the east by the Yuris of the river Içа; and on the west by the Orejones of the river Napo. These territorial limits remain still the same, only the numerical strength of the Ticunas is no longer commensurate with the extent of country they formerly occupied. Subjugated, re-subjugated, and catechised in turn by the Portuguese Carmelites and the Spanish Jesuits, who based on the pretensions of their government a claim to the legitimate control of the Ticunas and disputed for possession by force of arms, these natives, already much enfeebled by the contrary influence of the two forces acting upon them during half a century, were repeatedly decimated by the small-pox, that cholera-morbus of the red-skins, which completed the work of the *de Propaganda Fide.* All that now remains of the Ticuna nation forms a population of about one hundred and fifty individuals, all of whom live on the borders of the Atacoari and its two tributaries.[1]

A very odd custom of the Ticunas is the manner in which they receive individuals of another nation than their own. Hardly has such a visitor appeared on the threshold of their hut, than all the Ticunas who may be present seize their lances and present the point at the individual, under pretence of opposing his entrance. The visitor, who is aware that this is only etiquette, thrusts aside with his hand the weapons directed against him, enters the hut and seats himself on the nearest hammock. The majority of the Ticuna huts are provided, like the Brazilian drawing-rooms in the province of Para, with three or four hammocks slung opposite one another. When each hammock is made to swing by its occupant, either to chase the mosquitoes or to cool the air, and all swing together, passing, repassing, and apparently dodging, without ever coming into collision with each other, one might imagine oneself in a lace manufactory with the interminable motion of the bobbins before one's eyes.

The master of the hut then addresses the stranger, and in the hollow ventriloquial

[1] We speak of the Ticunas who are living wild, and not of those individuals of the same nation who have settled during the last twenty-five years in several of the villages on the Amazon.

tones peculiar to the Ticunas, asks, "Who are you?—Where do you come from?—Are you friend or foe?—What brings you here?" The stranger satisfies these inquiries one after the other; or, more frequently, his visit having only a commercial aim, is content to answer by exhibiting the articles he brings, and which he desires to exchange for the products of Ticuna industry. The arms are then cast aside in order to discuss the value of the goods offered and those wanted; it will be readily understood that the discussion is intermingled with numerous requisitions on the caïsuma. The articles of Ticuna industry consist of yucca-flour, blowing-pipes, hammocks, hunting-poison, and coarse cotton goods.

Some young girls with short-cut hair whom we had noticed among the Ticunas led us for a moment to believe that they shared the custom of cropping with the Yahuas; but the information we obtained on this subject disabused us of the notion. The cropped pate of these young girls was only the visible sign of their having attained the age of puberty, and was the complement of the mysterious practice which the tribes of the Plain of Sacramento, and notably the Conibos, call *Schébianabiqui*. The Ticunas name it *Ihiéboah*, an expression which is less humorous than the other, and which may be translated "young girl," from *ihié*, woman, and *boah*, child.

After translating the word, it remains to describe the custom itself.

When the matrons find that a female child has attained puberty, they take possession of the young girl, conduct her in a procession to a hut built in a lonely place for the purpose, shut her up in it after providing some food and a vessel of water, and then leave her for forty-eight hours, the victim of *ennui* or her reflections. At the expiration of this time the matrons come to deliver their prisoner; but before giving her complete liberty, they rub her head with the milky juice of a *ficus*, which instantaneously coagulates, and forms, under the rotatory motion of the palms of their hands, a multitude of little balls, within which is entangled the hair of the young girl. These little balls, which the matrons snatch away one by one for amusement, tear away the hair with them, and make the patient scream with pain; two musicians, with their backs to the entrance of the hut, play an accompaniment to this proceeding on the flageolet and tambourine.

When the head of the victim has been thus completely stripped, the women cover it with a hood of yellow feathers, the shape of which reminds one of a species of toadstool (*Boletus*); in the centre of this is fixed a plume of feathers from the tail of the ara. Thus accoutred, the young girl, frightened and crying, is first led round the village, and then conducted in succession to the river-side and the forest, continually followed by the matrons, who whip her roughly with green boughs in order to harden her against the trouble to come.

After several hours of wandering in this manner, and an indefinite number of draughts of caïsuma which the young girl is forced to drink, they introduce her into a hut where a new hammock has been slung for the purpose. Utterly broken down with fatigue, drunkenness, and the switchings so unsparingly administered, she tumbles into the swinging net and immediately falls into a profound sleep. In the meantime, the assembled nation celebrates, with games and a remarkable consumption

of fermented liquor, the *Ihiĉboah* fête. On this occasion dancers, with their heads muffled in bags representing human figures, execute a series of figures more or less successful as an attempt at chorographic art.

On awaking in the morning the young girl finds the floor of the hut strewn with ashes. Without this precaution on the part of those who have shorn and beaten her, *Mhohoh* (the devil), at the moment the soles of the girl's feet touched the ground, would not fail to possess himself of her through the new path provided by nature. This formality concludes the ceremony, and, after the customary ablutions, the girl, again free, awaits without impatience the time when, her hair having grown, she is handed over to a husband. As Ticuna girls are marriageable about their tenth year, and two or three years of delay are necessary that their hair may attain a certain length, it would appear that at twelve or thirteen years of age they may be brought under the yoke of Hymen, a classic phrase very applicable to their lot.

The male children, like those of the Jews, are circumcised a few days after birth. Female children are subjected about their fifth year, and under pretence of circumcision, to a species of mutilation the object of which is unknown to us, but which, if it had been practised in the Isle of Lesbos, in the time of Sappho, Erinna, Telesilla, Myrtis, and Anyta—other and better names I pass by—would have rendered impossible a certain dialogue of Lucian, and deprived Juvenal of the malignant pleasure of writing his satire, *Lesbides infamem*, &c.

At the period when the Ticunas formed a nation under the command of chiefs, instead of being, as now, merely scattered, self-dependent families, they worshipped a god-creator, under the name of *Tupana;*[1] gave thanks to, although abominating, a spirit of evil called *Mhohoh;* and believed that the soul, after the death of the individual, would pass, according to the works during life, either into the body of an intelligent being or into that of an unclean animal. According to their ideas heaven was divided into two spheres, the one superior the other inferior, separated by a transparent vault; in the first the creative spirit Tupana was intrenched; the stars which we see from below are the rays of light from his face, weakened by passing through the intermediate vault and the inferior sphere. Their astronomers admitted the revolution of the earth around the sun, and recognized in this luminary the brother and spouse of the moon. According to them the rivers were the arteries of the terraqueous globe; the streams the veins; and their respective currents were due to the gravitation or simple motion of the planet around the pivotal star or sun.

From their systems of theogony and cosmogony the Ticunas have only preserved a profound indifference for Tupana and a dreadful terror of Mhohoh, who from the rank of a spirit of evil, which he long held among them, has now descended to the vulgar condition represented by the attribute of an evil-eye. All the ardour and intelligence of these savages appears to be turned towards a free traffic in articles of toy-ware, gimcracks, and playthings of all kinds, and cotton handkerchiefs of staring colours.

[1] We may remark, in passing, that in the Yahua and Ticuna idioms, as in those of Omagua and Tupinamba, of which we give specimens farther on, the spirit of good is always termed Tupana, whilst the name of the spirit of evil is different in each idiom.

All that I have been able to *note*, rather than write, respecting their idiom—thick, guttural, and almost inexpressible as it is by the European glottis—is given in the subjoined table.

TICUNA IDIOM.

God	Tupana.
devil	mhohoh.
heaven	nahné.
sun	ehajeh.
moon	tahuemajeh.
star	ehtta.
day	hunehi.
night	suitan.
morning	pamah.
yesterday	ineh.
to-day	heinhua.
water	dechieh.
fire	ejheh.
rain	poké.
cold	deyoun.
heat	ayaqué.
earth	huahin.
stone	sheké.
sand	nanekeb.
river	natejh.
forest	naïnejé.
tree	naïné.
wood	naï.
man	iyaté.
woman	ihié.
child	boah.
old man	yuaga.
old woman	yaqué.
young	yaté.
dead (or death)	tayouh.
house	ih.
canoe	oùheh.
oar	cuemuih.
basket	pechi.
girdle	maïchincharé.
bow	huerah.
blowing-tube	nihieh.
lance	nané.
poison	goré.
fish	sshoni.
manioc (cassava)	ttcha.
banana	ppohhi.
cotton	tech.
palm	houmieh.
flour	nachacou.
wax	eïsah.
peccary	ñounhoun.
tiger	haï.
cayman	ccoya.
bird	hueri.
butterfly	dlori.
fly	cauhta.
mosquito	ah.
white	ccori.
black	huahué.
red	dahouh.
green	deheh.
blue	yauh.
thief	mhuinta.
to steal	namcuhuita.
to open	ddea.
to attach	queyauay.
to roast	nahnaï.
to run	iñah.
to arrive	hintahua.
to go out	reïnhouhou.
to sleep	peh.
to awake	bayanshi.
to eat	toïbueh.
one	hueih.
two	tarepueh.
three	tomepueh.
four	aguemoujih.
five	hueamepueh.
six	naïmehueapueh.
seven	naïmehueatareh.
eight	naïmehueatameapueh.
nine	gomeapueh.
ten	gomeh.

During our journey up the Atacoari, we were witnesses, though not of the tragedy itself, which took place at some distance, at least of the results of a tragedy in which an ethnologist of the old school would have seen an incontestable proof of the existence of the warlike women of the river Nhamondaz, concerning whom travellers and savants have written much, from Orellana who first saw them in action and dubbed them ***Amazons***, down to La Condamine, who, it is true, did not obtain personal experience of them, but who, on the authority of a sergeant-major of the Brazilian force, who, in his turn, obtained his knowledge of such matters from a deceased grandfather, thought

if they still had the faculty, as in the days of La Fontaine, of expressing their ideas in words. In consequence of the incessant struggle which they are obliged to maintain against the mosquitoes, these birds have contracted habits which they would never have possessed were they free. When their roosting time comes they try to bury themselves in the ground, they roll themselves up, or flatten themselves out in such a manner as to cover up all the accessible parts of their bodies. But the mosquito, who roves around them like the roaring lion of Scriptures, ultimately finds a joint in their armour, makes his attack, and summonses his comrades to the feast. In the middle of the night a fluttering of wings, a stifled twittering, an inarticulate lamentation, disclose the misery of the poor bird transpierced by a thousand cleverly directed arrows.

In the forests the wild animals make use of strange methods to rid themselves of these vampires. The jaguar, rolled up in the brushwood, hides his nose and his eyelids between his huge paws; the peccary digs a hole, squats in it, and covers itself with dry leaves; the tapir, wallowing in the mud, leaves only the tip of his nose exposed for the purpose of breathing. As to man, he is able, as we know, to guarantee himself against the plague by inclosing himself in a net of stuff, where he pants in a temperature of 110° Fahrenheit.

One morning, seated in a *montaria*, a species of local *youyou*, manned by a pilot and two rowers, who were to conduct me to Barro do Rio Negro, I quitted Loreto with a sense of satisfaction which my host would have taken for ingratitude had he suspected its existence; three hours after our departure from the odious village, I left Peru for ever behind me, and entered Brazilian territory; to the old empire of Manco-Capac succeeded the young empire of Pedro II.

Our passage from one kingdom into the other was signalized by the occurrence of a violent storm. I should not have thought much of it at sea, as I had been quite broken in to high winds and sudden squalls; but a fresh-water tempest possessed a character of originality which mightily pleased me. With my pencil in hand I endeavoured to sketch several phases, for it would have been beyond my skill to have painted it in colours.

The heat had been increasing since ten in the morning. The material with which our montaria had been coated ran down its sides like treacle from a cask. About two o'clock the sky acquired a sulphureous tint, which changed to a greenish gray, and ultimately to a brownish violet with long streaks of livid yellow. From minute to minute gusts of wind made openings in this threatening sky, through which the sun darted his red rays on to the left bank of the river, whose wall of verdure seemed immediately to break out in flames. The right bank appeared as in relief in a reddish twilight. Right before us, in the east, the water-line becoming confounded with the sky-line, seemed to extend the lines of the perspective into a shadowy infinity. At sunset, the water, perfectly calm, had the aspect of a sheet of congealing lead, on which the various currents, now invisible, now breaking forth clear as a stream of silver, crossed each other, intermingled and interlaced like the tangled threads of a skein of silk.

Two large rainbows stretched from north to south in all the glory of their prismatic colours. The still water of the river, which reflected them with beautiful distinctness,

caused an appearance as of two rings of Saturn, magnificently iridescent, in the centre of which our boat, like a microscopic insect, stole along, the beat of the oars resembling tiny feet. The infernal circles or the stellar zones of Dante and Milton dwindle down to the most meagre proportions as a poetic conception compared with the magnificence with which nature clothed herself at this moment.

The gathering clouds soon effaced these magnificent arcs, while the wind and the

DISAPPEARANCE OF THE ISLAND OF JAHUMA.

water set up à hollow rumble. Suddenly a gust of wind of mysterious origin, the precursor of the tempest, swept over the water, preceded by a huge wave. This gust of wind carried before it a swarm of aras (macaws), perroquets, caciques, and curassows which it had swept from the summit of the trees on which they had taken shelter. These birds, like so many dry leaves, disappeared almost as soon as they became visible; but notwithstanding the rapidity with which they passed from sight, a ray of sunlight which burst out between the clouds, lit up their splendid plumage, so that the mingled brilliancy of rose, blue, red, green and silver, moire and velvet, sulphur and ebony, dazzled our eyes.

When the storm burst forth our canoe was sheltered in a creek of the island of La Ronde. Guaranteed against the rain by our palm-tree roof, we watched with the tranquillity of mere spectators the ebb and flow of the tempest, ending in the disappearance

of the island Jahuma, which was about a league in circumference, and clothed with capirunas and cedrelas of a century's growth. The surge rushed over the island, breaking down its banks and ultimately cutting great openings through it. We saw great masses of earth crumble and sink, whilst the lianes and the Sarmentaceæ with which they were interwoven cracked like threads. The mature trees seemed as if they would resist the storm; but after a short struggle, which unearthed and exposed their roots, they fell, and were swept away by the current. This work of destruction by the surf was accomplished in less than half an hour, after which nothing remained of the unfortunate island of Jahuma beyond the asterisk in red ink with which we marked its one-time position in our map. The wind and rain, which did not cease before sunset, prevented us from continuing our journey. Compelled to bivouac on the island of La Ronde, we lit an enormous fire, supped with good appetite, laid down and slept.

To the hospitable island which gave us shelter are attached some souvenirs of diplomacy and war upon which we must be permitted to animadvert for the benefit of future races. This island, called in the Tupi language *Yahuaraté-isla*—Island of the Tiger—was, in the eighteenth century, the scene of a conference between the deputies of Portugal and Spain, charged with fixing the limits of Brazil and Peru, concerning which the two kingdoms could not come to an agreement. It is true their mutual pretensions were difficult to conciliate. Portugal wished to extend Brazil as far as the sources of the river Napo; Spain to extend Peru as far as the lake Ega. It was for the purpose of solving this geographical problem that the plenipotentiaries of the two states had met in congress on the island of La Ronde; but after discussion, argument, reply, and mutual assurance that the claims of their august masters were just and well founded, as they saw no end to their reasonings, the rights of each being without the bounds of prescription, and their syllogisms of equal force, they declared the meeting at an end, and parted without coming to a decision. The limits of Peru and Brazil remained a question of the day for nearly a century.[1]

The Equatorian Jesuits had not waited for the agitation between the two governments to explore the litigated country, and establish missions among its inhabitants. At this happy time—1695 to 1710—the rule of the Hispano-Peruvian missions was by no means paternal. The catechumens, whom they drove somewhat too fast, fed badly, and whipped often, died like flies. To make up for this deficit and maintain in its full complement the cadre of their Christian population, the reverend fathers in Jesus sent a vessel, on board of which were monks and soldiers, to *scour*—a violent though

[1] From 1638–1640 Portugal-Brazil had taken the initiative in this matter by fixing posts of demarkation on the limits it assigned to its domains. But Spanish Peru, under pretence of grievance at the topographical divisions of its neighbour, pulled these posts down and burned them for kitchen purposes. This game at planting posts on the one side, and pulling them down on the other, recurred several times. We may here remark, to account for the obstinacy of the Spaniards in this singular strife, that each political disturbance in Europe, declaration of war, arming, or treaty-making, resulted in America in the placing or displacing, as of the pieces at chess, of the posts of demarkation of Brazil, and to add somewhat to her territory in the north, south, and west.

The little space at command prevents us from going into the matter more fully; but the reader desirous of understanding it will find in the histories of Portuguese Brazil and Spanish Peru, and in the conditions of the European situation at the dates 1715, 1750, 1763, 1777, 1798, 1801, 1802, the causes of these successive displacements, as well as the exact extent of the territory conquered or regained.

justifiable term—the banks of the Amazon, and the missions founded by their fellow-Christians and rivals of Brazil. Whilst the monks made a clean sweep of the converts, the soldiers pillaged their now useless dwellings; a way of proceeding which was of course perfectly legitimate in a recently conquered country.

The campaign finished, the naval expedition returned chanting canticles, and the prisoners taken in the name of Christ were scattered in the depopulated villages. Sometimes they were conducted to the central missions on the Upper and Lower Huallaga, where they waited like merchandise at a depôt until the want of souls and arms was felt somewhere or other. The forcible naturalization in Peru of the Omaguas established in Brazilian possessions, but who had originally come from Popayan and New Granada by the river Japura, was the fruit of one of these raids.[1]

At last Brazil, wearied of these apostolical maraudings, which augmented by so much the consumption of the natives which it reared for its own use, determined to fortify Yahuaraté, and confide to it the defence of the country. A post was established there, and this diminutive Gibraltar had orders to cannonade any Peruvian vessel which might descend the river without answering to the challenge of the sentinels, and the imperative command: *avance à l'ordre.* From this time the fortified islet received from the Brazilians the name of *Ilha da Ronda*—island of the Ronde or Patrol—which it has since retained. The Peruvians, readily taking the letter for the spirit, call it the Round Island.

Full of faith in the tradition, I so expected on landing to find the island provided with some sort of citadel, and a commandant and soldiers, not forgetting the classical sentinel and sentry-box, that in spite of the storm which pursued us, of the wind and surf which jolted us, and of the rain which beat in our faces, I had prepared for the interview by passing a comb through my hair, arranging my shirt, and tightening my belt by one notch. But these toilet preparations were a pure loss. On landing on the Ile de la Ronde I only saw some gray herons and white egrets, which had come like us to seek shelter from the storm, and which like us left it on the morrow, after having dried their wings.

A pull of twenty minutes brought us to Tabatinga, the first Brazilian port met with on leaving Peru, situated on the left bank of the Amazon.

[1] We shall have an occasion of giving some details concerning these natives, whose manners, clothing, and handicraft exhibited an advanced state of civilization, apparently originating in the northern hemisphere.

SÃO PABLO D'OLIVENÇA, ON THE RIGHT BANK OF THE AMAZON.

TWELFTH STAGE.

TABATINGA TO SANTA MARIA DE BELEN DO PARA.

Description of a Brazilian post.—Concerning its origin and its orthography.—Silhouettes of a commandant and a commandant's wife.—An instance showing that if it is always right to tell the truth, it is not always pleasant to hear it.—Mouth of the river Javari.—The hamlet of Jurupari-Tapera.—The town of São Pablo d'Olivença.—Dissertation on the Omagua Indians.—Concerning the past history and the idiom of the Omaguas.—Mouth of the river Jandiatuba.—Something about the village of Matura and its various transformations.—Tailed Indians.—Mouth of the river Içа or Putumayo.—Tunantins.—An Indian nostalgist.—Mouth of the river Jutahy.—Fonteboa.—A return voyage on the river Jurua.—A nest of deserters.—Alvaraës-Cayçara.—Description of the town and lake of Ega-Teffé.—The curate of Nogueira.—The narrator undertakes to unravel a hydrographic tangle produced by La Condamine, and succeeds in his task.—The Ahuaty-Parana.—The river Japura and its indigenes.—Umaüas-Mesayas and Miranhas.—Vendetta of anthropophagists.—Recipe for fattening a man before eating him as a *court-bouillon*.—Hunting with the Miranhas Indians.—System of canals and lakes of the river Japura.—Nations that have disappeared or that are on the eve of disappearing.—The Mura Indians and their customs.—Effect of the moon on the lake Juteca.—The hamlet of Tahua-Miri and its floating houses.—The lake and town of Coary.—The author amuses himself by obliterating one by one from the river of the Purus the various mouths which geographers have ascribed to it during two centuries.—*Coup d'œil* of the tributaries of that river.—La Barra do Rio Negro.—The past history and present state of the city of Manao.—Sundry details.—History of an obelisk.—Anthropological situation, and but little encouraging commercial prospects of the Upper and Lower Amazon.—The sloop *Santa Martha*.—São José de Maturi.—Mouth of the river Cayari, called by the Portuguese and their descend-

ants in Brazil the Madeira.—Tupinamba Indians; remarks on their past history and their idiom.—Serpa.—Silves.—Villa Nova da Rainha.—The river Nhamundaz and its amazons.—Proofs that these warlike women have never existed save in the imagination of Francisco Orellana.—Faro.—The author, not knowing what else to say, talks about himself.—Zoological details.—A marriage of a Jaguar and Tamandu.—Obidos-Pauxis.—Concerning the action of the tides.—Mouth of the river Tapajoz.—Santarem.—Outeiro o Praynha.—Savage diatribe of the author against the painters and designers of virgin forests.—Murder of an ai.—Legend of the poor old woman or the old poor woman.—Mouth of the river Xingu.—The Amazon and the canals.—Gurupa and its fortress.—The strait of Brèves.—A tempest which the traveller and the reader were far from expecting.—Civilization represented by a rosewood console.—Landscapes, tourneys, and carousals.—Tapuya Indians waiting the return of the tide.—The constantly famished condition of the indigenes who prepare the juice of the *Ficus elastica*, called by the Indians *cahechu*, by the Portuguese *seringa*, and by the French and English *caoutchouc*.—Across the bay of Limoeiro.—The river Tocantins.—The strait of Igarapé-Miri.—The Engenhos.—The town of Santa Ana do Igarapé-Miri.—Concerning the influence of dress upon mankind in general, and the Brazilian bourgeois in particular.—A priest and his slaves.—The sugar establishment of Juquiri.—Arrived at Para.—Panorama of the city of Santa Maria de Belen.—The author goes in search of a friend whom he has lost since the commencement of this book.—Unexpected thunder-clap.—Whatsoever thou doest, do it with deliberation.—*Vale.*

TABATINGA, or, properly speaking, Tahuatinga, is a fortified post which dates from 1766. Its existence is due to the Alferez (Lieutenant) Franciso Coelho, who at that period governed the village of *São José do Javari*, founded by the Portuguese Carmelites at the mouth of the river Javari, and populated by Ticuna Indians.

This village had been raised to the rank of a city by a decree of the Governor-general of Para, Fernando da Costa de Ataide Teive, and supplied with a respectable garrison, as it was designed to serve as a substitute for the Isle de la Ronde, which had been abandoned for some years.[1] Notwithstanding its warlike appearance, the place was useless as a check upon the filibusters, marauders, and contrabandists of Peru, who continued their raids into Brazilian territory. As at the time when the island of la Ronde was garrisoned, they could securely show their contempt for Brazil, and set its decrees and ordinances at nought, by simply hugging the left bank of the river, where the challenge of the sentinels could not be heard, nor their bullets reach them.

To checkmate these robbers and force them to a reckoning with the customs-officer or the judge, according to the actions of which they had been guilty, the Alferez Coelho determined to establish on the right bank of the river, at the spot called *la Tahuatinga*, the post now to be found there. Here, therefore, a sergeant and nine soldiers, detached from the garrison of São José, installed themselves, together with their baggage and the objects of their affections, represented by Ticuna women. The little colony increased and multiplied under the glorious rule of the Saint Francis Xavier of Tabatinga.

This military post, now a century old, is situated at an elevation of some thirty feet on a little hill which forms the termination of a vast naked plain. A rough staircase dug in the bank forms the means of approach from the river-side. Two thatched wooden houses, facing the west, and built at right angles to each other, formed the quarters of the commandant. The barracks, or quarters of the soldiers, was a long narrow building, distant about a gun-shot from these houses, and which, being opposite them, received the first rays of the rising sun.

At the edge of the eminence an erection having the appearance of a pepper-box, but which had formerly served as a sentry-box, and was now utilized as a dove-cot, with a flagstaff on which to mount the Brazilian colours, and, for defensive purposes,

[1] The island was abandoned on account of its disadvantageous situation, being of easy approach from the right bank of the river, while it was too remote from the left bank to have any command over it.

four small pieces of bronze ordnance covered with the fine green oxide of time—*ærugo nobilis*—gave to the somewhat bare scene a dash of the martial and warlike.

Behind the dwelling of the commandant, an abrupt descent led to a ravine, sheltered by clumps of figs, ricineæ, and miritis. This dried-up ravine is the pathway which leads to the village; for at Tabatinga is a village of a dozen cabins, where dwell the brown partners of the defenders of the post, together with several Ticuna couples. Mars and Venus are only separated by the breadth of the ditch.

On landing I approached the commandant's dwelling to pay my respects. I found him seated at the entrance to his house, clothed in a shirt and short drawers, with his feet encased in very old shoes. He was smoking a red pipe with a long stem. The early hour—the sun was just rising—excused his negligent costume.

Under the vigilant eyes of this functionary—a man of mature age, fat, brown-skinned, with bushy, curly, gray hair—five or six soldiers, naked to the waist, were squatted by a shallow tub, occupied in washing their dirty linen. This peaceful occupation carried me suddenly back to the happy and already distant time when I explored, as an amateur, the eastern slopes of the Andes. How many charming hours have I passed on the brink of unknown streams, washing my cast-off things like these Brazilian warriors, and like them making the soap lather beneath my agile fingers.

The commandant, who had thought it right to reciprocate the courtesy of my visit by an invitation to breakfast, soon left me in order to complete his toilet. I took advantage of the opportunity to sketch the post and its surroundings. Two hours had thus passed away, when a soldier came to announce that the meal was served. On entering my host's house I found him at table with his spouse. While remarking with a glance that the couple appeared to enjoy perfect health and rivalled each other in the matter of plumpness, I paid my homage to the lady and apologized for keeping them waiting. The breakfast consisted of fried turtle and broiled eggs; cakes of yucca, of the thickness of pancakes, served instead of bread.

By way of dessert, the commandant's lady offered us a glass of rum, took one herself, and having graciously chinked her glass against ours, emptied it at a draught, as if to set us an example. The immediate effect of this liquor, which the Brazilians call *cachassa*, is to unloose the tongue and dispose one to confidences. My hosts, who, so far, had been uncommunicative, suddenly opened their hearts to me. Both were still under the influence of a recent fright they had received, and not without reason. Eleven days before my arrival at Tabatinga, a plot hatched by the soldiers of the post, and which aimed at nothing less than the assassination of the worthy couple, had been discovered by chance. Three of the leaders, loaded with chains, had been sent to Barra do Rio Negro, where their trial would soon take place. As to their accomplices, after being severely admonished by the commandant and his lady, who reproached them with the perfidiousness of their conduct, they escaped with a week's imprisonment in a dungeon, under a diet of yucca-flour and water.

I felicitated my hosts on the palpable protection which Heaven had accorded them, and having prayed them to redouble their vigilance, I left them and once more embarked.

As I continued my journey, the account given by the commandant of Tabatinga of the danger he had run, reminded me of the fate of his predecessor, who was shot down at close quarters by his own soldiers. After perpetrating the crime, the murderers had fled in several directions, leaving to the urubu vultures the body of their victim. Some had fled to the quebrada of Atacoari; others had ascended the Amazon as far as its junction with the Huallaga; others again, the river Napo as far as Santa Rosa.

Truth compels me to remark that such acts, which might be attributed to the ferocious and insubordinate disposition of these soldiers—Tapuya Indians, enlisted forcibly by the state in the villages of the Amazon—are but the natural consequences of the treatment to which they are subject under the hands of the commandants of the frontier posts. Held by the latter as slaves, they are made use of accordingly. Some hunt and fish to supply their master's table; others search the woods for sarsaparilla, collect turtle and their eggs on the river-shores, or visit the lakes to prepare salted provisions in the shape of lamantin and pira-rocou, which the chief of the post sends to the neighbouring villages in some égaritea belonging to him.[1] It is scarcely necessary to state that the latter alone profits by the proceeds of the enterprise, the collective work of his subordinates.

Disgusted with the life they lead and the labour they have to undergo, these soldier slaves at length revolt. Some corporal punishment proves to be the last feather which breaks the camel's back. The more timid simply desert, the exasperated revenge themselves.

The emperor Pedro II., we know, has forbidden this disgraceful frontier traffic, but in spite of this the state of affairs has by no means changed. Brazil is so vast, and so many leagues divide Rio de Janeiro, the seat of the empire, from the fortified posts which extend from Tabatinga to the Oyapock, that it is no wonder the commandants of the latter persuade themselves that neither the eye of their master nor his decrees can reach them.

In two hours we reached the mouth of the river Javari, which flows into the Amazon on the right. The name Javari, which was written *Yahuari* in the seventeenth century, is derived from the number of Yahuari palms (*Metroxylon*) which sheltered its banks at that time. These palm-trees do not exist now, or at least they are very rare.

The width of this river, which we measured during a formidable flood which had covered its banks, was one thousand and ninety-eight feet, instead of twelve hundred as given by La Condamine. But we have already stated, and we repeat the statement here, that it is difficult to be exact in measurements of the Amazon and its tributaries. A slightly abnormal flood suffices to overthrow their banks and modify their course.

The shores of the Javari are low and sinuous. Its current is sluggish, and its waters have the opaline tint of those of the Napo. Fifty leagues inland it divides into two unequal branches. The larger is called *Javari-Huasu,* or Great Javari; the narrower,

[1] As a rule all the commandants of the frontier posts—the colonels, majors, and capitãos, in active service, the judges of peace, law, letters, and others established in towns and villages of the Amazon—either from necessity, leisure, or taste, we know not which, make a point of profiting more or less by commercial exports.

MOUTH OF THE RIVER JAVARI, A TRIBUTARY ON THE RIGHT OF THE AMAZON.

Javari-Miri, or Little Javari. For the course of these two branches the reader must study our maps.

The Javari-Huasu or Great Javari, whose west-south-west direction is indicated at its embouchure, has not a single island throughout its whole course. Its left bank is inhabited by the Mayoruna and Marahua Indians; its right bank by the Huaraycus and the Culinos.[1] These two nations live buried in the interior of the forests, and never show themselves on the banks of the Amazon.

It would be useless to seek on the right bank of the Javari for the site of the village of São José, founded in past times by the Portuguese Carmelites for the benefit of the Ticuna Indians, and which was converted into a town by the twenty-first governor-general of Para, Fernando da Costa de Ataide Teive. The pillar of demarkation, or *padrao*, forty feet high, of quadrangular shape and covered with inscriptions, where the monarchs of Portugal and Spain complimented each other reciprocally with the designations of most high, most glorious, most powerful, and most august, has also disappeared. It was erected by the Portuguese commissioners in 1781 on the right bank of the Amazon, eighteen hundred paces below the mouth of the Javari.

Having passed the mouth of the

[1] By corruption *Colinos*. A small tribe separated into many widely scattered families. The river-tribes, who never see them, have nearly forgotten their existence, and only speak of them from memory. At the time of the Portuguese conquest, the Colinos inhabited both banks of the I-garapé Comatia in the neighbourhood of São Pablo d'Olivença. Renowned for their swiftness in the chase, these natives hunted like bloodhounds, and it is said would take *pacas*, *agutis*, and other large rodentia alive.

Javari we resolutely struck a passage through the archipelagos of Calderon and Capiahy, in which we wandered for three hours without finding a way out. A narrow channel at length conducted us within sight of dry land, to which we pulled with eager anticipation.

In a deep cleft on the left bank of the river was situated, on the verge of the forest, against which it stood up in bright relief, a hamlet composed of a dozen little houses, so white, so clean, so correctly disposed, and so picturesquely inclosed in clumps of verdure and graceful palm-trees, that on first seeing the place I could not restrain an exclamation of surprise. A row of orange-trees in bloom constituted a kind of virgin's zone around this little model of a hamlet.

HAMLET OF JURUPARI-TAPERA, ON THE LEFT BANK OF THE AMAZON.

The name of *Jurupari-Tapera*—place or residence of the devil—borne by this spot, which is unknown even to Brazil, seemed to me out of all keeping with its fresh and graceful appearance. I do not know indeed whether the devil, called by the Tupinambas *Jurupari*, ever inhabited the place, but the word *Tapera*, which also belongs to the idiom of the inhabitants, is frequently repeated along the banks of the Amazon. Like the *Hic jacet* of our grave-stones, it indicates to passers-by the spots where the remains of man are deposited, and where once-flourishing villages lie buried.

The first hamlet of this name long existed on the west coast of the bay. It had been founded, as we have already stated, by the Cocama Indians, whom the ill-treatment by the Jesuits had led to desert the ancient Peruvian mission of Nauta. In course of time these Cocamas had disappeared, and their dwellings had crumbled to dust. The present hamlet had been in existence some twelve years when we visited it; the Cocamas and the Omagua half-breeds had built it, after the example of their ancestors, out of love for their skin and hatred of the whip, which, for the slightest fault, the functionary of Nauta—the predecessor to the curé we had visited—had adminstered to them at the close of mass, with their faces to the balustrade which separated the nave from the sanctuary. The brave fellows who gave me these details, not without much gnashing of the teeth as they recalled the sound thrashings they had so often received,

ingenuously added that they preferred to lose the relish of Catholicism rather than endure the contact of a strip of lamantin-skin with the fleshy parts of their body.

Although they lived in a state of nature, without either pastor or governor, allowing the days to fly heedlessly by, they appeared to me perfectly happy. Their dwellings, which I visited, overflowed with bananas, cocoa-nuts, wild fruits, yucca-roots, and salted fish.

My hosts served up a copious breakfast, of which my rowers also partook, and of which they carefully collected the remains, with forethought for their future needs. At

BUYING EGGS AT JURUPARI-TAPERA.

the moment of our departure, hearing some fowls cackle, I expressed my desire to obtain a few eggs. In exchange for three needles a woman brought me fourteen. Whilst I tested their freshness by holding them up to the light, a second housewife brought me eighteen, and then another came with twenty-four.[1] In another minute I was surrounded by matrons who cried to me in the Quichua idiom, which had been taught their grandfathers by the missionaries:[2] "*Iscayta*[3] *apamouy; runtuta coscayki:*" "Give me needles and I will give you eggs." This phrase, modulated in the contralto of the matrons, was accompanied by the soprano of young girls; I closed my ears and fled towards the boat; but the women ran too and soon overtook me. Fearing, as they laid hold of my clothes, that the threadbare material might give way, I hastened to

[1] The Indian tribes that we have met on the Plain of the Sacramento, like most of those who live at the base of the Eastern Andes and have only occasional contact with civilized places, raise poultry simply as pets and for pleasure, but neither eat their flesh nor their eggs, which they believe would bring on cutaneous diseases and epidemics.

[2] I have remarked in my notice of the village of Nauta, when speaking of the Cocamas, its inhabitants, that these Indians had formerly lived in the missions of the Upper and Lower Huallaga, where, since the commencement of the seventeenth century, the equatorian Jesuits had gathered them together.

[3] From the time of the Incas metallic needles were unknown to the population of the Sierra, who supplied their place with long thorns from the *Cactus quisco*. Hence, in the Quichua idiom, the name *iscay* (thorn) by which they still designate the sewing or darning needles imported from Europe.

open the box of needles and exchange some all round for the eggs which were offered me on all sides. When this business was concluded the deck of my montaria resembled an egg-stall in a market. There were enough eggs to supply omelets for a week.

The second day after our deparature from Jurupari-Tapera, we disembarked on the right bank of the river, at the foot of the hill on which is situated the large village of São Pablo d'Olivença. This hill, about two hundred feet high, is formed of three terraces, which are ascended by steps cut in the soil; and is crowned with a vast plateau, which, from the short yellow grass with which it is clothed, might be taken for the natural carpet of a Puna of the Andes. From this elevation the Amazon, like an immense yellow snake, with green islands for spots, presents a magnificent sight. By turning one's back to the river and looking to the west-south-west, we discover that a chain of undulations, more and more distinctly marked, connects the hill of São Pablo, at a distance of one hundred and twenty miles, with the terminal slopes of the Sierra of Cuntamana on the Ucayali. This cross-cut, so short and direct, leads the traveller to regret the nine hundred miles of river travelling he has just accomplished in order to pass from the country of the Sensis into that of the Omaguas.

Before its transformation into the town of Olivença, the capital of the Upper Amazon, São Pablo was nothing more than a humble mission which the Portuguese Carmelites had devoted to the Ticuna Indians. Its foundation dates as far back as 1692. At first, situated on the left bank of the Amazon, its site was shifted two or three times, until at length it was moved across the river and established on the right bank near the stream Comatia, where, under the combined protection of São Pedro and São Pablo, it remained for several years. Raised to the rank of a town by a decree of Joachim de Mello das Povoas, the first governor of the province of the Rio Negro, it joined to the name of São Pablo that of Olivença, and turned São Pedro into a suburb. What remained of the Ticuna nation, greatly diminished in numbers by the rule of the missionaries, the use of salt-fish, and the inroads of *bexigas* (small-pox), was relegated to the suburb, where some of their descendants still live.

To people the new town they made a descent on the Umaüa or Cambeba Indians, whose territory, after extending over two hundred leagues of the river, was at that time limited to the islands of Jahuma, Calderon, and Capiahy, where the remnant of this nation had taken refuge to escape the dissolving action of the Portuguese conquest.

Originally from the northern hemisphere, as their advanced civilization, manipulative arts and costume, evidently borrowed from the ancient Mexicans like that of the Incas, testify, the Umaüas, after dwelling probably for some centuries at the foot of the Andes of the Popayan and in New Granada, directed their course towards the sources of the Japura, where a tribe of their race exists to the present day under the name of Mesayas. From the river Japura, they had at a later date journeyed to the Amazon, called successively *Aguas, Em-Aguas, Om-Aguas,*[1] according to the countries they had traversed in their migration southwards, the Umaüas, when they established themselves in Brazil, either assumed, or received perhaps from the great nation of the Tupinambas, then mistress of a part of the Amazon, the name of *Iacanga-peüa* (flat-headed), in allusion to

[1] A tribe of the name of Omahas still dwell on the banks of the Missouri in North America.

their custom of flattening the head. From these two words of the Tupi idiom, the Portuguese somewhat later made, partly by elision, partly by corruption, the word *Cambehuas*, then *Cambebas*, by which they designated the Umaüa nation, whom the Quichuas of Peru call *Omahuas* and the Spaniards *Omaguas*.

About a quarter of a century had elapsed since the capture of the Umaüas established in the islands of Jahuma, Calderon, and Capiahy, and their transformation into citizens of São Pablo d'Olivença, when the Spanish Jesuits, who roamed continually in Brazilian territory, in order to gather recruits for their missions, made a descent on São Pablo and seized one-half the Umaüas who peopled that town; the other half fled to the woods, and did not reappear until after the departure of these apostolic filibusters. Having become subjects of the King of Spain, the Umaüas of São Pablo were collected in the mission of São Joaquim d'Omaguas, which Father Samuel Fritz, of the order of Jesus, founded for their occupation.[1]

One traveller alone, La Condamine, has spoken of this mission of San Joaquim, where he established a trading-station (*échelle*) on his return from Quito, and found the place very flourishing. At São Pablo, where this academician also stopped, he met neither Umaüas nor Cambebas, but only Omaguas, and he mentions the fact unsuspicious of possible error. The patronymic of these natives, and the surname of *flat-heads* which they had received from the Tupinambas and the Portuguese, had been lost by their contact with Spanish Peru.

The custom of flattening the head was long honoured by the population of São Pablo. The mother of the newly-born child, having first wadded with cotton its forehead, compressed it between two pieces of wood, and continued to augment the pressure thus applied until the child was able to walk alone. Still young and hardly able to talk, the child already possessed an oblong cranium resembling a bishop's mitre. This gradual flattening of the skull increased the arch of the eyebrows, and gave the eyes a remarkable prominence. As to the intelligence, if it prefers to dwell, as we are assured, in the lobes of the cerebellum, the unhappy essence, thus boxed up and compressed, could only exist in a state of constraint like those wretched individuals who are bent double as they grow old, beneath the Leads of Venice.[2] But how is it possible to conciliate the probable atrophy of these individuals with the actual vivacity of the Umaüas and the aptitude they are said to have displayed in the manipulative arts?[3]

Time and contact with the Spaniards, who continued their maraudings on the Amazon, gradually effaced the custom of these São Pablo Omaguas of flattening the skull. A day at last came when oblong heads were no longer fashionable, to the great disgust of those who, being already in possession, had to preserve them until their

[1] Father Samuel Fritz, of German extraction, is the author of a map of the country, of which we have in due time and place noted the errors.

[2] *Les plombs de Venise* is a proverbial expression in French, referring to the leaden roof of the palace of St. Mark at Venice, beneath which political prisoners were confined.—Tr.

[3] We are indebted to the Omaguas for the first idea of preparing the sap of the *fig* and the *Hevæa*, which they call *cahechu*, whence our word caoutchouc. From this gummy juice they manufacture syringes in the form of pears, pipes, sandals, bracelets, and other objects. Like the races of the northern hemisphere, they wear a loose sac or *ichcahuepilli*, which they weave from cotton and ornament with feather borderings. Like the Quichuas, they use the sling with much skill, but their sling is only a stick cleft at the extremity, in which cleft they place the stone.

death. Whilst the young generation were growing up with their naturally-shaped heads, the adults and old people silently cursed the pyramidal form of their heads, of which it was impossible to disembarrass themselves. The last mitre-headed Omagua died at São Pablo d'Olivença sixty-eight years ago.

This abolition of the traditional custom of the Omaguas was soon followed by a

OMAGUA INDIAN (UMAŬA) WITH A MITRE-SHAPED HEAD.

remarkable diminution in their number. Young and old died by dozens; some saw a just chastisement in this mortality for the contempt they had shown for the ancient customs; others attributed it to the small-pox, which then raged and extended its ravages to several tribes. To reinforce the Omagua family, thus singularly diminished by the epidemic, the Portuguese joined with them Indians of the Cocama, Yuri, Ticuna, and Mayoruna tribes, gathered from the neighbouring rivers. Poor Omaguas! who could have believed that the day would come when they would be compelled to fraternize with the Ticunas and Mayorunas whom they had so long hated!

The physiognomical and distinct stamp of these four tribes, lost by the crossing of their members, is no longer recognizable in the hybrid character of a portion of the

inhabitants of São Pablo. The Umaüa type, on the contrary, which is observable in some individuals, is easily recognized in the spherical roundness of the *facies*, the prominence of the sockets of the eyes, and their naïve, good-humoured and smiling, although somewhat animal-like, expression, which we have already noticed among the survivors of the great Pano family. We may add that the Umaüas, in spite of their apparent fusion with the preceding castes, never contract alliances with three of their number, namely, the Yuris, the Ticunas, and the Mayorunas, but mix their blood only

BRAZILIAN MÉTIS OF SÃO PABLO D'OLIVENÇA.

with that of the Cocamas their allies, and the Portuguese their rulers. It is no doubt due to this pride of caste that a small fraction of the women of São Pablo owe their agreeable but irregular features, their silky black hair, and their pretty carriage; and a few of the men their round faces, olive complexion, and the thick whiskers which adorn the lower part of their cheeks. Time has not weakened among these descendants of the Umaüas the proud disdain with which their ancestors regarded any alliance with the river-tribes. Even at the present day, ask a poor *Tapuya*[1] of São Pablo, a turtle-fisher, if he is of Yuri, Ticuna, or Mayoruna origin, and he will answer proudly: *"Nao, senhor, sou Cambeba:"*—No, sir, I am Cambeba. And this affectation in speaking in Portuguese rather than in the *lengoa geral* of the Amazon furnishes a certain proof that you have unhappily touched a tender chord in his composition.

To conclude these remarks respecting the Umaüas, we may add that to the great extinct nation has succeeded a population of small stature, gay, good-looking, and

[1] This word, which we, like other writers, make use of, was only applied at the commencement of the seventeenth century to a single nation, the *Tapuya* or *Tapuyasu*, who dwelt in the neighbourhood of the Para and the channels on the right of the Lower Amazon. This nation was one of the first to disappear under the Portuguese conquest. At the present time the name Tapuya is only a generic term, in the towns and villages of the Amazon, for any individual of the Indian race—soldier, rower, or fisher, liable to render compulsory service.

hospitable, who live from hand to mouth, know nothing of their history, and care little for their future. Whilst repudiating the manners and customs which might unadvisedly recal their past barbarism, and adopting from the Portuguese the pataloons and shirt, the high shell-comb, the floral decoration of their hair, and the flowing petticoats, and combining the use of rum or cachassa with the guitar and the romance, they preserve the language of their fathers, the Umaüas of the Popayan. They only speak it, however, in secrecy and with intimates, their current tongue being the Tupi idiom. Their official and diplomatic language is a Portuguese jumble, quite intelligible, however. Before the language of the ancient Umaüas shall have disappeared with the rest, I hasten to give a list of the words that I have been able to collect.

UMAÜA VOCABULARY.

God	Tupana.
devil	hibo.
heaven	huaca.
sun	veï.
moon	yacé.
star	ceso.
day	ara.
night	épuesa.
morning	huerani.
day before yesterday	amacoïsé.
yesterday	icuachi.
to-day	aypo.
water	yacu.
fire	tata.
rain	amana.
cold	seraï.
hot	sacu.
earth	tuyuca.
stone	itak.
sand	itini.
river	parama.
forest	tapuata.
tree	ihuira.
wood	bébé.
man	apisara.
woman	huaynaou.
child	huhauhua.
father	tapapa.
mother	tamama.
brother	teymoa.
sister	tacunia.
old man, old woman	tua.
young	huarichi.
death	imanou.
house	nina.
canoe	huaquera.
oar	yapucuyta.
basket	isacanga.
belt	nou.
bow	benbeké.
blowing-tube (sarbacane)	menaï.
lance	jaïré.
poison	huerari.
yucca	ipirara.
banana	panara.
cotton	imaniou.
palm	emoa.
flower	potira.
wax	nenia.
boar (pécari)	hocto.
tiger	caycucni.
cayman	iacari.
bird	huiraquêra.
butterfly	panama.
moth	majiri.
mosquito	maribi.
white	itini.
black	suni.
red	puetani.
green, blue	suequćra.
thief	munasu.
to steal	munasuema.
to open	yayuechêma.
to run	jenčuma.
to eat	yapaenčuma.
me	tah.
thee	enêh.
him	rana.
them	aupa.
hast thou come?	yejinaï.
I am come	yajih.
art thou well?	curenaï.
I am well	cureh.
yes	aïsé.
no	ruaya.
one	uyčpé.
two	mocuyka.
three	mosapérika.
above three by duplication.	

After this résumé of the past history of the inhabitants of São Pablo, and the above specimen of their ancient idiom, it remains to speak of their town, of which we have as yet said nothing. A few lines will suffice to describe it. São Pablo contains about sixty houses, irregularly grouped. Some of them have tiled roofs, but most are thatched. A double row of these houses, ten or twelve feet high, bear, on account of their symmetry, the name of *Rua Dereitá*—the Straight Street. This street commences on the short turf slope which faces the Amazon, upon which, in our time, some lean cows were feeding, and terminates in the wood. The military power is represented in São Pablo by a com-

RUINS OF A LAVATORY AT SÃO PABLO D'OLIVENÇA.

mandant and his lieutenant; civil authority by a judge of the peace. These functionaries have business relations with the large villages of Éga, Coary, and La Barra do Rio Negro, to which they send the productions of the Upper Amazon. The church, without a pastor during the time of our visit, was closed to worship, and served the citizens as a sort of town-hall.

Before quitting São Pablo we should not forget to mention a washing-place paved with red bricks, and fed by a crystalline spring, which is situated about two kilometres south-east of the town. The spot is more particularly worthy of mention because a considerable number of Umaüas with flat heads are buried in the neighbourhood, and a few well-directed excavations would suffice to exhume the extraordinary skulls of these natives, and supply the craniological collections of Europe.[1]

The washing-place, which is sheltered by dwarf palms, slender bamboos, and rushes (*Aroideæ*), which produce a ravishing effect, has many a time served me for a bath. The plaster wall which surrounds it is a little broken down by time—in fact, almost levelled

[1] One of these heads, given by the commandant of São Pablo to a major of Éga, and to which we have mentally restored flesh, muscles, and life, has served us as a model for the ideal reproduction of the ancient type of Umaüas given on page 242.

with the ground; but amid its cracks and ruins, Nature, like an intelligent fairy, has planted mosses and ferns, including some species of Adiantum, of so delicate a green and so exquisite a form, that in spite of the icy coldness of the water, I should have remained sitting and dreaming before this beautiful vegetation, if the calls of the Tapuya who carried my linen, and who was tired of waiting for me, had not roughly interrupted my reverie.

Three leagues distant from São Pablo, and on the right bank of the Amazon, we came to the mouth of the river Jandiatuba, the black waters of which communicate

MOUTH OF THE RIVER JANDIATUBA (BLACK WATER).

in flood-time with the Tacuahy, a tributary of the Javari on the right. The name Jandiatuba comes from two words in the Tupi idiom, *Yandia-Teüa*, which signify *abounding in yandias.*[1] The day being near its close prevented me from verifying by the use of properly baited hooks whether the river actually abounded in yandias, or whether its etymology, like that of many others, was devoid of meaning.

The Jandiatuba, of which the mouth measures more than four hundred yards in width from bank to bank, is inhabited higher up by some families of Culino and Huaraycu Indians. The Impétiniris, some specimens of whom the reader became acquainted with at Sarayacu, are friends and allies with the Pucapacuris, the Huatchipayris, the Tuyneris, the Siriniris, and other tribes whose names end in *ris*, and who inhabit the eastern Peruvian valleys as far as Apolobamba. The Impétiniris live scattered around the still unexplored sources of the Jandiatuba.

This river, whose course is very winding, has only two islands throughout its entire length. A few leagues from its confluence with the Igarapé-Mutuanateüa, which in

[1] The yandia is a fish of the *Siluridæ* family, of a gray colour, streaked with brown. Its length varies from two feet to thirty inches. It is common in the waters of the Upper Amazon.

flood-time opens a communication between it and the Jutahy,[1] the Jandiatuba becomes a mere streamlet, which loses itself beneath the overhanging vegetation.

Being overtaken by night whilst measuring the mouth of this tributary of the Amazon, we ascended its course for about twenty minutes, in order to escape being devoured alive by mosquitoes. The banks of the great river had been drenched by a recent flood; and if forced to remain in our boat, we should have passed a frightful night on its white waters, whilst that which we passed on the black waters of the Jandiatuba was almost peaceful.

VEGETATION ON THE SHORES OF THE JANDIATUBA.

The next day, at a distance of six miles from the Jandiatuba, we passed the mouth of the Aucuruy, a small black river, which was formerly inhabited by Indians of that name. Dispossessed of their territory by their neighbours the Ticunas, the Aucuruys emigrated southwards, and disappeared one fine day without leaving any traces. The Igarapé-Aucuruy, abbreviated to Acuruy, is surrounded by black lakes, which are filled at flood-time by the overflow from its banks. Its only value as a water-course is its communication with the Jandiatuba which we had left behind us.

At ten o'clock we were mounting the rickety staircase which serves as a landing-place to the village of São José de Matura.

Before borrowing the name Matura from a stream in its neighbourhood, this village was called *Castro de Avelans*. Its founders, the Portuguese Carmelites, who had at first built it on a spot south of the Amazon named *Pacatapaxipuru*, transferred it at a later date to the canal (*moyuna*) of *Ehuirateüa*, the course of which may be found on the Spanish map of Simon Bolivar. From Ehuirateüa (corrupted into *Eviratuba*) the village mission was transferred to the north bank of the Amazon, at the mouth of the stream

[1] To complete our present explanations, the reader may examine the sketch-maps which accompany the text.

Aruti. Soon afterwards this site was abandoned for another locality on the south shore; and again returning from the south to the north, the village was installed in the neighbourhood of the river Tunati, called by the Brazilians Tunantins. It was from this spot, the site of its fifth transmigration, that the erratic village, again crossing the river, was established on the right bank in its present position. Delos, of unstable memory, did not wander more or longer through the Cyclades. The mosquitoes according to one report, the small-pox according to another, was the cause of these successive changes.

At the time of the foundation of the first village of Castro de Avelans, the Indians who formed its population were the Umaüas, of whom we have already spoken. Some years later, the number of these natives having considerably diminished, they were supplemented with Yuris, Passés, and Cahuhuicenas,—Indians brought from the interior with the gentleness and kindness which distinguished the conquerors of that period. The result of the mingling of these different tribes—naturally at war with one another, but compelled to intermix by order of the King of Portugal—was the assassination of the chief of the mission, a Carmelite named Mathias Deniz. When this occurred the peripatetic village was occupying its second site.

If the successive removals of Castro de Avelans, *alias* Matura, were not sufficient to distinguish it above its neighbours, the learned attestation of one of its spiritual chiefs on the subject of tailed Indians from the river Jurua would complete its quarterings of nobility.

These Caudaphoræ, which public rumour and malignity affirmed to be the monstrous product of the union of red-haired Coatas[1] with women of the Tapuya race, seduced at some distant period by the *mauvais sujets* of the aforesaid simian family—ultimately formed a numerous tribe. The peculiar people thus originated assumed the name of *Uginas;* but the river-tribes of the Amazon contemptuously termed them *Coatas-Tapuyas.* About the year 1750, on the occasion of a hunt after these men-monkeys in the interior of the country around the Jurua, their hitherto little-known caste was so much talked of that the credulous and the sceptical among the Portuguese Brazilians were much excited about the matter, and took sides for or against the alleged fact as their temperament suggested. The missionaries themselves did not disdain to consider the evidence, and came to a grave conclusion on the subject in their own fashion.

A vicar-general of the Amazon, José Monte de Noronha, to whom we are indebted for a guide or *roteiro* of the country, broke a lance in favour of the tailed Indians of the Jurua. This pretentious vicar publicly alleged—and the written allegation is now before me—that he saw no impossibility in man being provided with a tail!

A declaration, written and signed by the vicar of Castro de Avelans himself, concerning the Ugina Indians, whom he declared he had seen—literally *seen*—with his own eyes, annihilated the large party of sceptics, and gave to the caudal phenomenon the authority of an established fact. The declaration of the worthy priest is written in Portuguese, and I have carefully translated it for the benefit of my readers:—

[1] The *Ateles ruber* of naturalists.

VILLAGE OF SAO JOSÉ DE MATURA, ON THE RIGHT BANK OF THE AMAZON.

"I, Fray José de Santa Térésa Ribeiro, of the order of Notre-Dame of Mont-Carmel, certify and swear in my priestly character, and by the holy gospel, that in the year of grace 1752, being missionary in the ancient village of Paruari, now called Nogueira, an individual named Manoel da Silva, a native of Pernambuco or of Bahia, arrived from the river Jurua with some Indians whom he had bought, and among whom was an idolatrous brute (*sic*) about thirty years of age, who was provided with a tail, as I was assured by the said Manoel da Silva; and as I refused to believe so strange a thing, he called the Indian, and, under the pretext of getting some turtle out of a pond in which they were kept, he made him stoop in my presence. I was then able to convince myself that he had a tail about the thickness of a thumb and as long as one's palm, covered with shining skin devoid of hair. The same Manoel da Silva affirmed that the Ugina Indian cut this caudal appendage every month to check its growth; without this precaution it would have developed rapidly.[1]

"In the faith of which I have signed and sealed with my seal the present declaration.

"José de Santa Térésa Ribeiro.

"Castro de Avelans, 15th October, 1768."

During our stay of twenty-four hours at Matura I was unable, however much disposed to do so, to gain any information concerning this singular tradition. The village was silent and deserted: its inhabitants had gone to roam the woods or visit their plantations, leaving their dwellings closed and under the protection of God. Finding neither man nor dog to speak to, I installed myself as well as I could beneath a shed adjoining the church.

I know not what might have been the appearance of the place in the eighteenth century, but for my part I found it profoundly lugubrious. Imagine a large square site covered with grass up to the knees, twelve or fifteen barrack-like huts arranged on three sides of the square; in the centre a cross of worm-eaten wood, on the arms of which some black urubus were perched with drooping wings; and over all a leaden sky, from which the rain descended in fine lines. To lessen somewhat the miserable impression which the melancholy place produced in me, I knocked down some oranges from an old *Citrus aurantia;* and squatting near the church, I ate the fruit for distraction.

On the morrow, wearied with waiting and seeing no one, I determined to depart. Before leaving Matura I made a last tour round the place, shaking the doors of the houses for assurance that their proprietors were indeed absent. Perhaps at the moment of departure I conducted this inspection with a little more vehemence and roughness than at my arrival, for one of the doors gave way under the pressure of my shoulder and opened noisily. At the risk of being taken for a common thief, I entered the dwelling. Greatly was I surprised—I might have said startled—to discover in the darkness a human figure moving in a hammock. This form, which my men, running up in response to my call, uncovered, without respect for the sex to which it belonged, proved to be an old Ticuna woman: her convulsed face and limbs, already rigid, announced that she was about to depart on her last long journey. Her relations having judged her *in extremis*, had left her. as is the habit with savages, to take this terrible step alone, and had gone about their business. To reanimate this poor old creature, hardly covered with a rag, my pilot poured down her throat a few drops of rum,

[1] If, from causes which it is not for us to discuss here, and which belong to a vast and profound subject with which we are as yet very little acquainted, a modification, at first accidental, could have produced itself in a first individual, and by successive transmission from the being or generation become permanent and constitute a *fixed* characteristic of the species, we can only regard as a pleasantry the operation performed every month by the Uginas upon the caudal appendage which made them so perfectly unique among the representatives of the human race. To prevent any contention among the learned on this subject the Indians disappeared one fine day without leaving a trace behind.

MOUTH OF THE RIVER IÇA OR PUTUMAYO.

appending to the charitable action the unanswerable formula, "If it does her no good, it can do her no harm."

The dead village and the old woman near her death had so effectually saddened my thoughts, that to let the black spleen which pervaded me escape from every pore of my body, I put the boat's head to the river, and passing with closed eyes the group of Caniny Islands, I went off to seek on the left bank of the river for the mouth of the Içá or Putumayo.

This river descends from the Andes of the Popayan, and forms at its junction with the Amazon a vast bay, in the centre of which are three oblong islands situated side by side. Above these islands the Içá is nearly two thousand yards wide, but at ten miles inland it is of no greater dimensions than the Napo. The name Içá given to this river by the Brazilians is that of a pretty little monkey with a black mouth (*Pythecia*), which inhabits the forests on its banks. The Indians of the Sierras call the Içá Putumayo.[1]

In the eighteenth century the Spaniards founded two trading villages up the course of the Içá, and by the river of the Yahuas, which we have already seen at Santa Maria, they reached the Napo, and communicated with their equatorial possessions.

[1] From *mayu*, river, and *pututu*, shell. The name *pututu* is given by the Quichuas of Peru to the ammonite, which their ancestors formerly used as a trumpet on their days of mourning or rejoicing. The vibrations of the air in this shell having appeared to the Indians to resemble the distant music of running water, they have called several of their water-courses the river of the Pututu.

In 1766 the Portuguese dislodged them from these posts, burned the villages they had built, and established on their site the post of São Fernando, which no longer exists.

The country up the Içá, at one time peopled by Yuris, Passés, Barrés, Chumanas, Payabas, Tumbiras, and Cacatapuyas, is now almost a desert. The survivors of the above native castes are a few families of Passés, Yuris, Barrés, and Chumanas. These families, whom baptism has brought to the true faith, and whom civilization has

TYPICAL PORTRAIT OF A BARRÉ INDIAN.

endowed with a strange love of strong liquors, have long since repudiated the clothing of their ancestors, and adopted the shirt, pantaloons, and petticoats of the converts. Of all their barbarous habits they have only preserved the use of certain ornaments, and the habit of marking on their faces, with the aid of a needle and a decoction of indigo or genipa, the *totem* or emblem of the nation to which they belong. Thanks to this symbolical tatooing and the different designs used by each nation, it is possible at a few steps distant, and without spectacles, in spite of the identity of their costume, to distinguish a Passé from a Yuri and a Barré from a Chumana, which leaves nothing wanting to simplify the task of the traveller or ethnographer passing through the place.

To conclude our remarks on the Içá, and its nearly extinct native tribes, we may state that the forests which border the river abounded formerly with sarsaparilla, the object of an extensive commerce between the Brazilians of the Amazon and the Popayan half-breeds. But the habit which these soon acquired of getting help in their search for the root from the several tribes stationed on the Içá, and the necessity of tearing

the plant up to obtain its roots, combined so far to impoverish the forests of the Içа of the precious vegetable that the trading explorers are now compelled to search for it in other directions.

To the left of the bay formed by the junction of the Içа with the Amazon we observed in passing the Brazilian hamlet of São Antonio do Içа, composed of five little houses, situated on a small ochry slope, and sheltered by dwarf-palms and green bushes.

TYPICAL PORTRAIT OF A CHUMANA INDIAN.

A hollow in the bank, which served as a dock to this Lilliputian trading town, sufficed to shelter the three or four égariteas which formed its commercial flotilla.

Twenty-four miles separate the mouth of the Içа from that of the Tunati, so named from the native tribe which once dwelt on its banks. It is long since the Tunatis ceased to exist, and the river is now called Tunantins.

Nothing could be more black and yet more crystalline than this stream, whose width is about three hundred and sixty yards at its junction with the river. The landscape in every detail, and the sky with its every cloudlet, were painted, or rather impressed, on this darksome curtain, which was so heavy and so motionless that the breeze seemed powerless to raise a ruffle. A profound silence reigned around; only an echo repeated in the strangest manner the strokes of my men's oars.

Beyond the mouth of the Tunantins, and embracing from the north-east to the north-west the whole visible sweep of its left bank, there extended a vast prairie, the junction of which with the horizon was broken by the bluish line of the forest. A shelving bank of red ochre, hardly raised six inches, separated it from the river. The landscape, one of the most peculiar I had ever seen, was formed, as if by design, of immense lines, straight

HAMLET OF SÃO ANTONIO DO IÇA, ON THE LEFT BANK OF THE AMAZON.

and curved, related like asymptotes, which approach each other continually without meeting. It was composed, in respect to colour, of five distinct superimposed zones—the black water of the Tunantins, the Etruscan red of the river's banks, the green of the prairie, the neutral tint of the forest line, and the red-tinted cobalt-blue of the sky. Without the magic secrets of aerial perspective which combined these inharmonious colours, the landscape of the Tunantins would have been the most hideous portion of the earth's crust; but God's transforming hand had been there, and under his touch it had become a sublime picture.

As we advanced into the country the charms of the scene increased. A complete solitude, a more and more profound silence, gave it a stamp of the grave and solemn. The only animated beings visible to us were some white egrets (the lesser heron) on the shores, with their elegant forms reflected in the water. The beautiful birds regarded us with an air of astonishment; then, when we were only a few yards distant, they unfolded

their flat obtuse wings, rested their satin-like neck on their back, and throwing out their slender legs behind, skimmed over the surface of the water like a flock of silk, in which their shadow, distinctly outlined, presented the effect as of a second bird flying in convoy with them.

Nothing now remains of the village-mission of Tunati founded by the Portuguese Carmelites in the period between 1760 and 1770. On its site, however, exists the modern village of Tunantins, composed of nine plaster houses roofed with thatch, and situated two hundred yards apart from one another—a peculiarity which preserves them from the prying of each other's neighbourly eyes, and allows them to occupy a curve in the river about eighteen hundred yards in length.

As we approached the last of these dwellings, where my pilot had resolved to pass the night, the sun was about setting in the direction of Peru. Scorched obliquely by the rays of the setting sun, the great prairie in which Tunantins is situated seemed reddened as by the reflection from a fire, and the black water of the river had the hue of a red-hot brick. Of the houses which we had passed one by one, eight were closed and silent; cocks and hens were roosting on their roofs, whilst dogs slept before the doors. Presently the sun disappeared, and the landscape, gradually cooling in its tone, became blue, lilac, violet in turn, the colour, as it spread over the landscape like a sheet, soon vanishing in the deepening gloom of twilight.

The house in which we put up belonged to the major-commandant of Ega, who only visited the place once a year. During his absence two half-breeds, husband and wife, were intrusted with the duty of sweeping its floor and dusting its walls, in default of movable furniture, the absence of which gave the place a bare aspect. In this dwelling, composed of five large rooms, it would have been in vain to search for a stool on which to seat one's self.

In consideration of the colour of my skin the half-breeds installed me in the largest of the rooms, which they called the room of honour, and the sum total of whose comforts consisted in a tiled floor. With the help of green leaves and rags I was able to make myself a passable bed, although less downy than the river-side sand heated by the day's sun.

In the middle of the night, as I dreamed of propitious skies and fruitful worlds, I was suddenly awakened by inarticulate wailings. According to the custom of the country a lamp was burning close by my mosquito-curtain; with its help I immediately proceeded to search for the human being whose groans had awoke me. Passing from one room to another I at length discovered a low door let into an angle of the wall. Pushing it open, I found that it formed the entrance into a dark kennel, whence issued a hot filthy odour, which made me draw back choking. At the further extremity of this den, with neither air nor light, a man was dying in a hammock; the moans which I had overheard were the last which he would utter in this world. The death-rattle had seized him; his pulse hardly beat; a viscous perspiration moistened his forehead. I spoke to him, but he answered not, neither did he appear even to hear me. Believing that a sight of the sky or a breath of fresh air might reanimate him, I suddenly opened a kind of *vasistas* made in the wall of the building. A ray of moonlight, loaded with

THE VILLAGE OF TUNANTINS, ON THE LEFT BANK OF THE AMAZON.

penetrating aromas, fell upon the dying man, across whose face a smile flitted as though of gratitude.

This unhappy man died at daylight. He was an Indian of the Miranha nation, a slave or servant of the commandant of Ega. Struck down for the last six months by a slow consumption, which strongly resembled the enfeebling effects of nostalgia, his master, out of humanity and charity, thought to cure him of his nameless illness by sending him to respire the salubrious air of Tunantins. I do not know whether the remains of the Miranha were confided to the earth or devoured by the fish; I am however inclined to believe that the latter proved his mode of burial, the idleness of the two half-breeds probably making them recoil from the fatigue of digging a grave.

At the mouth of the river Tunantins, whose course the reader may follow on our map, and thus save us the weariness of talking about it, we shot into the Amazon amid the most inextricable archipelago that the pen of a chorographist has ever traced. At this distance of time, to assure myself of its actual existence, and to recall the number of its islands and the prodigious names, such as *Barataria, Itapeüa, Ivirateüa, Tinboteüa,* &c. &c., I am obliged to unroll my map of the river. Without this resource I might have come to believe that I was the victim of a geographical hallucination.

For three whole days we journeyed through this strange archipelago, coasting, doubling, or avoiding the bays, capes, and promontories with which it was studded. On the third day we left behind us the island Cacao, the largest of the group, and, hugging the right bank of the river, we reached the mouth of the river Jutahy.

The name Jutahy is given it from a variety of palm-tree called *yutaï* by the natives. The drupes of this tree, the size of a nut, are dear to the huacaris—beautiful, pale, sulphur-coloured monkeys, with red faces, so called.

The course of the Jutahy is parallel to that of the Jandiatuba—a river which we passed at a little distance from São Pablo d'Olivença. Its water is black, like that of the latter, whilst the vegetation with which its banks are clothed is the same. As an equivalent for the two islands of which the Jandiatuba can boast, the Jutahy has one large triangular island, which divides its mouth into two unequal arms. One of these arms measures, from bank to bank, over five hundred yards, the other about two hundred and fifty.

Seven tributaries swell the course of the Jutahy with their black waters turn by turn. In flood-time the Jutahy communicates on the right with the river Jurua by the river Bia; on the left with the Jandiatuba by the sources of the Mutuanateüa, a tributary of the latter.

Some Umaüa families formerly inhabited the lower part of the Jutahy, near the igarapé Sapo, its first affluent. Since the dispersion of these natives the Marahuas and the Huaraycus have remained masters throughout its whole length. Bound in friendship with the Culinos of the Jandiatuba and the Mayorunas of the Javari, these natives, in order to pass from the territory of the one into that of the others, make use of the means of communication which nature has provided. Where the termination of the river interrupts their journeying by water, they fasten their raft to the bank, and finish the journey by land.

The chronicles of the villages of the Amazon relate as a marvellous and supernatural event the frequent apparition in the neighbourhood of the sources of the Jutahy and Jandiatuba of *savages* clothed in loose tunics, their nose and neck decorated with pieces of money, rowing in canoes made of the trunk of a single tree, and speaking a language in use among the Spaniards (Quichua). However slight may be our remembrance of the Indians of the Sacramento Plain and their excursions among the Remos or the Impéti-

MOUTH OF THE RIVER JUTAHY (BLACK WATER).

niris on the right bank of the Ucayali, the marvellous and supernatural in this case dwindles to a very commonplace fact.

As the distance between us and the Jutahy increases the islands become more and more numerous, and their names more grotesque. What can be made, for instance, of *Huarumandia*, *Yérémanateüa*, *Arasateüa*, and other similar appellatives? We may add that these islands, with their barbarous names, long possessed sandy-shores ten to fifteen leagues in extent, which the Portuguese called *Royal Banks*, and from which they annually collected from twenty to twenty-five quintals of oil of turtle-eggs. These banks, to which we shall again refer in our résumé of the anthropological and commercial condition of the Upper Amazon, have been in part washed away by the currents which had formed them, and the turtle which haunted them have forsaken the Amazon, and sought shelter in the beds of its tributaries.

A passage of fifteen leagues, devoid of interest to the reader, and the whole particulars of which must be gathered from our map, brings us to the village of Fonteboa, which owes its name to the limpidity of the water in its neighbourhood, and rivals the vagabond village of Matura in its frequent change of situation.

Of the five sites which Fonteboa has successively occupied on the right bank of the Amazon, two only are recognizable at the present day. The one, called *Muputeüa*—site of the third migration—still contains some citron-trees and avocatiers (*Laurus persea*) planted by the Portuguese Carmelites, its founders. The other, named *Taraçuateüa*—site of the fourth migration—is broken up into holes, and covered with the remains of jars made of baked earth, in which the *Curucicuris*, who dominated this part of the coast, but have long since disappeared, continued to bury their dead till the middle of the seventeenth century.

The first inhabitants of Fonteboa were converted Umaüas, who were soon carried off by an epidemic. They were immediately replaced by Indians of various tribes drawn from the neighbouring paranas and igarapés. From the incessant crossing of these during nearly two centuries has resulted the present ugly mongrel type which characterizes its population.

Fonteboa is situated thirty feet above the level of the Amazon. A projection in the land, which vessels are compelled to double in order to reach the place, separates the white water of the river from the black water of the Cahiaraï (now the Cajarahy), to the crystalline limpidity of which Fonteboa owes its name. Thirty houses, well placed, and forming a simple square—a roofless church for worship—and a pretty white-walled house with red tiles and green blinds, for the commandant—constitute the village.

Beyond Fonteboa the steep slope of red ochre which forms the right bank of the Amazon is the Barrier of the Aras—*a Barera dos Araras*—to use the harsh language of the river-tribes. Its summit is fringed with a row of bushy massive trees, which the rowers name *capuçayas*. In their fruit, which we picked up on the shore, we recognized the esteemed vegetable dedicated in 1805 by Aimé Bonpland, under the name of *Bertholetia excelsa*, to the physiologist Berthollet, his friend. These fruits are enormous capsules, divided into twelve carpels, each inclosing a sweet, milky kernel, which we ate with considerable enjoyment. While eating them we reflected on the fact —for at the moment we had nothing better to do—that M. de Jussieu had ticketed the capuçaya-tree *Ordo naturalis incertus*, from which other savants—savants never agree together—have withdrawn it in order to class it in the family of *Buttneriaceæ*, side by side with the *Theobroma cacao*.

The inhabitants of the place assure us—and we firmly believe the statement—that it is dangerous to walk beneath the capuçayas at the time their fruit is ripe. They habitually wait to collect them until they fall of themselves; without this precaution they would run the risk of receiving on their head, from a height of several hundred feet, a nut weighing eight or ten pounds, which could hardly fail to produce a startling effect. The year before our visit an Indian woman of the Tapuya race, who, while her husband was fishing, wandered on the shore in search of capuçaya-nuts, was struck by one of these wooden balls, and had her skull smashed.

Quitting Fonteboa in the middle of the day, we did not reach the mouth of the Jurua before night, when we encamped. The next morning, on awaking about six o'clock, we went to examine the river. Its banks were clothed in a vegetation brilliant with tints of a rose and lilac colour. A clear silvery light bathed on the horizon the verge of the river, whose surface was gently ruffled by a slight north-east wind. Large dolphins executed around us most astounding gambols. The gaiety of these animals,

MOUTH OF THE RIVER JURUA.

combining somewhat of the formidable, with its lively demonstrations, amused and frightened us at the same time. Some were of a nankeen-yellow colour, others of a pale rose-colour, with large light gray spots.

Hitherto the dolphins I had met with, including the one I had skinned at Nauta, were clothed with a uniform zinc-gray coat. Seeing now that those which gambolled in the waters of the Jurua exhibited distinctly different colours, it was natural to suppose they constituted a distinct variety, and I questioned my men on the subject.

They told me that the light gray colour of the dolphins was that of their youthful clothing, and that this tint changed with age either to a nankeen-yellow or a pale rose indifferently, whilst in detached places remains of their former colour were still visible. They said, moreover—and on this I lay particular stress—that the dolphin was autocrat over all the common fish, directing their migrations from one village to another, and

dictating its commands in an aquatic language which their subjects perfectly understood, though they could not speak, owing to the imperfection of their organs. I advance this fact for the consideration of ichthyologists of the new school occupied in noting the sharps and flats of the *coins-coins*, the *vieilles*, and the *tambours*.[1]

The river Jurua, which plays a great part in the commercial hypotheses of Peruvian statisticians, is yet but little known, notwithstanding the dissertations of some official travellers who, badly acquainted with it, and giving its source, some in the neighbourhood of the town of Cuzco, others on the eastern slope of the Central Andes, and again, others in the valleys of Paucartampu, see in it a road cut by nature for civilization, commerce, and industry, and one destined to connect the Brazilian empire with the Peruvian republic.

For the edification of our graver readers we shall relate first, league by league, the longest voyage that has yet been made up the Jurua. We shall then endeavour, by adding our personal observations to the information furnished by the Brazilians, the authors of this voyage, to form some sort of opinion concerning the source of the river in question.

The Jurua, whose width is about eighteen hundred yards at its mouth, dwindles down to less than a thousand yards in a distance of thirty or forty miles. At this spot it receives on the left—we are ascending and not descending the river—the waters of the little river Andera, which rises in the neighbourhood of the river Teffé, and communicates with it, but only in time of flood.

The course of the Jurua is winding, its water is white, and its bed is fringed with extensive sand-banks. It contains only two islands. The one is situated fifteen miles from its mouth, is seven leagues in length, and is named *Isla grande*. The other, forty-two miles distant from the mouth of the river, is six miles in circumference, and is called *Tucuma*.

Having entered the Jurua on the first of March, the expedition, composed of six Brazilians trafficking in sarsaparilla, and fifty civilized Indians, reached on the twenty-second of July the spot where the river, diverging from a tributary named *Tracaja*, changes the south-south-west direction of its former course for a west-south-west direction. From this point, still ascending, the Jurua becomes a river of the fourth order, its bed getting narrower with every league.

Leaving the Jurua on the right, the expedition entered the Tracaja, a river of black water, about three hundred yards wide, and of variable depth. In one spot a sounding will indicate five or six fathoms; in another the oars of the rowers reach the bottom. After journeying ten days against the current, the travellers reached the spot where the Tracaja, diverted in its turn from the course it was following by a little river of black water and rapid current called *Puyaü*, abandons the south-western direction for a course due west.

The expedition attempted to ascend the course of the Puyaü, but the shallowness of this river obliged them, after a three days' voyage, to turn back. The keels of the égariteas were continually sticking in the sand, whilst the oars and paddles touched the

[1] *Pristipoma anas.—Balistes vetula.—Pogonias chromis.*

bottom. We may add, that since entering the Jurua up to the place they had now reached, the travellers had remarked an utter absence of rocks and stones; sand everywhere spreading out in vast banks, and currents more or less rapid. Here and there also in the Tracaja were to be found dykes formed by the trunks of fallen trees; thick forests clothed the banks of the three rivers; and no mountains in sight, but a continuous expanse of level country stretched away on every side.

In ascending the Tracaja our explorers met with the Catukino Indians, whose territory is situated between the right bank of the Tracaja and the left bank of the river of the Purus. These indigenes informed them that the sources of the Jurua were frequently visited by large canoes manned by Indians clothed in sacs, who were provided with necklaces and pieces of copper, and who spoke an unknown idiom. These Indians, who inhabit the banks of a large river in the west named Paro, enter the Jurua by the igarapés, channels, and lakes with which this part of the country is covered.

On leaving the Tracaja and ascending the course of the Puyaü, the navigators met with some Canamari Indians, who inhabit the region comprised between the Sierra of Ticumbinia, the Andes of Tono y Avisca, and the mineral chain of Piñipiñi. These Canamaris, friends and allies of the Impétiniris and the Pucapacuris, their neighbours on the north and south, whilst holding no communication with their neighbours of the east, the Catukinos of the Tracaja river, assured the Brazilians that four days' voyage on the Puyaü, from the point at which they then were, would bring them to the first of the Spanish farms.

The depth of the Puyaü, being insufficient for the égariteas, prevented the Brazilians, as we have stated, from ascending this river and verifying the statements of the Canamaris. So, descending the river, they regained the Tracaja, from which they passed into the Jurua, which they descended in thirty-six days, reaching the Amazon after an absence of a hundred and ninety-three days.

This length of time, which may seem prodigious to some of my readers, by no means astonishes me. It is true I am acquainted with the river-tribes of the Amazon, both savage and civilized, fishers of turtle and cutters of smilax, and know their manner of travelling up and down the water-course of the country—matters which my readers cannot be expected to know, inasmuch as the ethnographic information necessary has not yet been given to the world.

We may mention, as the first obstacle to a rapid voyage against the current, that the Brazilian égariteas are not favourably constructed, being heavy-keeled vessels, wide from stem to stern, clumsily built, and possessing none of the qualities necessary for such navigation. To this must be added the delay caused by the root-cutters themselves, who in their search are obliged to stop first on one bank and then on the other. The stoppage is often for a few hours only, but it is sometimes one of several days if the spot happens to abound in sarsaparilla; and after having collected the roots of this plant, they have to tie them in bundles, carry them to the vessels, and stow them in such a manner that they may dry without becoming mouldy.

To these two causes of the slow travelling we may add a third, which will be appreciated by the lovers of good cheer.

The usual provisions of travellers consist of more or less coarse yucca-flour, and more or less salt pira-rocou. This food, much to be esteemed when no other is to be obtained, becomes quite uneatable when the choice and varied productions of nature, generously offered to any one who chooses to stretch out his hand to gather them, are presented on every side. Lamantins, tambakés, and turtle gambol in the water; hoccos, pauxis, and inambus cackle and gobble in the woods. How resist the temptation to make soup of the one and salmis of the others when one's time is one's own, and hooks, harpoons, blowing-tubes, saucepan, lard, and onions are ready to hand? As in most other cases of forgotten duty and lapse of virtue, it is only the first step which causes any difficulty; for the ice once broken, travellers soon acquire the habit of hunting and fishing every morning in order to vary their repast. Every morning also they roam the woods in search of *assahy* palm-trees, with the fruit of which they make the violet-coloured, insipid, and thick wine so dear to all Brazilians. What with the halts, labours, and pleasures we have just detailed, time flies unheeded. Five months are soon passed, and the travellers, whom we might believe to be a thousand leagues distant from the Amazon, have barely advanced a hundred.

We have described the easy-going doings of the sarsaparilla cutters: we will now suppose these men with a definite object in view, and determined to make the most of their time. The utmost daily journey they could achieve, from sunset to sunset, would not exceed nine miles, taking the mean for journeying against the current on the rivers of the country. Now deducting the thirty-six days employed in descending the Jurua, we find that a hundred and fifty-seven days, at the rate of nine miles a day, will give a total of one thousand four hundred and thirteen miles, from which we must deduct about two-thirds to allow for the windings of the river.[1] From the Amazon to the point reached by the travellers the real distance would not be greater than four hundred and seventy-one miles—say about eight degrees.

What has been said will convince the reader at a glance that the sources of the Jurua could not be situated in the neighbourhood of the town of Cuzco, nor flow from the slopes of the Central Andes, as this river, after its junction with the Tracaja, at about the ninth degree, suddenly changes its direction from south to west.

In accordance, therefore, with our more ample information, we locate the sources of the Jurua on the eastern side of the prolongation of the Sierra of Tono y Avisca,[2] and almost under the parallel of the rivers Pacria and Misagua—two tributaries on the right of the Santa Ana Ucayali, flowing from the western side of the same sierra.[3]

[1] Brazilian travellers represent the courses of the rivers Jurua and Purus, as the Peruvians that of the Ucayali, two-thirds below the real longitude, and this in consequence of the continual windings of these rivers. The courses of the other tributaries of the Amazon are not calculated by them within a third of the correct position.

[2] This sierra, a northern branch of the Cordillera of Vilcanota, does not take the name of Tono y Avisca until it reaches the two valleys of this name in the Paucartampu district, and continues to bear it as far as the ninth degree, beyond which it runs into the Sierra of Cuntamana.

[3] Since M. Marcoy wrote the account of his journey, the river Jurua has been ascended by Mr. Chandlers as far as lat. 7° 11′ 45″ S.; lon. 72° 1′ 30″ W., where he found it still to be a stream of 130 to 150 yards in average width, with a depth of from 5 to 6 or 6½ fathoms. Mr. Chandlers believes that its sources will be found in about lat. 9° to 9° 30′ S., and, like those of the rivers Purus and Javary, not far from the right bank of the Ucayali; agreeing in this respect very much with the speculations of our author.—Ed.

As for the rivers Tracaja and Puyaü, the almost right-angle, according to the Brazilian explorers, which their course forms with that of the Jurua, would lead one to suppose that they flowed from the north slope of the Sierra of Ticumbinia if the nature of their waters did not formally exclude this hypothesis. The blackness of these two tributaries of the Jurua conclusively indicates that they are the drainage channels of the woody region which covers a vast extent of country,[1] the rivers with white water alone having their origin among high mountains.

Finally, in the Indians clothed in sacs, and carrying necklaces and pieces of copper, whose canoes, according to the Catukinos, passed from the Paro (Ucayali) into the Jurua, through the intervening igarapés, channels, and lakes by which this part of the country is covered, we recognize the Conibos and Sipibos of the Sacramento Plain, who to effect this passage have only to traverse the Ucayali and ascend one of the rivers Tarvita, Huatpua, Tomaya, or Apujau, whose mouths are opposite to their territory.

Although the Antis and the Chontaquiros might also reach the sources of the Jurua by means of the rivers Pacria and Misagua, we do not speak of them, because the terror which appeared to be excited in our old rowers by the mere mention of the Pucapacuris of the right bank of the Quillabamba Santa Ana sufficiently proves that in spite of their love for travel they visit but seldom the regions east of their territory. Such excursions, on the contrary, must have been familiar to the Conibos of the Ucayali, to judge from the young Impétiniri which these natives captured in a raid made by them on the Impétiniris of the river Tarvita, and sold to one of our travelling companions. Now in our estimation the territory of the Impétiniris surrounds and limits in the north, as that of the Pucapacuris in the south, the sources of the river Jurua.

If we add to the statements of the Catukinos of the Tracaja respecting the unknown Indians who visit the Jurua, that of the Canamaris of the Puyaü concerning the Spanish farmers established at a little distance from the sources of this river, we shall see in these imaginary Spaniards either missionaries from the Sacramento Plain, or converts who have deserted from the mission of Belen and Sarayacu, as we have already explained in the course of our journey; or perhaps Cholos and Peruvian half-breeds, cultivators of coca and sweet-potatoes, such as are met with in all the eastern valleys between the limits of civilization and barbarism.

By way of conveniently closing this discourse on the river Jurua, which may perhaps be found a little soporific, but which it was hardly possible to dispense with, I may add that to the still numerous nation of Catukinos who people the right bank of the Tracaja may be added four nations, or rather four groups, established on the banks of the Jurua, from the point where the Tracaja joins it down to its own junction with the Amazon.

[1] Marine shells belonging to the genera *Conus*, *Ostrea*, *Mitylus*, &c.; other shells of lacustrine and fluviatile origin, found by the natives of the Ucayali in their excursions to the east of this river; fossils of large turtle, and saurians of extinct species, collected by the river-tribes of the Amazon in the explorations of the Jurua, of the Teffé, and of the Coary, are all geological indications which prove that the level parts of the southern continent, first of all covered by the sea, were subsequently covered by fresh water, to which must be attributed the deposits of lignite to be found in certain parts of the soil, and which characterize the miocene period. Of the vast sheet of water which formerly covered this part of America there now remains a net-work of rivers, channels, igarapés, and lakes of black water, of which it is difficult to give theoretically an exact idea.

These are, first, the Nahuas, who dwell in the neighbourhood of the junction of the rivers Jurua and Tracaja, and concerning whom the river-tribes are either silent or ignorant; then the Culinos, the Arahuas descended from the Marahuas, and the Catahuichis. The four groups together appear to form barely a total of eight hundred souls.

Five hours after leaving the Jurua, and while hugging the left bank of the Amazon, we came to the mouth of a canal about thirty yards wide. Like that of Ahuaty-Parana, which we have already passed on the same bank, this channel is fed by the water from the river, and its current runs from south to north instead of from north to south. It is named Arênapo—formerly *Uarênapu*—and was mistaken by La Condamine in 1744,

A GAPO, OR FLOODED FOREST.

Spix and Martius in 1818, Lister Maw in 1820, and Smith and Lowe in 1834, for one of the mouths of the river Japura.

After having examined the matter at my ease, and resolved to explore the entrance to the Japura in order to end once for all a mistake which has been accepted for more than a century, I made for the right bank, where the two lakes, Preguiça and Copaca, claimed my attention.

These lakes are large sheets of black water, from eight to ten miles in circumference, and rather irregular in outline. The dense verdure by which they are bordered gives them a sombre aspect. An examination of twenty minutes more than sufficed to engrave them on my mind. We re-entered the Amazon, and proceeded with its current.

Towards night, as we were looking for a convenient spot in which to bivouac, the river being at flood, and covering, for the most part, its low shores, we perceived a fisherman's canoe making for the trees which the water had flooded on the right bank. This was a ray of light for us. The fisher thus entering the *gapo*[1] at sunset could surely be only homeward-bound, and we resolved to share his roof, to effect which we set off in

[1] The name given by the river-tribes of the Amazon to the forests submerged by its flooding.

pursuit. The fisher, who guessed our intention, hastened his progress, but our vessel was manned by three rowers, and the issue of the struggle could not be doubtful. We very soon pulled up abreast of him, and whilst my men claimed, as victors, shelter and food, and the conquered promised everything for one night only, though not without a grimace, I gazed at the scene, fantastically lighted by a greenish twilight which the coming night was fast overshadowing. We made our way through a thick forest;

CHASING A CANOE IN THE GAPO.

nothing could be stranger than the cupola of foliage, supported by the submerged trunks of trees, between which our barks glided along like snakes. As the day faded the interior of the gapo was filled with strange sounds; flocks of anis, scared by our approach, fled into the thickest of the foliage; gray and white herons, ibises, and savacus fled before our vessels; monkeys chattered in chorus, parrots croaked and flapped their wings, while enormous bats, fluttering about us in their broken flight, pushed their familiarity so far as to brush our faces.

After ten minutes of this gloomy journey we reached the foot of a little hill, surrounded by a stream of black water. A small hut, with an adjoining shed and little garden, crowned its summit. Three Brazilian deserters, taking refuge in this spot, had built the dwelling, and lived here, happily and securely, with their brown, flat-nosed women. We partook of their supper, and slept somewhat promiscuously among them.

Our hosts having learned from my rowers that I should halt at Ega, prayed me at the moment of departure not to reveal their retreat to the commandant of the town, adding a gift of some pine-apples which they had gathered from their garden. I promised the brave fellows to be as silent as a ghost, and I kept my promise for several years; now that their crime is forgotten, or that they have escaped the law by prescription, I may, without danger to my old hosts, inform the public that they were named

HOUSE OF THE CAPO.

João Vieiras, Francisco Pires, and Antonio Freire, and that the spot they had chosen, and which is marked only on my map of the river, is named the igarapé Jatahua.

Three leagues from this igarapé we reached *Paruari-Tapera*—a mission of Umaüa Indians founded by the Carmelites of Brazil in the seventeenth century. In 1709 a party of Spanish Jesuits, who were kidnapping the natives along the river in order to furnish their establishments in Peru, made a descent on Paruari, took all the converts prisoners, and ultimately changed their name of Umaüas into that of Omaguas.

To people anew their deserted mission the Carmelites had recourse to neighbouring tribes. Paruari then obtained a population of Yuri Indians from the river Içá, of Catahuichis from the Jurua, of Marahuas from the Jutahy, of Uayupès from the river Teffé, and some others whose names I have forgotten.

A malignant attack of small-pox having broken out in the new mission, the site

which it occupied was abandoned by the missionaries, who ascended the river-lake Uraüa, crossed the woods, and entering the lake Ega, founded on its west bank the village of Nogueira, which still exists.

Nothing recalls the former presence of man at Paruari-Tapera. On the site of the village-mission now flourishes a grove of pupuña palm-trees (*Latania*), the presence of which I attribute to the decided taste possessed by savage and civilized man for the fruit of these trees, and the habit possessed by the housewives of the country, who are not provided with the dust-bin common to Europe, to heap around their dwellings the scraps and remnants from their kitchen, which are rapidly decomposed by combined heat and moisture.

Towards the end of the day we reached Cayçara, a village situated at the entrance to the lake-river Uraüa, which the Brazilian Carmelites had ascended to reach the lake Ega, where they founded the village of Nogueira. Four hours' march along forest-paths known to the natives separate these two points.

The primitive name of Cayçara was Alvaraës. In the seventeenth century the Portuguese of the Amazon established in this place their depôt, mart, or general magazine for the natives, whom they collected in the interior in order to supply the demand for slaves or converts. Ultimately they changed the name Alvaraës into Cayçara, which signifies in the Tupi idiom *stable* or *court-yard*. At Cayçara, in fact, the red-skins, confined without distinction as to tribe, age, or sex, waited, while they died like flies, until their destination had been determined upon.

The Alvaraës of to-day, or rather Cayçara, to use the name given to it, is an attractive village, whose nine white houses, red-coloured cross, and grove of orange-trees are gracefully reflected in the black torpid waters of the river Uraüa. Some heavy égariteas at anchor beneath the bank reveal the commercial habits of the inhabitants of this hamlet, who are the worst cutters of smilax and the best fellows we have yet met.

Three leagues divide Cayçara from the lake Ega-Teffé, whose configuration, as may be seen in our map, is somewhat odd. Five rivers concur in its formation; the largest is the Teffé, which flows from the south-west, and whose course is very direct. After struggling eight or ten days against its current, the diminution in width and depth prevents the further advance of égariteas with their wide beam; montarias and canoes alone can ascend its course for about ten days longer. Now twenty days of navigation against the current are equivalent to barely three degrees of longitude, beyond which the Teffé is no more than a silent stream flowing amid the woods. One of its natural advantages is the communication it affords by means of two canals of the Parana-Parapitinga with the great river Jurua.

The first foundation of a mission on the lake Teffé dates as far back as the commencement of the seventeenth century. In 1620 the Portuguese Carmelites could already boast of converts among the Muras, those Uocoques of the Amazon established around Teffé and on the borders of the neighbouring rivers.

In 1759 the commandant Joaquim de Mello da Povoas converted the Carmelite mission of the Teffé into a town, which he named Ega. Portuguese, Brazilian half-breeds, and the descendants of the Christian Muras formed its population, to which

HAMLET OF CAYÇARA, ON THE RIGHT BANK OF THE AMAZON.

TOWN OF EGA OR TEFFÉ, ON THE LAKE OF THAT NAME.

were added some Yuri Indians from the Iça, a few Sorimaos of the Upper Amazon, Yanumas of the Japura, and Catahuichis of the Jurua. An armed invasion by the Spanish Jesuits, and the pretensions they maintained, with or without reason, over the rising town, troubled for some time the quiet of its inhabitants. Spanish and Portuguese commissioners chose the place for a conference, and loudly debated the rights of their respective governments in settling the limits of Peru and Brazil, which Portugal had fixed on the west side at the right bank of the Javari, but which Spain was desirous of pushing back to the east as far as the lake Teffé. After many diplomatic messages between the two powers, and some blows exchanged as arguments *ad hominem* by their representatives, Spain was obliged to renounce her pretensions, and Ega was definitively acquired by Portugal. Such is, in a few words, the history of the city founded by Joaquim de Mello da Povoas.

The present town consists of about sixty houses built in a line facing the lake. This line is here and there broken by several re-entering angles, which some travellers, desirous of pleasing Brazil, have named streets; but the name is deceptive. In consequence of the inequality of the ground, the first houses in Ega, on the north, are barely raised above the level of the lake, whilst the last, to the south, are some yards above it.

Most of these dwellings are mud-built, whitewashed, and thatched; some have walls of wood or rough stone, surmounted with red tiles, and doors and shutters painted bright green or blue. One, a splendid mansion, has a floor above the ground-floor. To those of my readers who may wonder at this architectural magnificence, I may at once explain that Ega-Teffé is not a common city. Ega incloses within its capacious bosom, along with fifteen hundred inhabitants, a respectable proportion of constituted authorities. It possesses a military commandant, a major of police, a militia and militiamen, a judge of the peace, and a deputy of this judge,—*sub-delegado*,—a law judge, a judge of letters, and other judges whose qualities and names have escaped me. Ega possesses, besides, a chief instructor, a man of shrewd mind whom nature has made a little hump-backed, but whose malformation is rendered easy to bear by the thirty thousand reis annually allowed him by the state. The church of Ega, a long square building with a thatched roof, is served by a very young priest, who, after having lived in the town, has carried his household gods to Nogueira, on the opposite bank, under the double pretext that the air there was more salubrious and criticism less malignant. Every Sunday, about nine or ten o'clock, a boat from Nogueira crosses the lake and brings the young curate to Ega, who performs a mass, blesses his flock, breakfasts hurriedly at a friend's house, and immediately leaves again.

I am pretty certain that I have seen and conversed with the noble and masculine part of the population of Ega; but I cannot say as much of the feminine. A brilliant eye in the dark, the rustling of a starched petticoat behind some door, a little malicious laugh or stifled giggling, was all I saw of an amiable and inquisitive sex during a six days' round of visiting among the notables. Happily, the seventh day was a Sunday; and, posted in front of the chapel, at the hour of mass, I was permitted to witness a general defile of the feminine inhabitants of Ega, divided, as everywhere else, into three categories—young girls, young women, and dowagers. Some of these ladies were

about to receive the communion, and, according to the custom of the country, were enveloped in a veil of thick muslin, which hid both their figure and features. Among the women who were not thus hidden I remarked that several were very pretty. If their Amazonian modification of French fashions would shock Parisian taste, at least their blonde complexions, large velvety eyes, and black hair with its blue sheen, would be deemed well worthy of a sonnet.

The halt I made in the cause of art at the door of the chapel, although it provided my album with several portraits, was likely to bring about my ears all the gallantry of Ega. These worthy old fogeys, even at the present advanced epoch, will no more allow a stranger to look at their women than would an ancient Greek or a modern Turk.

The traveller who stops at Ega, on the right bank of the lake, should not omit to visit Nogueira, on the opposite bank. The passage across, which occupies barely an hour, is charming when the weather is fine, though somewhat dangerous when a strong wind suddenly rises. The water of the lake, which is only from four to six fathoms deep, rises rapidly, and swells into a mass of short, hard, rolling waves, in which no boat can live.

Of the old village of Nogueira, which was founded by the Carmelites on their removal from Paruari, the Umaüa mission of which we have already spoken, there now only remain a few twisted, cracked olive-trees, which vegetate somewhat languidly on the sandy slopes of the bank. The Nogueira of the present day contains nine houses, built *en pisé* (of mud or clay), covered with palm, and set sufficiently wide apart to prevent the spying common to near neighbours.

The gracious reception which the curé of Ega gave me prolonged my stay at Ega for three days. Although I was lodged in the young priest's house, where he lived with his grandmother, his mother, and his two sisters, I could not even catch a glimpse of these ladies' shadows. To make up for this, however, I heard them laugh and giggle behind the scenes; and some words that I overheard revealed that their remarks were somewhat personal to me.

During these three days our time was employed in a succession of boating excursions, rambles in the woods, fishing parties on the lake, and gossipings. Brought up in a seminary at Santa Maria de Belen do Para, which he had left in order to take possession of his curacy, the recollections of my host, still impregnated with the indefinable air of the school-house, carried me back to the happy time of youth and college impositions. To my mind, weary with strange discoveries and jargons, there was something at once soothing and cheering in an exchange of ideas with this young ecclesiastic, whose questions concerning European manners and customs were imbued with a nameless infantile, primitive simplicity. In the evening we made for the shore of the lake, and, leaning against the trunks of the olive-trees, those contemporaries of the first Carmelites, discussed sacred and profane literature, the fathers of the Church, and Portuguese poets, whilst gazing at the stars twinkling in the water, and imbibing the various odours borne on the forest breeze.

After a stay of fifteen days at Ega I had become thoroughly acquainted with the town and its environs. On the sixteenth day I collected my herbals, drawings, and

notes, and prepared to depart. As I intended to explore the Japura I added to the equipage of my montaria a Tapuya Christian, who was familiar with all the channels, lakes, and igarapés which were in connection with the mouth of this river, and who was to help me in identifying them one by one. Half-a-dozen yards of blue cotton, two table-knives, and half a roll of tobacco was the price at which João le Miranha had valued his services, even though they lasted a month.

Under the guidance of our new pilot we crossed the Amazon and entered the vast bay of Uarênapu, or Arênapo, which map-makers, on the authority of La Condamine, have hitherto held to be the principal outlet of the Japura. We coasted along its right bank, passing the islands which stretch over its surface, and the lakes of black water which open out from its banks. At night we halted on an island named Macupuri, whence we started early on the morrow. On the third day of our journey we reached on our left the Arênapo canal, which gives its name to the bay; on the fourth day we left behind us two oblong islands which bar the true mouth of the Japura; lastly, on the fifth day we touched the entrance of the Ahuaty-Parana—*maize-river*—which runs into the bed of the Japura itself, mingling its green water with the dark water of the latter, to which it imparts temporarily a grayish colour.

The Ahuaty, which should be called *furo* (canal), and not *parana* (river), since it is only an arm of the

VILLAGE OF NOGUIERA, ON THE LAKE OF EGA.

Amazon stretching across the country, takes its rise, as we know, on this side of the village of Tunantins, where we witnessed a wonderful sunset, and, at night, watched the death of an Indian sick of nostalgia. Its length is about one hundred and thirty-five miles; its greatest breadth is from fifty to sixty yards; its depth varies from two fathoms to six; and its banks, very low on the Brazilian side, are eight or twelve feet high on the side of the equatorial boundary. Groves of rushes, cecropias, and miriti palms, alternated with strips of forest and bare sand, constitute the physical character of its banks. Its water is clearer and its current less rapid than those of the Amazon.

What, above all, distinguishes the Ahuaty from the other canals is that it has had the honour of serving as a line of demarkation between the Hispano-Lusitanian possessions. In 1783 a frontier post, or *padrão,* as the Portuguese say, was placed on its left bank. This post, thirty-two feet high, was to indicate the spot where the Brazilian domains of John V., King of Portugal, terminated, and the Peruvian domains of Ferdinand VI., King of Spain, commenced. The idea first occurred to Portugal, as was proved by a long inscription in the language of Camoëns, written on the four sides of the post, and accompanied with the motto *Justitia et pax osculatæ sunt* (Righteousness and peace have kissed each other!)

Long since this padrão has disappeared, with all like it on the banks of the Javari, the Aguarico, the Oyapock, the Madeira, &c. Have the Indians transformed this padrão into a canoe, or have they employed it for the main beams of their dwellings? We cannot say. Perhaps it has fallen into the Ahuaty, whence it has drifted to the Japura, from the Japura into the Amazon, and from the Amazon into the sea, that abyss into which so many evidences of the folly and pride of nations have disappeared.

My most charming recollection of the Ahuaty-Parana had no connection with the length of its course, the size of its bed, or even with its remote history. No, the event that was most impressed on my mind, and which I recall even now with pleasure, was the unlooked-for discovery of an enormous bush of *Eucalyptus,* growing on the angle described by the right bank with the Japura. The bush was half-submerged, and its flowers, resembling purple feathers sprinkled with gold, rose by hundreds above the surface of the water. Now that this magnificent exotic is naturalized in our hot-houses, I never see a specimen but my spirit wings its way to the meeting of the waters of the Ahuaty and Japura.

Satisfied with my visit to the Japura, and henceforward certain that the various mouths which geographical science had bestowed upon it were imaginary, there being only one, I was about to descend with the current towards the bay of Arênapo and regain the bed of the Amazon, when my pilot, Miranha, in whom a spirit of roving had been excited by this excursion, began talking about certain villages which it seems were built by the Portuguese on the left bank of the Japura, and which were exactly opposite our present position. I instantly succumbed to the temptation, and putting the boat's head to the east, prepared to cross the river instead of descending it. After an hour's struggling and fatigue we reached the other side below the Yahuacaca canal, which conveys to the Japura the black waters of the lake Amana and of several small tributaries. Near this spot, to the south, a large bay was hollowed out in the

bank. It was here that the Portuguese had founded a village named San Mathias,[1] in 1770. I sought in vain for traces of it. On the spot it occupied there was now a little house with a roof of palm branches, and surrounded with manioc plants and banana-trees.

Two old people with brown skins, a man and a woman, dwelt here in conjugal bliss. Our arrival interrupted the manual labour with which they were engaged; the

SAN MATHIAS-TAPERA, ON THE LEFT BANK OF THE JAPURA.

man was making a net of small cords, which he now suspended to a nail; the woman ceased to stir her *panelle*, a large pan without a handle, in which the manioc-flour was being cooked by drying, to serve as the household provision. By the cordial smile with which the couple received us, no less than by their verbal felicitations in the Tupi language, I could have no doubt that we were welcome guests.

Through my pilot Miranha I learned that these old half-breeds had lived in this solitude for thirty-one years. A Tapuya Indian, temporarily absent, helped them to cultivate the plantation which surrounded their dwelling and another larger property they possessed in the interior of the forest. The products of this cultivation not only

[1] San Antonio, another village built by the Portuguese at the entrance to the Japura, was situated ten leagues north of San Mathias, on the same bank. The villages of San Joaquim de Coërunas and of São Joao do Principe followed them in approaching the Spanish frontier. All these villages have long since disappeared.

assured them the means of subsistence, but even a certain degree of luxury. Indoor work and the preparation of the flour occupied the woman; while the master and his servant dug, sowed, reaped, and fished in the neighbouring lakes. Their surplus was exchanged with the inhabitants of Ega and Cayçara for salt, cotton, hunting poison, and fishing implements.

The Tapuya, whom our hosts evidently regarded as a friend rather than a servant, appeared at sunset. He had visited the plantation, and had returned with a basketful of fruits and roots. On seeing him it was not necessary to ask him what tribe he belonged to; his large round face, small eyes drawn up at the corners, and large wide jaws, revealed the Umaüa type. As a decisive proof of the nationality of this individual, I had only to compare the man's features with the Omagua heads I had in my collection of drawings.

In the evening, after supper, followed by a ration of rum that I served round, and which was appreciated both as a symbol of courtesy and as a grateful drink, the tongues of our hosts were untied; they were each quite ready to answer the questions I put. These questions were concerning the river Japura and the tribes which peopled it formerly, or which still live on its banks. The Portuguese conquest had passed over them like a plague. Of thirty nations which existed in the middle of the eighteenth century,[1] twenty-four had succumbed under the influence of this demoralizing civilization. Of the six surviving nations, the Yuris (Juris), the Passés, and the Chumanas (*alias* Xomanas) had directed their steps towards the river Içа or Putumayo; the Umaüa-Mesayas had ascended the course of the Japura to a point beyond the Cachoeiras or rapids, situated under the 74th parallel; the Macus and the Miranhas wandered in the region comprised between the rivers Puapua, Cahinary, and Apopari, tributaries, on the left, of the Japura.

In our remarks on the natives which inhabit the banks of the Içа we have already alluded to the Juris, the Passés, and the Chumanas, who are now half-Christianized, half-brutalized, and bordering on extinction. The Macus of the Japura, their old neighbours, have not changed their manner of living, and adhere faithfully to the traditions of their grandfathers. A set of wandering, starved thieves, they climb the high trees like cats in order to obtain eggs or young birds, on which they feed, from the nests; they sleep well enough on the rafts which serve to convey them from one bank to the other, or pass the night in marauding among the plantations of the Brazilians. Their habit of eating raw roots and of robbing the trees of their green fruit, which we have attributed to extreme hunger, but in which the inhabitants of the country, better posted up in anthropology than we are, have recognized the evil, thieving instinct of the simian race, has entailed on the Macus the advantage of being classed among the larger monkeys, and as such to be hunted, gun in hand, like game.

[1] In the account of the anthropological condition of the Upper Amazon which will be found further on, we have given the names of these nations of the Japura, begging the reader to accept it, as we do ourselves, under reserve. The mania of the first Spanish explorers in Peru for giving to tribes or families of the same nation the name of the river, lake, or spot where they first met with them, and which we have already alluded to, was probably common to them and to the Portuguese conquerors and monks of Brazil. Hence the numerous tribes which travellers of the eighteenth century place on the banks of each river, and of which perhaps one-third should properly be deducted if the means of verification were not wanting.

The two nations of the Japura which have best resisted the inroads of civilization, the ravages of epidemics, and the bondage to which the Red-skins have been exposed during nearly two centuries, are the Umaüa-Mesayas and the Miranhas. Their ancient origin, their relatively great numerical strength, the hatred which divides them, and the strange war which they have levied on each other from time immemorial, induce us to devote a few lines to them in this connection.

Becoming detached from the great nation of Umaüas, of which they formerly constituted a part, the Mesayas, confined between the Japura and the upper part of the course of the Apopari, a tributary on the left, number from one thousand to twelve hundred men. Time has effected sensible modifications in their idiom and customs. Instead of the loose tunic which the ancient Umaüas, following the example of the Mexican Indians of the northern hemisphere, wear, the modern Umaüas encircle their loins with a netted band trimmed with the hair of the *Ateles niger*. In the whole of South America these are the only natives we are acquainted with who make use of the short hair of the monkey. A kind of apron of brown-coloured cotton, bordered with a fringe of toucan feathers, is passed through this band, and falling half-way down the thighs affords the covering necessary for decency.[1] Both men and women wear their hair long and loose, and like the Marahuas of the Javari, ornament their mouths by sticking long mimosa spines in holes made for the purpose. The weapons of the Mesayas consist of bows, arrows, and clubs, with a short stick, split at one end, with which they propel stones as with a sling.

Like the ancient Umaüas, the Mesayas make out of the milky juice of the Hevæa, which they call *cahechu*, drinking-cups, tubes, quivers, sandals, and syringes shaped like pears, which they use on certain occasions. As we shall meet with these last-mentioned utensils among the Muras, when we shall give precise details, we limit ourselves here, in accordance with the adage, *Non bis in idem*, to a simple statement of their employment among the Mesayas, but without indicating the manner in which they are used.

The Spaniards of the Popayan, and the Brazilians of the Amazon, are mistaken in attributing to these natives a *decided taste* for human flesh.[2] It is true that they eat human flesh; but this cannibalism is not with them the effect of a depraved taste, but simply the result of a vengeance which dates far back; moreover, it is not practised except on Miranha Indians, against whom these descendants of the Umaüas have sworn an eternal hatred. The matter is explained by the old people of the country as follows:—

At the time when beasts spoke, the Miranhas, wandering along the Japura, found a Umaüa asleep on the sand. As they were rather hungry, they killed the individual and ate him, notwithstanding his leanness. The Umaüa nation, learning what had

[1] This description is drawn from a Mesaya costume which we procured on the spot, and which has been partly destroyed by the worms.

[2] Grave reproaches of this kind were at one time levelled against the nation of Umaüas, and determined its division into two tribes, those with *flat heads* and those with their *naturally shaped heads*. The adoption of flat heads was a manner of protesting against the accusation of cannibalism.

passed from a bird named *surucua*, a near relation of the cranes of the poet Ibicus, declared against the Miranhas a war without truce. Since this occurrence every Miranha who fell into the hands of the Umaüas was religiously turned into food, and by a refinement of cruelty they gratified their appetites by first fattening them. Many

A MESAYA INDIAN AND HIS GOD BUÊQUÉ.

centuries must have elapsed since the first determination of the Mesayas, but their descendants, inheriting the hatred of their fathers, have been careful to change nothing in the old programme, which we shall now describe.

Any Miranha falling into the power of the Mesayas was conducted by them to their village, where, without losing sight of him, they allowed him to move about freely. Besides, they gave him a wife to prepare his food and share his bed. Thus treated, the prisoner would get fat rapidly. After three months spent in this manner, on some night when the moon was at the full the Miranha, escorted by several warriors, was

taken into the forest to collect wood wherewith to cook his own flesh. He performed this mournful business with perfect indifference, and even trilled one of his national airs as if in contempt of the enemy. Loaded with a supply of wood, he returned to the village and deposited it in the centre of the village clearing. There the warriors who had accompanied him marked on his body with red ochre the several delicate morsels which they reserved for their own consumption on the morrow; dances were organized, and the Miranha joined in them with gaiety, either real or feigned. While the men danced, the women prepared the jars, pots, and pans which were to serve at the feast. These dances and preparations lasted until midnight, when the prisoner was led to his hut, where he slept soundly until the morrow.

As soon as daylight appeared a voice called him to come out. The Miranha rose and obeyed, but at the instant when he crossed the sill of his hut two blows from a club were aimed at his temples, by which he was struck senseless or dead. His head was then cut off, which a warrior stuck on the end of a pole and carried round the village; the body was dragged by the legs to the neighbouring stream; old women, clever cooks, washed it and cut it up into little bits, which were thrown into a copper with the addition of water and spice, and the whole boiled with the sticks collected by the deceased. When the vile mess was done to a turn, the old people, the warriors, the women and the children, seated themselves in a circle, and one of the old hags served to each of the revellers in a pot his portion of the Miranha Indian, with a little gravy. The viscera and intestines, previously washed in running water, and then roasted on the embers, were eaten at this repast, while the bones were broken in order to suck out the marrow. According to tradition nothing should remain of the dead Miranha but his embalmed and painted head, which was kept by the bravest of the Mesayas as a memento of the horrible banquet.

If the reader is astonished to see our Mesayas feed so eagerly on human flesh, he will be still more surprised to learn that when the feast is ended, they are taken ill at the thought of the strange dish of which they have partaken, and proceed without loss of time to disgorge. The more delicate find no difficulty in doing this; but some of the more robust are reduced, like the Romans of the Decline, to put their fingers down their throats in order to get rid of the contents of their stomach. This sickness and vomiting, the moral of cannibalism, proves that the honest savages of whom we are writing do not wreak their vengeance in this manner to satisfy an unnatural craving. If they resolved to eat the Miranha, it was not for love of human flesh, as we are told, but only from hatred and a desire of applying to the nation the *lex talionis*. The last Mesaya banquet of this kind took place in 1846.

The theology of these Indians admits a superior being, the creative and motive power of the universe, whom, however, like the ancient Quichuas, they fear to name. The visible manifestation of this god is the bird *buêqué*, a charming warbler, with a gold and green back and a bright red breast, of which I have several times killed and stuffed specimens, unconscious that I was guilty of deicide.[1] According to the Mesayas,

[1] The *Trogon Couroucou* or *Couroucou splendens* of naturalists. We have met with it in the forests between Pevas and Santa Maria de los Yahuas; also another variety distinguished by a salmon-coloured belly.

two spheres, one superior and transparent, the other inferior and opaque, divide space. The first is the abode of divinity, whose three attributes are power, intelligence, and love. In the second are born and die those red men for whom a reward or punishment awaits their departure from this life. Two large stars, the sun and moon, *Veī* and *Yacé*, give light by turns to the superior sphere. The smaller stars, *Ceso*, are humble lamps which give their light to the inferior sphere, the abode of men.

The tradition of a deluge exists among these men. In very distant times, the water having covered the earth, the Mesayas of that period, whose stature rivalled that of the largest trees, escaped the general inundation by squatting under a *canahua*—canoe—the concave part of which they had turned towards the ground.

Possessing these grand ideas by which they are related to the wise of old, the Mesayas are astoundingly incompetent in arithmetic, counting only to three.[1]

Their knowledge of poisons, long respected by the neighbouring nations, has acquired for them the reputation of great sorcerers.

Certain poisons possessed by these Indians are said to transform a sound healthy body into a putrefied shapeless mass in twenty-four hours; other poisons they are reputed to have which act more slowly. With these the body doubles up gradually, the teeth and nails fall out, and death takes place after three months of agony.

In very many of their customs the descendants of the Umaüas resemble the warlike tribes of the north, which are fast disappearing. The exhortation of the young by the old; the great tapir hunts, which last a whole month and are preceded by fasting; the religious custom of smoking in a calumet tobacco which they call *niopo*, and puffing the smoke to the four winds of heaven in honour of the Great Spirit, that he may favour their enterprises, all appear to have been borrowed by the Mesayas from the Iroquois and Hurons. Their armed invasions of the Miranha territory are decided by the *payès* or sorcerers of the tribe, in accordance with certain signs. These charlatans, who are also medicine-men, jugglers, and serpent-charmers, draw an induction of success or misfortune from the position of the stars and the form of the clouds at sunset. If the god Buêqué, the red and green bird, sing in the woods at the moment the warriors set off, the projected expedition against the Miranhas is deferred until the succeeding year. If the troop is on the march in the forest, and a particular stinking beetle falls from a tree upon one of the warriors, he immediately separates himself from his companions and returns home, shutting himself in his hut for three days.

The salute with which two Mesayas greet each other in the morning consists in a reciprocal confidence as to the subject of their last dream. "Last night I dreamed of a monkey," says one. "I dreamed of bats," says the other. This compliment exchanged, each individual passes on his way.

When a young girl arrives at the age of puberty, her father, or in default her eldest brother, constructs a hut with the branches of trees, apart from the rest, where she waits in complete isolation the occurrence of a certain event. That moment arrived she warns her relations by three cries. Her mother and her nearest female relations then visit her, and having felicitated her on her new condition, beat her

[1] Beyond three by duplication.

A MESAYA BANQUET.

roughly with sticks which they bring with them for the purpose. This symbolical chastisement is intended to strengthen her body against the fatigue and her soul against the sorrow to come. As we have previously related, the same custom is practised among the Ticuna Indians, with the difference that the virgin is struck by the latter with green branches, instead of being unmercifully beaten with sticks as by the Mesayas, a method which admits of no escape from the pain.

The habits of these Indians are pure, in accordance with their primitive condition. Nevertheless their purity does not restrict them to the possession of a single wife, and any individual who possesses the means, or a warrior whose exploits have distinguished him, may become a polygamist.

Eight days before her confinement the woman retires into an isolated cabin, where, at the proper time, the matrons proceed to assist her. Eight days after delivery she is led back by her nurses to the conjugal dwelling, where the things she had used are destroyed as impure, and replaced by new ones.

The Mesayas cut up their dead, burn the flesh, and preserve only the bones, which they paint red and black, and inclose in jars which they shut up hermetically. These jars are buried by them in a certain part of the forest, and, except in the case of attending a similar burial, they are careful to avoid the spot, supposing that the soul of the deceased, dispossessed of the body it had occupied, and seeking another, would not fail to introduce itself into them, and thus give to one body the task of serving two souls, which they think would become an intolerable drudgery.

To this account of the Umaüa-Mesayas we shall append a short notice of the Miranhas, against whom for centuries past they have waged a murderous war. If the abject state into which this tribe has fallen, and their many subdivisions,[1] interdicts them from asserting as formerly the justice of their claim to an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, as the wont is among savage tribes, they make up for this by hating their enemies with all their soul and all their strength.

Established up the course of the Japura at the period of the Portuguese conquest, the Miranha nation, of whom no mention has been made by a Lusitanian *historiador*, was one of those which the Portuguese and their descendants hunted more readily than the others, on account of the strange gentleness of these individuals, which made them fit objects for slavery. Nothing could be more simple than the method of capturing them. A few resolute men started from Cayçara, Ega, or Coary, in a large vessel, carrying for arms a few bundles of palm-cords only. They traversed the Amazon, ascended the Japura, the windings of which were familiar to them, and entering one of the tributaries of this river on a dark night, and landing noiselessly, they marched through the bushes to a *maloca* or Miranha village. Having reached the place, each chose a hut, and setting fire to it, posted himself at the door. Awoke by the fire, the Miranhas would attempt to escape, but they were seized on the threshold, and,

[1] The territory long occupied by the Miranha nation, as a whole, has been divided between the tribes issuing from it. To the patronymic which they preserve, these tribes have added a specific name by which they are distinguished both among themselves and the river-traders. Thus, there are *Miranha-Erêtés*, or true Miranhas; *Miranha-Carapanas*, or Mosquito Miranhas; *Miranha-Pupuñas*, or Miranhas who eat the fruit of the pupuña-palm (*Latania*); *Miranha-Sêgès*, who derive their name from the tributary of the Japura on whose banks they dwell, &c.

without explanation, had their hands tied behind them. The raid finished, our man-hunters, driving before them the captured troop, returned to their vessel. It was not an unusual thing for a dozen of these singular recruiting sergeants to capture thirty or more Miranhas.

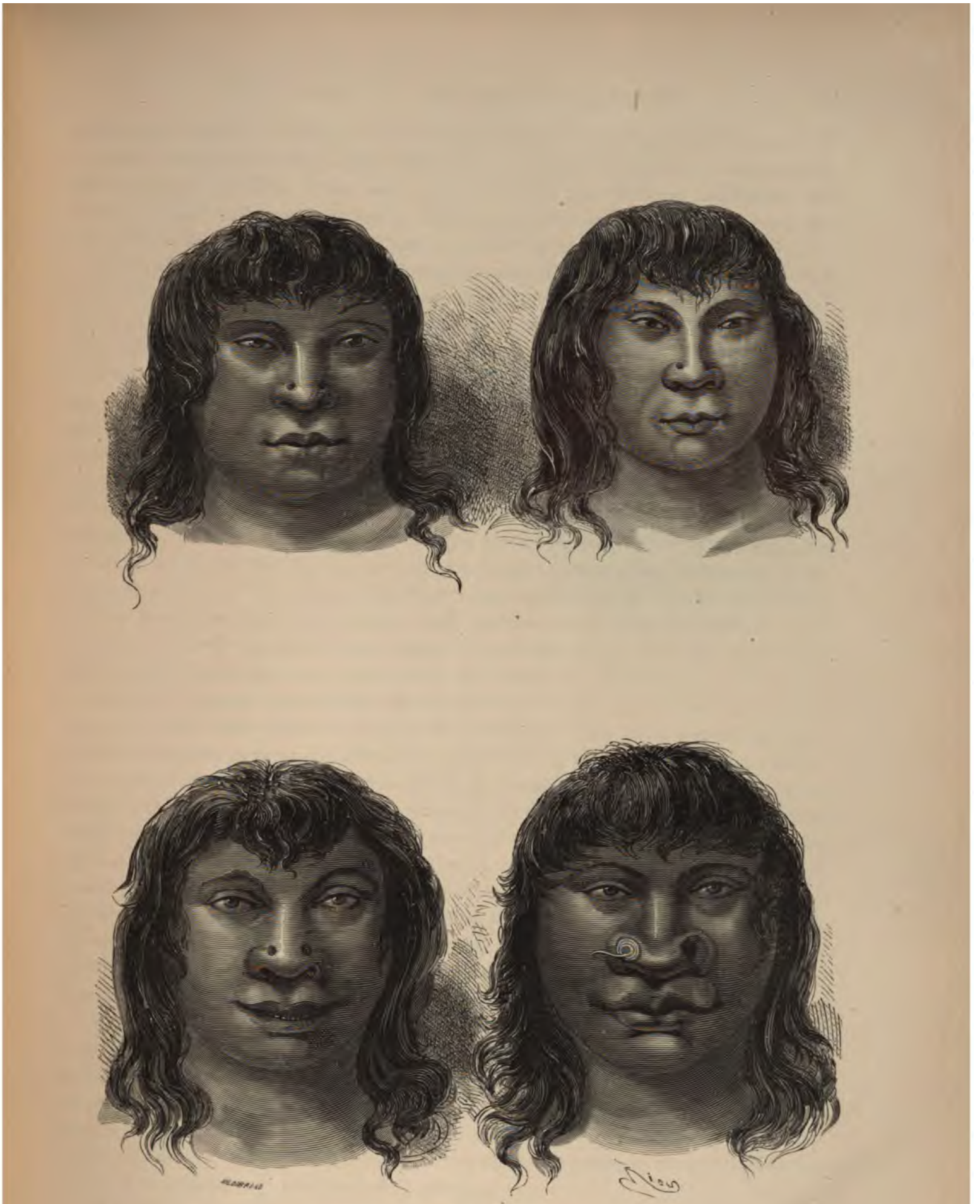
But these indigenes, suddenly snatched away from their free, wild life, but painfully accustomed themselves to their new condition; nostalgia carried off the old men, whilst a slow fever or tenesmus, occasioned by the use of manioc-flour and salt-fish, struck down most of the adults; the children only, with the careless appetite of youth, soon got accustomed to the regimen of pira-rocou and servitude, and quickly lost all remembrance of their native forests.

Although broken up into numerous castes, as we have said, the Miranha nation is still very numerous, in spite of the persecutions to which it has been subjected during more than a couple of centuries. Its present representatives occupy, between the right bank of the Japura and the bed of the Amazon, a tract of country measuring some fifteen hundred square miles, where, according to the river traffickers, they are so deficient of the means of subsistence as to be sometimes compelled, by extreme hunger, to eat their old and sick.

To procure food—for they are averse to cultivation—the Miranhas hunt birds, serpents, and insects. Large nets, which they manufacture from palm-fibre, serve to bar the bed of an igarapé, or the neck of a lake, in such a manner as to retain captive the smallest fry. These miserable resources are all that remain to them. Long since tapirs, peccaries, monkeys, and the large rodentia have disappeared from their territory, while the jaguar, it is said, has thought it wise to flee also to escape the pursuits of an enemy who hunger much more for his flesh than for his fur. When the Miranhas have not a bite of anything at hand, which happens on five days of the week, they attack the trees and eat the very bark.

These unhappy tribes do not brave constant hunger by continuing to dwell in an impoverished country, out of veneration for the soil in which the bones of their grandfathers rest, but simply because their cannibalistic reputation, merited or not, has rendered them odious to all their neighbours, who keep them at arm's-length. If the Miranhas attempted a migration, the nations adjacent to the spot on which they might set their feet would immediately arm, and force them to retrace their steps.

The Miranha type, of which we give a specimen, may be studied without making a journey up the Japura. At Cayçara, Ega, Nogueira, and Coary, many individuals of this nation may be seen, whose presence is accounted for, not by the success of kidnapping, as of old, but by the influence of the commercial spirit. Time has thus effected a remarkable advance in the means whereby the river-traders procure their services. Instead of stealing them as formerly, they buy them. Do we owe this improvement to the severity of the measures taken by the Brazilian government, or to the difficulty experienced in operating against a dismembered and scattered nation? I have no information indeed as to what has converted the transaction into a simple question of mutual accommodation, but am quite sure that the inhabitants of the above towns, instead of brutally hunting the natives, content themselves with buying their children.



TYPICAL PORTRAITS OF MIRANHA INDIANS.

A Miranha father never refuses to barter away his son for two or three hatchets, nor a mother to make away her daughter for half-a-dozen yards of cotton, a bead necklace, and a few gilt trinkets. From such commercial relations between civilization and barbarism result the number of young Miranhas of either sex, who may be seen in the towns and villages of the Amazon, from Alvaraës-Cayçara to Barra do Rio Negro.

The two days that I passed with the old people of San Mathias were occupied in writing up my journal. On the third day I prepared to depart; my hosts had appeared so wonder-stricken at the caligraphic signs in which I penned their information, that to please them, and leave a lasting souvenir of my visit, I wrote in a fine running hand the *Paternoster* and the *Ave Maria,* and gave them this specimen of my skill. Before parting from my worthy half-breeds I had the pleasure of seeing my sheet of writing pinned by means of four mimosa spines to the head of their mosquito-curtain.

On leaving San Mathias-Tapera I was about to order my Miranha pilot to cross the bay of Arênapo, and take me back to the Amazon, when he painted in such glowing colours the idea of an excursion into the *Coracé-Parana* (River of the Sun), the mouth of which, he said, lay on our road at no great distance, that, influenced by the expected pleasure of the trip, no less than by my interest in the arterial canal which derives its waters from the Amazon, and restores them again through its eight mouths, I ordered my men to row along the left side of the bay, and three hours after leaving San Mathias we entered with the current the Coracé-Parana.

This canal, about one hundred and ten yards wide, and more than two hundred miles in length, flows across the country in a vast curve from north-east to due south. After running some seventy-five miles, it communicates through a narrow gullet with the lake Amana. changes its name at this spot from Coracé into Copeya, and continues its course towards the Amazon, which it reaches after a further course of one hundred and thirty-five miles. On the way it sends into the bay of Arênapo, by three running channels, called *Tuyuyuco, Macupuri,* and *Capihuari,* a part of the water it had received from it; and, beyond the spot where the bay of Arênapo joins the Amazon, it continues to communicate with the great river by means of five channels, named *Huanana, Copeya, Yucara, Trucari,* and *Pira-Arara.* It is these channels below the bay, and those we have already mentioned above, that European geographers, led into error by La Condamine, have hitherto considered as forming so many mouths of the Japura.

Beyond the lake Amana, where the Coracé canal changes its name without changing its character, and becomes the Copeya canal, there commences inland the series of igarapés, canals, and lakes, connected, joined, and locked one with another, of which the two last form a communication in the north-east between the Japura and the Rio Negro. Any verbal description that I could possibly give of this network of water-courses would be inadequate. I must therefore refer my readers to the various sections of the chorographic map interspersed in the text.

But what no map can reproduce is the melancholy aspect of the country thus cut up in all directions by these black waters;[1] a strange sadness seems to imbue the very

[1] Some indications of this may be seen in our successive maps of the system of channels and lakes of the Japura.

air you breathe on their silent banks. It is true that our knowledge of the past is not of a nature to induce gaiety; at every step we are reminded of decayed missions and villages, of dispersed or extinct nations, on whose territory there now wander, rather than dwell, tribes who have themselves been ousted from their native soil. These large black sheets of water, when we first saw them, appeared as if they were in mourning for those who once peopled their shores.

On their banks formerly dwelt the *Chumanas*, who tattooed their lips and decorated their cheeks with a double volute, the hieroglyphic symbol of their tribe. These Indians were allied with the *Tumbiras*, who blackened their faces, and whose lower lips were ornamented with a paten of cecropia wood. In the neighbourhood of these two nations lived the *Periatis*, the *Marayas*, the *Araruas*, renowned for the tissue which they manufactured of feathers; and the *Yamas*, who broke the bones of their dead and sucked out the marrow, believing that the soul of the deceased, being hidden there, would make it live again in them.

To these nations, extinguished or driven away by the Portuguese conquest, there succeeded the nation of *Muras*, whose audacity, ferocity, and love of pillage were long feared by their neighbours, both barbarous and civilized.

The Muras lived, at the commencement of the seventeenth century, on the right bank of the Amazon, on the borders of the lakes and igarapés situated between the rivers Teffé and Madeira—an extent of about 145 miles. Long quite unknown, they suddenly appeared and played on the Upper Amazon the part of the buccaneers in the sea of the Antilles, or of the Uzkoks in the Adriatic. Hardly a single Portuguese vessel could ascend the river without being attacked by these pirates. On several occasions the governors of Para and the captains-general of the Rio Negro sent regular troops to fight them, against whom the Muras fearlessly measured their strength, and whom they more than once held in check. The apostolic crusades of the Portuguese Carmelites and Jesuits, the attempts at civilization of the governors of Para, the persecutions they suffered at the hands of the river-tribes of the Amazon, and lastly the small-pox, at length produced an impression on the Muras. Much weakened in numbers, at the end of the eighteenth century, they soon dispersed themselves; a few families continued to dwell on the borders of the lakes and tributary streams on the right bank of the Amazon, while others crossed the river and established themselves around the lakes Amana and Cudajaz, where some of their descendants may still be found.

A dull apathy and savage melancholy have replaced in these Indians their ancient warlike, ferocious humour. Of all the red-skin tribes who have been civilized or brutalized by the rule of the conquerors, not one appears to carry farther than the Muras the hatred and loathing of the white-skins. The solitude of the great lakes is not sufficiently deep for them, and the mere sight of a pale-face will scare them away. But in the haste exhibited by a Mura to avoid white men there is more of hatred than real fear. If he runs, it is in Parthian fashion—he sends an arrow at his enemy.

Like the Quichuas of the plateaux of the Andes, the Muras play on a flute with

five stops, and have invented a musical language by means of which they converse together. Two of these Indians, separated by the width of a canal or igarapé, exchange notes respecting the weather, chatter about their personal affairs, or relate an encounter which they may have had on some neighbouring lake with a civilized intruder, fishing for pira-rocou or lamantins. As with the Quichuas, the major key is banished from their melodies. Untutored man has never more than a few sad notes to express happiness and joy.

TYPICAL PORTRAIT OF A MURA INDIAN.

Of all the ancient customs which time and contact with Europeans have abolished among the Muras, the most important was the admission of the young men into the corps of warriors. This enrolment, decreed by the nation, was solemnized by hunting, which occupied eight days, and which was terminated by a general flagellation and drunken revel.

Each adult, coupled with a companion of his choice, an *adelphopeiton*, to use the Greek word, thrashed him handsomely with a rod, and was thrashed himself in turn. This flagellation, which lasted several hours, was only the commencement of the ceremony.

While the men were thus engaged in whipping each other, the young women prepared a wine for the occasion from the fruit of the assahy-palm. The old women, for their part, roasted and bruised the lobes of the *parica*, the odorous powder thus produced being employed by the Muras in the place of tobacco to make snuff. With the help of an instrument like that used by the Antis and their neighbours of the Sacramento Plain, the actors in the fête filled each other's nostrils with the powder in question, while

emptying goblet after goblet of assahy wine. When their nasal passages were stuffed full, and their stomachs distended like wine-skins, the Muras passed to another exercise.

The party divided into troops of twelve. Each troop was established in a separate hut, and the individuals seated themselves in a circle on the floor. The old women

WOODS OF WILD CACAO

then brought in, together with a large kettle full of *parica* infusion, a certain utensil in the shape of a pear, to which was adapted a rush tube. This pear, manufactured from the juice of the *Hevæa*, hardened by smoking, and of which the Umaüas are, with or without reason, supposed to be the unlucky inventors, was filled by the old women with infusion of parica, and presented to each present, who, using it like a syringe, pressed its sides until the whole of the liquid contents had been expelled. The pear, used by all, was repeatedly filled and emptied, and continued to pass round

the circle until the abdomens of all present were distended like drums, and threatened to burst.

This savage ceremony, called *Paraně*, did not want for victims. As a consequence of the quantity of parica they had taken into their nostrils, of wine they had drunk, and of the infusion they had absorbed, some Muras, over-distended, burst like shells in the midst of the feast. Those who managed to disburden themselves danced and frolicked for twenty-four hours, when each returned to his dwelling, and the accustomed order was restored.

A somewhat similar ceremony was observed annually by the Umaüas on the occasion of their great expiatory fast. To the employment of parica as a sternutatory and laxative they substitute, as we have already explained, that of *acacia-niopo*, of which the Mesayas, the last representatives of the Umaüa nation, still make use.

One fine morning, whilst breakfasting on the last handfuls of manioc-flour which remained to us, I was astonished to find that seventeen days had elapsed since our departure from Ega. Of these seventeen days, six had been employed in ascending the bay of Arênapo as far as the Japura, and in descending it as far as San Mathias-Tapera; two days had passed in chatting with the old half-breeds and their Mesaya servant; the nine remaining days were occupied in going and coming, passing and repassing among the igarapés, canals, and lakes which cover the country between the Japura and the Rio Negro, and connect the two rivers. This eventful voyage, broken by halts and various distractions, from angling down to hunting for the wild chocolate (cacao), whose glairy filaments furnished us with an excellent lemonade, may have pleased my wandering instincts, but it had also exhausted our provisions, which it had now become urgent to renew. Consequently I ordered my Miranha pilot to return to the Amazon by any of the openings from the Copeya channel, and to row to Ega as rapidly as possible.

By the evening of the next day we had gained the outer entrance of the gullet of the lake Teffé. Two hours later we had reached the large village. I found the place even sadder and more silent than when I left it. The doors and shutters of most of the houses were hermetically closed, and not a single ray of light escaped from any crevice. A passer-by whom I stopped explained the reason of this silence and sadness. The annual period was approaching when the rivers fall, and the turtle would not long delay laying their eggs on the dry shores, so that a number of the inhabitants of Ega had left in advance, in order not to miss the precise moment when the egg-laying should commence.[1] Some had pitched their tents on the shores of the Jurua; others, crossing the Amazon, had proceeded to the bay of Arênapo and the channels of white water which flow into it.

I employed the evening in laying in a stock of ground flour and salt fish. Six fan but living fowls were presented to me by a major of police, whose name I regret to have forgotten. If, perchance, these lines come under the notice of the

[1] We have already explained, in our account of the Conibos of the Sacramento Plain, that the natives watch for this event with the greater vigilance, as it furnishes an opportunity to provide themselves also with turtle, after these animals have deposited their eggs in the sand.

honourable functionary, may he view them as the tribute which I gratefully pay in return for his poultry.

We left before daybreak. When the sun rose we were already outside the passage to the lake Ega-Teffé, and were rowing along the right bank of the Amazon. Nothing of interest occurred during this day, which seemed to me very long, although I managed to yawn away the time. At night we looked out for a spot on which to bivouac; but an impenetrable vegetation clothed the banks of the river. We therefore entered the lake Juteca, whose black water promised us, at least, immunity from the persecutions of the mosquitoes.

FAMILIES FROM EGA SEARCHING FOR TURTLES' EGGS.

Its vast surface, wherein the stars trembled confusedly, presented at this hour an almost magical appearance. The moon, about to rise, already tinted one side of the heavens with a greenish reflection, on which the soft, circular profile of the forest wall was well defined. This landscape, painted in neutral tones and half-tints, issuing from the darkness like some creation rising into life, had a nameless air of immateriality at once fantastic and charming.

The flooding of the little river which flows from the lake Juteca had raised its level and caused it to overflow its banks. Considering the impossibility of reaching terra firma, we fastened the montaria to the branches of a submerged tree, and rolling ourselves up like hedgehogs awaited in this uncomfortable position for the consoling embrace of Morpheus. My men, accustomed to sleep in all sorts of positions, were not long in falling asleep. After a moment they all snored in concert. I vainly attempted to imitate them; an emotion over which I was not master drove sleep from my eyes. This emotion or fear was caused by the singular noise which I had heard around our boat since it had become motionless. Besides, certain brown objects which I observed pointing above the water puzzled me more than they need have done, and I was quite unable to appreciate their form or determine their nature.

The moon, which soon appeared and shot a ray of light across the lake, enabled me to recognize in these brown moving objects a number of caymans in search of prey. Any desire I may have had for sleep immediately disappeared. Not only were my

MOONLIGHT EFFECT ON THE LAKE JUTECA (BLACK WATER).

eyes at once rivetted on the monsters, but lest one of them might suddenly be inspired to crawl over the side of the boat, raised only eight or ten inches above the water, I armed myself with an oar and unsheathed my hunting-knife. The oar was intended to serve as a bait, which I proposed to introduce into the animal's throat directly he opened his jaws; and while he endeavoured to swallow or cast it out, I cared not which, a gash with my knife in his eyes was expected to blind him, and compel him to beat a speedy retreat.

But these warlike preparations were quite unnecessary. The caymans of the lake Juteca, whether they had already indulged in a sufficient supper, or were struck by the strangeness of the landscape and the beauty of this serene night, contented themselves with swimming around our boat, whining amorously at the moon, and infecting the atmosphere with the penetrating odour of musk peculiar to their kind.

Towards four o'clock the moon disappeared, and the saurians made off for the banks. Relieved from the apprehension with which their disagreeable presence had filled me, I fell into a state of stupor, which if it was not sleep, was at least a poor imitation of it. When I re-opened my eyes the fairy landscape of the night had changed its aspect; a thick fog floated over the lake, and, concealing the lower half of the trees on its banks, left visible only their detached summits clearly portrayed against the sky, already filling with morning's light. The two wonderful pictures presented to me in succession by the lake Juteca compensated in some measure for the fearful night I had passed on its bosom. On the same day, towards noon, we reached the entrance to the lake Coary.

This lake, shaped like an ellipse, is eighteen miles in length and six in breadth. Three little rivers flowing from the depths of the forests, from the south, south-west, and west, the *Coary*, the *Urucu*, and the *Uraüa*, concur in its formation. Two *furos* or channels, the *Isidorio* and the *Baüa*, open a communication in the east with the lake *Mamia* and the river of the *Purus;* on the same side the stream *Pera* contributes its waters, and in the north a channel called *Coracé-miri* (the Little Sun) connects it with the Amazon.

The head of the lake Coary is situated near the bed of the Amazon, an advantage or disadvantage which distinguishes this lake from its neighbours, which only communicate with the great river by means of canals whose length is sometimes considerable.

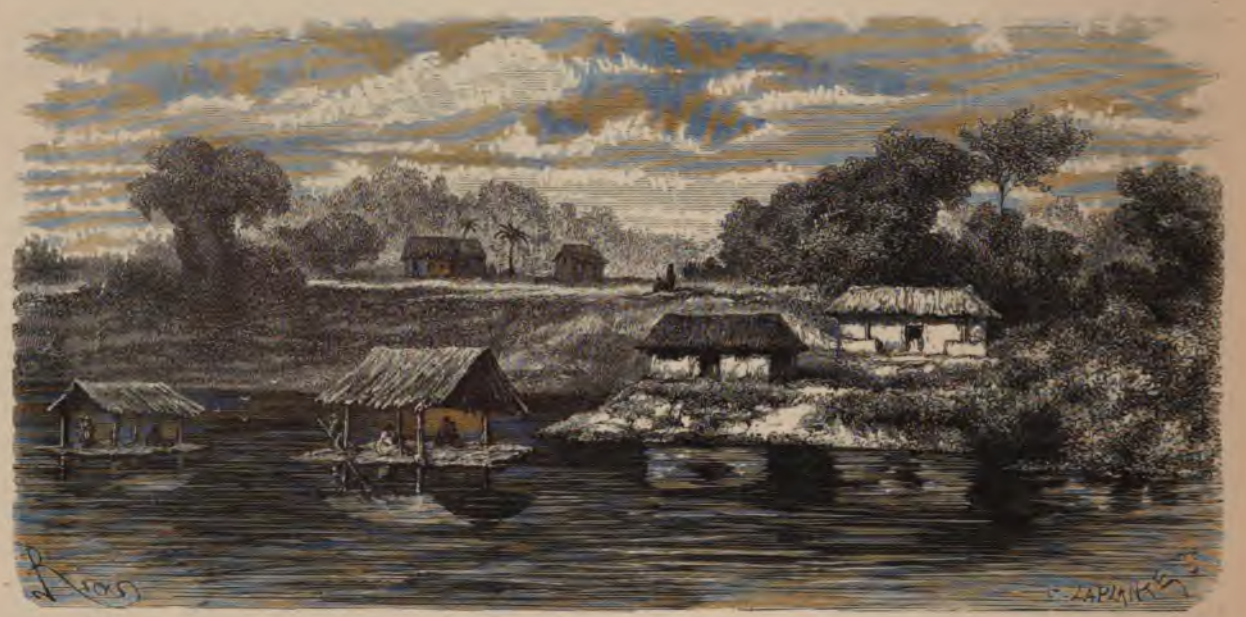
The first thing to be remarked on entering the Coary, is a little hamlet composed of six houses with thatched roofs, erected on the top of an eminence. The spot is named *Tahua-miri.* At the foot of the eminence twelve smaller houses are grouped in picturesque disorder; but these, instead of being built on terra firma like the others, are constructed on *jangadas* or rafts, a singularity which merits some explanation.

At the great floods of the Amazon, the water, after covering the shores, rushes into the lake, and rises above the hill which serves as a pedestal to the hamlet of Tahüa-miri, which it swamps entirely. Surprised by the inundation, the inhabitants would run a risk of being drowned in their homes if the floating-houses were not

at hand to serve as a refuge. With the help of these arks of refuge, they leave the submerged hamlet, and cast anchor in a neighbouring creek, where they stay until the fall of the water enables them to return to their homes.

At the time we passed Tahua-miri the water was low and the whole of the little eminence was visible, with its veins of blue clay and red ochre. Solitude and silence reigned in the locality. The only living things visible were some white pigeons perched on the thatch of one of the roofs pruning their feathers in the sun.

This water-side village situate on the left banks of the lake—on advancing to-



THE HAMLET OF TAHUA-MIRI ON THE LAKE OF COARY.

wards its source—is only an unimportant advanced post. The capital or chief place, called on the Brazilian maps *A Villa do Coary,* is four leagues distant on the same shore.

We arrived there about six o'clock, while they were celebrating the marriage of a soldier and a Tapuya woman. The civil, military, and ecclesiastical authorities of the place had mingled with the native population to impart the greater pomp and solemnity to this local event. The cachassa (tafia), which had been running freely since morning, had reddened the faces of the people, and raised the guitars above their normal tone. An invitation to take part in the general merry-making was immediately extended to me. I decisively refused, on the pretence of headache. They then conducted me to a room contiguous to the ball-room, and left me in solitude until morning. As the fête lasted all night, and the vociferous cries of those present, the sound of tambourines and of guitars, and above all the frightful blows which they directed from time to time against the partition which separated me from the guests, prevented me from getting a single wink of sleep, I of course concluded that the lodging they had given me was a Tapuyan and somewhat savage method of punishing me for refusing to assist at the wedding.

At daybreak I left my hammock, and with my eyes swollen for want of sleep sallied forth to examine the city of Coary, of which I had barely caught a glimpse on the night before. I was struck by its ugliness, and almost affected by its sadness. Imagine, on the borders of a vast sheet of water, black as ink, motionless, and thick, a tract of ground covered with short yellow grass; on this turf eleven houses roofed with palm fronds, separated by a space of a hundred and fifty yards, and a little behind the houses a church resembling the most wretched barn, with its plaster walls knocked down, and its roof fallen in places. Here and there, as accessories to the picture, a few squash and orange trees, planted by the Portuguese Carmelites who had founded in the seventeenth century a mission named Arvellos[1] on this site. The squash-trees, bare, twisted, and broken down with age; the orange-trees bearing, instead of leaves and fruit, long rags of a white moss called *salvagina*, which gave them the air of broken-down old men done up in flannel. Add to this assemblage, by way of animation, five or six lean cows wandering from door to door, as if demanding of their masters some better pasture than

CITY OF COARY, SITUATED ON THE LAKE OF THAT NAME (BLACK WATER)

[1] This mission first existed on the Cuchiüara or San Thomé canal, which conveys the waters of the Amazon to the river of the Purus. At the time when he descended this river, La Condamine found the mission still in existence on the same spot. Later it was removed to the right bank of the Coary, and took the name of Arvellos, which had been given to this place when it was elevated to the rank of a capital city. The first converts of this mission belonged to the *Sorimao*, *Puru-Puru*, *Passé*, *Yuma*, *Cayupi*, and *Catahuichi* nations.

the yellow turf could supply, and you will have an exact picture of the capital of Coary!

If the appearance of this phantom-like city is mournful and dreary, on the other hand, that of the lake is most animated, especially when a south wind blows, which is the case in the months of September and October. Large waves drive against the bank and wash away large sections, and, on breaking, cover the houses with a shower of spray. When ruffled by the wind the immense sheet of water soon becomes thick, the ochre and clay at the bottom are stirred up, and, rising to the surface, give a greenish gray tinge to the water, which can only be compared to the peculiar pallor of a dead negro.

During seven or eight months in the year the lake of Coary affords vessels a depth of five or six fathoms; but as the summer approaches its level falls from day to day, until, in the dog-days, it is reduced to a narrow channel and has no communication with the Amazon. The mud being now exposed occasions agues, which the inhabitants avoid by flying to their *sitios*. These sitios are little plantations of manioc or coffee in the middle of the forests. Each is provided with an ajoupa or little hut roofed with palm fronds.

I stayed only forty-eight hours at Coary; but even this length of time more than sufficed to turn any gaiety I possessed into melancholy. A visit paid by the priest, a shoulder of mutton which he sent me, and a friendly note which accompanied the bit of meat, had no effect in dissipating the gloom that possessed me. I only recovered my normal condition after I had got quit of the town, and found myself once more in sight of the banks of the Amazon.

The lake Mamia, which we turned aside to examine, as we passed the inlet, is a black sheet of water, from fifteen to eighteen miles in circumference, fed by a river flowing from the interior. It communicates with the lake Coary by means of the Isidorio canal, of which we have previously spoken. A few families of Muras lived on its banks, apparently quite ignorant of the projects which had been made for their future by the curé of Coary. This worthy priest had obtained from the commandant of Barra do Rio Negro the authorization to found a mission among the Muras on the banks of the Mamia. Having built the necessary houses, he proposed, as he told me, to employ the converts in planting ten thousand coffee plants, which in due time would be a source of considerable profit. As this godly man had imposed secrecy on us, we were unable, whatever our disposition may have been, to tell the Muras, through our pilot, of the happy future which the coming missionary was preparing for them.

The sun was about setting when we reached the entrance to the furo Camara, one of the mouths of the Purus. Remarking that the current of this canal flowed like that of the river, from north to south towards the river Purus, instead of from south to north, towards the Amazon, I suspected that La Condamine had committed a geographical blunder, which had been innocently reproduced ever since by our map-makers. The approach of night preventing any examination in this respect, I was obliged to defer until the morrow the verification of what appeared to me a very

strange fact. We supped and slept in the neighbourhood of the supposed mouth of the Purus, on a soft wet bank, in which the form of our bodies remained impressed.

I was up at daybreak, somewhat cold in body, but with a ready will. Regardless of the peevish looks of my rowers, and the sourish reflections of my pilot, who pretended that with my method of travelling the chances were we should never reach our destination, I made for the Camara canal, and entered it. After running three hours with the tide we reached a lake of black water called *Castanha*, which appeared to me about six miles in circumference. Its banks were clothed with large rushes, Alismaceæ, and that variety of the *Pontederia crassipes* whose petioles, filled with air, resemble the swimming-bladder of a fish. Running at a great rate with the tide of the Amazon, we passed an hour afterwards a second black-water lake, named *Lago da Salsa*. In place of the abundance of sarsaparilla plants that the Portuguese name seemed to promise, we only found on the borders of the lake a Mura hut abandoned by its owners, with the remains of earthen pots and the feathers of harpy-vultures scattered over the ground.

Three hours after noon we passed a lake named *Huayapua*, on our left, but we did not traverse it from north to south, as we had done its neighbours. Its waters were black like those of the lakes Castanha and Salsa, and the vegetation on its banks, if we except a few clumps of ambaubeiras which rose above the rushes, was the same as theirs. According to the pilot we were now only six miles from the Purus, into which the Camara canal opened.

At length we shot out into the great river. My men, thinking they had reached the end of their troubles, gave vent to a shout of joy on reaching it. They had already commenced a vigorous spurt in order to reach the middle of its current, whose strength would have borne us quickly to the Amazon, when I restrained their ardour with a sign. I had made up my mind to examine, one after the other, the various channels which formed the mouth of the Purus, and my taste for discovery having been whetted by the exploration we had effected of the Camara canal I did not care to proceed without accomplishing my wishes. I therefore hugged the left bank of the Purus, which we followed for an hour, when, seeing the sun about to disappear, I gave the order to land and prepare our bivouac.

On the morrow I continued my descent of the river. The evening before, on issuing from the Camara canal, I had passed on my left a lake of black water named *Abufaro*, and somewhat beyond, on my right, opposite an island three miles in circuit, called *Isla dos Muras*, the mouth of a tributary, and still lower down two lakes of black water.

The river of the Purus, which I descended whilst examining the physiognomy of its banks, appeared to me in all respects worthy to be called a sister stream of the Ucayali. Its winding course—its somewhat muddy waters, whose yellowish colour recalled those of the Apu-Paro—its long banks of sand, which the summer's heat had already somewhat dried up—everything, including the vegetation of its shores, composed of nipa palm-trees, fig-trees, ingas, tahuaris, and several varieties of cecropia—

reminded me of my journey across the Sacramento Plain, and my friendly relations with its inhabitants.

These thoughts of the past, to which I willingly gave way, were interrupted by an observation of my pilot. We were approaching the furo Aru, one of the deceptive channels through which, according to La Condamine and succeeding authors, the Purus river runs into the Amazon. In five minutes more we were athwart its course. To my great surprise the current of this canal was flowing towards us. It was obvious that this second outlet of the Purus, like that of Camara, was an arm of the Amazon.

Impatient to continue an investigation which had so far produced such satisfac-

AN INCIDENT ON THE ARU CANAL.

tory results, I ordered my rowers to reascend the Aru canal, which I supposed would bring us back again to the main stream. Till now these men had yielded almost passive obedience to my wishes, and saving an occasional grimace when, to make a point, I compelled them to substitute a system of curved lines for straight ones, I had had no reason to complain of their services. Not so on receiving the order to row against the current of the Aru. They suddenly lost all patience. The steersman threw his paddle down at his feet; the rowers crossed their arms, and the boat, left to itself, began to float with the stream. I confess that at this moment my wrath carried me beyond all bounds. Springing to my feet, I seized the abandoned paddle, and raising it with both arms, in the manner of Hercules doing execution upon Cacus, I made believe that I was about to smash it on the refractory skull of my steersman. The man uttered a cry of fear, shrunk back *en arrière*, and joining his hands, entreated me to spare him. Not only did I grant his prayer, but I tendered him his paddle, which he took, and immediately plunged it into the water. The rowers had remained dumb with astonishment during this little transaction. I

further terrified them by declaring that on my arrival at Barra do Rio Negro I would complain to the authorities of their mutinous conduct, and have them enrolled on the spot in the honourable corps of *Lapins ferrés,* or police-soldiers.

An enrolment of this kind is like the small-pox—one of the things which a Tapuya Indian dreads beyond every other misfortune. I observed that my men grew pale under their brown masks, and exchanging significant looks, seized the oars, and began to row with an enthusiasm which amounted to fury. We were soon speeding our way along the Aru canal, notwithstanding the strength of the current, which my men a moment before had been so little disposed to face.

The vegetation on the banks of the Aru bore a close resemblance to that of its neighbour the Camara. There were gyneriums and water-plantains, Alismaceæ and labiated Microphyllæ—the latter in abundance—of the family *Stachytarpheta.* All these grew half in the water, half in a muddy soil, which the last flooding of the Amazon had covered with ooze and the spoils of vegetation. Thanks to the combined exertions of my men, whom the fear of military service had rendered insensible to fatigue, we were able to rest at the close of the day in the neighbourhood of the lake *Preto.* The next day we crossed this lake, the Portuguese name of which indicates the colour of the water, from south to north, and at six o'clock in the evening found ourselves in the current of the Amazon. In twenty-three hours my men had made thirty-three miles, rowing against stream, a prodigious *tour de force,* which they would long bear in remembrance.

In like manner we descended and ascended, backwards and forwards, the three canals which succeeded the Camara and Aru, and which are called respectively the Jurupary, the Cayuüana, and the Cuchiüara or San Thomé.[1] It was at the mouth of the last-mentioned canal that the Portuguese Carmelites, once on a time, founded, as we have before related, a leading mission, the site of which they afterwards abandoned for another on the right bank of the Coary.

This exploration of the five arms which the Amazon plunges into the Purus occupied us nine days, which I consider were the best employed during my journey. In all this time the only human beings we saw were a Mura Indian and his wife, who resided on the bank of the *Surubi* lake, opening from the river Purus. These individuals, who called themselves Christians, notwithstanding that they looked as savage as their congeners on the lakes of the Japura, consented, with a bad enough grace, to let us have some fresh fish and bananas, in exchange for a few leaves of tobacco.

On the ninth day of this "voyage en zigzag," seated at dinner on a beautiful stretch of fine sand, where the Purus flows into the Amazon, I recalled in idea the list of savants and travellers who had descanted in turn on the affluent of the river whose supposed mouths I had thus happily explored. Not one of them, in spite of his researches, and the mastery that he pretended to have acquired over the hydrography of the Purus, had been able to fix satisfactorily the place of its origin, or to

[1] These three canals are flooded during the rainy season and the increase of the Amazon, but the waters flow off, and their beds drying up, are filled with a temporary vegetation during the season of low water.

trace its true course. All, however, it is only just to concede, were of accord upon the advantages, without number, which Brazil and Peru might derive from the rapid and direct communication which the rivers in question offered them.

To the list of these learned investigators, now no more, let us add, by way of closing it, the name of a semi-official French traveller, who, in the year of grace 1861, discovered that the bearded Spaniards of the time of Pizarro were the ancestors of the beardless Mayorunas of the Ucayali. He also had a good deal to say about the course of the Purus, and he deserves all the more credit for his dissertation, considering that, at the distance of about sixty miles from the sources of that river, and more than nine hundred miles from its embouchure, it would scarcely have been possible to obtain a bird's-eye view of its course without obtaining the assistance of an aeronaut, or mounting on one of the largest condors.

As his theory—whether derived from observation by means of a balloon or a bird's flight, notwithstanding the picturesque side it may have, and the noise of drums and trumpets which the learned have made about it—fails to clear up any detail relative to the Purus, I will proceed, for the edification of my readers, to ascend the course of that river, as we previously ascended the Jurua, borrowing what help we can from the information which the Brazilian cutters of sarsaparilla, the lamantin-fishers, bee-hunters, makers of andiroba oil, copaiba, piassaba ropes, &c., who had themselves ascended the river, willingly gave me at former times, out of regard for science, of which I was with them the humble representative.[1]

Although three-quarters of a mile wide at its embouchure, the river of the Purus—or simply the Purus[2]—measures less than a thousand yards at so short a distance as the point where the Camara canal carries its waters into the Amazon. In the measure that we advance into the interior, the frequency with which its waters at one time contract their bed, and at another spread over a wider surface, increases, and the sinuosities of the stream at the same time multiply. At certain points these windings are so excessive that after twenty-four hours' rowing the explorer finds himself almost back again at the point from which he started. So, on the Ucayali, which is more tortuous than any other river, the traveller, after three days' journey by boat, will find himself at a spot which he could have reached in a three hours' walk from the point of departure.

The first tributary of the Purus—ascending its course—is the river-lake dos Muras, which debouches opposite an island of the same name. That island, so say the Brazilians, is the only one in the course of the Purus, and the affluent in question, which flows into it on the left, opens a communication between it and the Madeira.[3]

[1] I have collated in the text the information formerly obtained from the Brazilian explorers with that more recently given by the English traveller Chandless. [The map which accompanies this translation represents the present state of knowledge of the regions under discussion, as derived from the most recent information.—Ed.]

[2] So named from the Puru-Puru nation, whose territory in the seventeenth century extended from the mouth of this river to 150 miles into the interior. It is now represented by a few families scattered between the river-lake dos Muras or the Parana-mirim do Jary and the river Parana-pichuna.

[3] Instead of a single island, Mr. Chandless has counted seven, four of which are of a fair size, and three very small. One should not expect, indeed, in a river of such fantastic humour that its multiplied sinuosities make it a worthy

THE CAMARA AND URU—SUPPOSED MOUTHS OF THE PURUS.

MOUTH OF THE PURUS.

From the point where the Purus enters the Amazon to the mouth of the Muras, the water of which is black, and has an almost imperceptible current, the Brazilians reckon eighteen days' journey. In this distance the only red-skins they encountered were the Indians of the Mura nation, established on the black-water lakes by which the shores of the Purus in that part of its course is indented. To these Muras had succeeded a few families of Puru-Puru Indians.

A second tributary, named the *Parana-pichuna* (Black River), situated, according to the estimate of the Brazilian explorers, at twenty-nine days' journey from the Rio dos Muras, flows from an easterly direction, and, mingling its waters with those of the Purus, opens a communication between that river and the Madeira.

It is between these two rivers, the Brazilians say, that the cachoeiras or rapids of the Purus commence, extending in succession over a stretch of fifteen or eighteen miles. These rapids are caused by rocks, sometimes concealed, sometimes visible, which, barring the bed of the Purus, oppose an obstacle to the current, and, according to their relative bearings, divide the mass of the waters either into two streams, or numerous torrent-like channels.[1]

Beyond these rapids, at twenty-three days' journey from the Parana-pichuna, the Purus receives on the right a tributary of black water, named the Tapahua, about three hundred yards wide at its embouchure. The Brazilians have been told by the Catahuichis Indians, whose territory stretches in the north-west from the sources of the lakes Coary and Teffé as far as the Jurua, that the said Tapahua takes its rise in the forest, not far from the source of the Jurua. In times of drought a day's march divides the sources of the one from the sources of the other; in times of flood the two rivers mingle for a moment their different-coloured waters.

At five days' journey from the Tapahua, the Cunihua, a river of white water as broad as the Purus itself, enters it on the right. Let us fix for a moment our attention on this tributary, the most important, according to the Brazilians, of all the affluents of the Purus, and the only one of whose source we are ignorant, notwithstanding that the Catukino Indians, whose territory has been visited by the Brazilians, have asserted that the course of the Cunihua is parallel to that of the Jurua. and that it may be followed like it as far as the Spanish possessions.[2]

Twenty-five days' journey separates the embouchure of the Cunihua from that of the Mucuin, a black-water river about a hundred yards in breadth, which flows into the Purus on the left, and which, according to the Brazilians, communicates with the Madeira.

sister of the Ucayali, anything like an exact reckoning in the number of its islands. It suffices for the Purus, as for the Ucayali, to change its course a half degree to the eastward or westward to attach its old islands to *terra firma*, and create new ones. As for the (alleged) communications which the tributaries on the left bank of the Purus—it must be remembered we are ascending the stream—have with the Madeira, they are all denied by Chandless. According to him one river alone, the Itusi (Ituxy), an affluent of the Purus, which will come under our observation further on, really communicates with the Madeira, near one of its rapids called the *Salto de Theotonio*.

[1] Mr. Chandless, however, declares there are no cachoeiras or rapids in the whole course of the Purus.

[2] The Cunihua is not, as the Brazilians state, a tributary of the Purus, but rather of the Tapahua, into which it flows at five days' journey above the confluence of the latter with the Purus. Besides, the water of the Tapahua is white, not black, as the Brazilians allege.

At twenty-three days' journey from the Mucuin the Brazilians locate two white-water rivers of no importance—the Mamuria-huasu (Great Mamuria), and the Mamuria-mirim (Little Mamuria), which flow into the Purus on the right. Between these two affluents they make a journey of eleven days, rowing against the stream.[1]

At the distance of four days' journey from the Mamuria-mirim the river Itusi (Ituxy), over two hundred yards broad at its confluence, brings into the Purus its tribute of black water from the east, and opens a communication with the Madeira.[2]

From the confluence of the Itusi to that of the Sapatini, a river which flows into the Purus on the left, the Brazilians reckon a twenty-five days' journey.[3] Immediately after passing the mouth of the Itusi the rocks, they say, which had long ago disappeared from the bed of the Purus, begin once more to obstruct its course, and determine a fresh succession of rapids. Above Sapatini these rocks, forming a sloping bank along the shores of the Purus, shut it in like a double wall.[4]

At the junction of the Sapatini with the Purus, the explorers relate that they have met with Sehuacu Indians, and have bartered harpoons and fish-hooks with them for the products of their industry. The territory of that tribe, which numbers about two hundred men, is conterminous in the north with that of the Catukino Indians, and in the south with that of the Canamaris.[5]

Beyond the mouth of the Sapatini the Brazilians have continued the ascent of the Purus for thirty-two days longer, but after that they report that its channel narrows very considerably, the rocks become numerous, and it ceases to be navigable.[6] Leaving it when it passes beyond the reach of sight in a direction south-south-west, they have then ascended a tributary stream which flows into it at this point on the right. This affluent is called the Pahuini. Its breadth is somewhat more than sixty yards; its water is white, but muddy, and its current rapid.[7] The Brazilians in their ascent of this affluent of the Purus, which they say is the last, had the sunset in their faces every evening.[8] After five days' slow and difficult navigation, when their boats had

[1] In the sketch-map given by Mr. Chandless the Little Mamuria, or Mamuria-mirim, is situated seventy-five miles lower down than the Great Mamuria, or Mamuria-huasu, whilst the Brazilians locate it above the latter.

[2] The Itusi, which the Brazilians describe as a black-water river, and which they locate four days' journey below the embouchure of the Mamuria-mirim, flows into the Purus above that point, and its water is white. This is the only tributary of the Purus which, according to Mr. Chandless, communicates with the Madeira.

[3] According to the sketch-map given by Mr. Chandless, the distance is but thirty-six miles from the embouchure of the Itusi to that of the Sapatini, which he calls the *Sepatynim*.

[4] The English traveller makes no mention either of rocks or walls.

[5] In the explanatory text which accompanies his map of the Purus, Mr. Chandless speaks of the tribe of the Jamamadis, which succeeds in the south to that of the Hyperinas, but he says nothing of the Sehuacus.

[6] Mr. Chandless was able to ascend it, however, to an extent of over five degrees.

[7] The English traveller describes the Pahuini, which he names the *Pauynim*, as a black-water river, one hundred and eighty yards wide at its embouchure. I may remark *en passant* that the othography of these native names seems to me to be a little altered by the honest traveller. Englishmen in general have little ear for sound, and when ignorant of the language of a country they are apt to substitute *aõh* for *ou;* hence in Mr. Chandless' map some names written in his fashion of speaking have endings which appear to me considerably at variance with the radicals of the Tupi idiom.

[8] From the embouchure of the Pahuini to the spot where the river of the Purus bifurcates Mr. Chandless has reckoned on both shores thirty-two tributaries great and small.

been much damaged by contact with the rocks, they decided to turn back. On re-entering the Purus, they were told by the Sehuacu Indians that the sources of the Pahuini, neighbouring the *Spanish Sierra* (sic), were inhabited by the Canamari Indians, whose neighbours on the north are the Pucapacuris, and on the south the Tuyneris and the Huatchipayris of the valleys of the Paucartampu.

In this partial exploration of the Purus, the Brazilians have occupied 185 days, a lapse of time which would seem to be fabulous if we had not already related how lazily they row against the stream of the Amazon and its affluents. This hundred and eighty-five days' journey, reckoning an average of three leagues a day, amounts to 1755 miles, from which if we deduct two-thirds for the windings of the river—and those of the Purus are as numerous as they are varied—we shall have as a result 555 miles, or nearly ten degrees, for the actual distance traversed.

From this hydrographic study of the Purus, commencing with my trip through one of its canals, and ending with the exploration of a part of its course by the Brazilians, resulted, in 1864, two important discoveries. First, the said river had not, and never had, but one embouchure, in place of the numerous mouths which travellers had assigned to it. Secondly, the system of those gentlemen who made of the Purus and the Madre de Dios, or Amaru-Mayo, of the valleys of Paucartampu, one and the same river from its source to its confluence, was erroneous, and it was desirable that such an error should be pointed out to professors of geography having the charge of pupils. There remained, however, a last method of connecting Peru with Brazil by a direct route, and of perpetuating, by thus modifying it, the systems so long accepted. This was, since the Purus, according to the Brazilian explorers, changed its first direction and ceased to be navigable at the point they reached, to recognize in the river Cunihua—an affluent of the Purus flowing from the south-west, and of a breadth equal to its own—the real trunk of the Madre de Dios or Amaru-Mayo.

Now, however, this theory must also be condemned as erroneous. Two successive explorations of the Purus by Chandless have demonstrated:—First, that the Cunihua-Tapahua, which, according to the Brazilians, one might suppose to be the true trunk of the Purus, is only one of its affluents; secondly, that the Purus and Madre de Dios are not, as was so long supposed, one and the same, but two distinct rivers, the first being a tributary of the Amazon, the second an affluent of the Beni; thirdly, that the direction of their course is diametrically opposed, and that their sources, about a degree distant from each other, are separated by the chain of the Piñipiñi, the eastern branch of the Sierra de Tono y Avisca. It is from this new data, no longer dependent on fallible memories or voluntary amplifications like those furnished by the Brazilians, but upon astronomical observations and exact calculations, that our map has been prepared.

As for the communications that may exist between the three rivers Purus, Jurua, and Ucayali—communications of which Chandless speaks in his explanatory letterpress,[1]

[1] See p. 18 of that Memoir, published in the *Journal of the Royal Geographical Society of London* for the year 1866, where there are some observations on the Manetenerí Indians, who have removed from the left bank of the Purus to the Ucayali, where they were visited by our old friend Father Antonio Rossi of the mission of Tierra Blanca, who is now established at Sarayacu.

a glance at our map will enable the reader to judge of the locality and latitude where such communications might be effected, and where they really are effected, although the English traveller has not indicated them with sufficient precision.

We will now return to the Amazon, from which this digression has so long detained us, continuing to hug its right shore, flat and sandy, and bordered along an extent of thirty miles with reeds and cecropias.

FEYTURIA ON THE LAKE CUDAJAZ.

At the distance of fifteen miles from the mouth of the Purus we pass in succession the mouths of three canals which connect that river with the Amazon. The first two, called the Periquito and Paratari, are very narrow, and bear the waters of the Purus to the Amazon; the third canal, named Cunabaca, three times as broad as its neighbours, carries, on the contrary, the waters of the Amazon to the river of the Purus.

To these canals succeed the two lake-rivers of Manacari and Manacapuru, the first situated on the right bank of the Amazon, the second on the left. Both are provided with canals, by means of which their black waters commingle with the yellowish flood of the river.

Near the opening of Manacapuru, on a jutting portion of the shore, were five white-washed huts, the shutters of which were closed when we passed. These are all that remains of the ancient village of *Pesquero*, whose Portuguese name indicates the "des-

black, of flat etruscan red and dark-green, would form a gamut of false tones, harsh and disagreeable to the eye; but Nature, who laughs at the attempts of the artist and the combinations of art, has only needed to bring together her discordant colours and pronounce over them her grand *Fiat lux*, in order that light and air might lend their enchanting aid to the effect, and a sovereign harmony result from their apparent discord.

The discovery of the embouchure of the Rio Negro dates back to 1637, and is attributed to a Captain Pedro da Costa Favella, who accompanied Teixeira on his expedition to Quito. The old name of the river was *Quiari*. In the neighbourhood of its sources the natives still call it *Uénèya*. Thirty years after its discovery by Favella

RUINS OF A PORTUGUESE FORTRESS ON THE BARRA DO RIO NEGRO.

the Portuguese, who for the first time ascended its course, gave to it the name of Rio Negro or Black River, on account of the dark tint of its waters—a tint which they believed to be caused by deposits of bitumen, which its waters encountered in their passage from the north to the south.

In 1669 a mud-built fortress was constructed near its bar, to defend the villages and populations of the interior[1] against the piracies of the Mura Indians, those Uscoques of the Amazon, of whom we have elsewhere spoken. The general in command, Antonio de Albuquerque Coelho, was the promoter of that measure, at once bellicose and conservative; Francisco da Motta Falcao was the engineer charged

[1] Five years subsequent to the first exploration of the Rio Negro nineteen hamlets (*bourgades*) were founded on its two shores. These hamlets, which afterwards took the name of villages, exchanged their native names for Portuguese ones. Thus the ancient *Aracari* became Carvoeiro, *Cumaru* was transformed into Poiares, Barcellos succeeded to *Mariüa*, Moreira to *Cabuquena*, Thomar to *Bararoa*, Lama Longa to *Dari;* so with others, even to San José de Marabitanas, a fortified village which, on the side of New Granada, separated the possessions of Portugal from those of Spain. Of all these nineteen villages there now remain but three. As to the twenty-two indigenous castes, primitively established on the Rio Negro, by which they were peopled, they are now represented by the descendants of the *Barrê* and *Passé* tribes, half Christians, half savages, scattered along the shores of the Içá. One tribe alone, originally belonging to the Rio Negro, has remained faithful to the barbarism of its ancestors; this is the tribe of the *Macus*, whom the Brazilians of the neighbourhood of the Japura speak of as man-monkeys, and drive from their territory by a free use of their guns, when, pressed by hunger, they come sometimes to help themselves to a few roots and fruits.

with the execution of the works, and Angelico da Barros his first officer. If these historic names do not call up any recollection in the mind of the reader, it is not my fault.

For half a century this fortress and its garrison were the only signs of habitation at the Barra do Rio Negro. In 1720 a village was built there by order of the superior authority, the population of which consisted of a few Portuguese, mixed with Manao, Cahiarahi, Coëruna, and Yuma Indians. From this village, transformed,

BURIAL-PLACE OF MANAO INDIANS.

embellished, and enlarged, Xavier de Mendonça Furtado, the nineteenth governor of Para, developed in 1758 the city of Moura, with a population of six thousand souls, if we may believe the statisticians of the period.

Everything conspired to promise for the new city a prosperous future, when an epidemic of small-pox of the most malignant kind broke out, and carried off three entire tribes, the Cahiarahis, Coërunas, and Yumas. Being now the sole inhabitants of the city, the Manaos changed its name to that of their tribe; at a later period, this change from Moura to Manao not appearing a sufficiently radical one, they demolished the city of Mendonça Furtado, and utilized its materials to build another.

The new city, following their fashion, had three streets, symbolizing the Holy Trinity: a very long one in honour of God the Father running northwards; two shorter ones, running east and west, respectively, in commemoration of the Son and the Holy Ghost. A square church, with its façade opposite the south, was the point where these three spokes, so to call them, met. If we may judge from its geometrical design, a bird's-eye view of Manao would have made it resemble a capital T laid on its side. Let it be recorded, however, to the credit of the architects of Manao, that while overthrowing from its very foundations the old city, in order to plant this three-

legged *chef-d'œuvre* in its place, they had sense enough to spare a magnificent avenue of orange-trees, planted in 1672 by Francisco da Motta Falcao, the engineer of the fortress. These trees shaded the whole of that side of Moura which was exposed to the west.

Nothing is now left of Manao of which we can trace the outline. Church, houses, orange-trees, have all crumbled to dust, and not a shoot issued from the seeds of the latter grows in the place which they so long embellished. The ground occupied by the city is recognizable, however, by certain circular excavations which extend to the walls of the fortress. These excavations are sepulchres. In some of them there still remain the vessels of earthenware, whole or broken, in which the Manaos

FUNERAL VASE OF THE MANAO INDIANS.

deposited their dead. These vases, made of coarse material, and of a dirty brown colour, are found level with the soil. Their depth varies from two to three feet; the diameter of their mouth is about fourteen inches. . Rude designs in the shape of lozenges, zigzags, chevrons, billets, &c., are traced in black on their outside surface. Some have a lid, but the greater number of them are open and empty. Of the bodies which they once contained, there remains no vestige for the satisfaction of the curious, but a mixture of human ashes with the dust blown in by the wind.

The modern city at which we have just arrived is called by the Brazilians *A Barra do Rio Negro.* It is situated to the east of the fortress, at the distance of something less than a mile (1000 geometrical paces, = 5000 feet) from the site of Manao. It is built on ground so irregular that the swellings of the soil often form hillocks above the level of the roofs, which might be picturesque if it were not absurd. One long, arterial street, broad and undulating, broken here and there by the projecting wall of an inclosure, or an overhanging *mirador*,[1] divides the city from north to south. From this street a few little lanes run out eastward, and to the west a succession of large waste spaces. Three streams provided with foot-bridges meander through the place, and serve as docks or basins to its commercial flotilla. Small schooners, sloops, and covered canoes come in to repair, await some kind of lading, or for shelter against

[1] A *mirador* is the name given in Manilla and other Spanish possessions to a kind of look-out or garden balcony, such as we should call a *belvidere.*—Tr.

the *trevoadas*, those Brazilian tempests which rage on the Lower Amazon, and the influence of which is felt many miles into the interior of the Rio Negro.

These local craft, badly built, but gaily painted green, blue, or yellow, bear, in place of the profane names to which we are accustomed in Europe, the names of male and female saints taken from the Portuguese calendar. This custom is said to be an ingenious ruse employed by the owners of these little craft to impose, in some way, on some inhabitant of heaven the duty of watching over the cockle-shell which bears his terrestrial name, and of preserving it from all the dangers of the navigation. Probably there is no instance on record in which one of these revered patrons has left the vessel for which his protection was thus invoked to perish. Let us add that the peaceful flotilla is a great acquisition to the landscape, and makes an agreeable change from the monotonous repetition of whitened façades, red roofs, and sun-burned grass plots.

La Barra is peopled by some three thousand souls, two-thirds of whom constitute its permanent residents, and the other third its floating population. The number of houses is estimated at one hundred and forty-seven. These houses are spacious and well-ventilated, but generally devoid of all comfort and movable furniture. All have gardens or little inclosures, badly kept and overrun with weeds. Even poisonous plants and serpents abound in them, so that it is only in fear and trembling that one can gather their roses or haricots. If I say a rose rather than a carnation or pink (*œillet*), and a haricot rather than a bean, it is because the rose with a hundred leaves and the white or red haricot are the flower and the legume which are most highly esteemed by both sexes at Barra. The rose is cultivated by the wife, who breathes its perfume, and wears it in her hair for adornment; the haricot is cultivated by the husband, who dresses it with lard and consigns it to his stomach. This substantial food figures every day, and more often twice than once, upon the best tables.

The inhabitants of Barra are exclusively devoted to commerce, with the distinction that some are wholesale, others retail dealers. The wholesale merchants receive from the Upper Amazon consignments of chocolate, coffee, rocou, sarsaparilla, fat of the turtle and lamantin, andirhoba oils, copaiba, and other commodities which I need not here enumerate. These products arrive in small lots, and are warehoused until there is enough of them to complete the lading of a small vessel. They are then despatched to Para, where some are consumed and others exported to Europe.

The retail dealers have little half-underground shops, which recall to mind the *Tiendas-bodegons* of the cities of Peru. A printed handkerchief, a bundle of cords, a wisp of straw suspended to the exterior shutter, serves to attract the eye of passers-by. Like the *olla podrida* of the Spaniards, these shops contain things that are very desirable in themselves, but which are little homogeneous in combination. Here are cotton stuffs mingled with hog's-lard, ribands and sausages, salted fish and straw-hats, rum and hob-nailed shoes, dried beans, nails for ship-builders, and a hundred other articles of recognized utility.

Notwithstanding what we may have said respecting the geometrical arrangement of Barra, the ups and downs of its principal street and its yellow turf, it is nevertheless true that an agreeable impression is produced by the aspect of the town on anyone who,

like ourselves, enters it after a prolonged visitation among the villages of the Upper Amazon, where barbarism still reigns supreme. It owes the title of capital of the province, which has been given it by statisticians, to its houses with miradors, its many-coloured flotilla, and the commercial action of which it is the centre. That title also explains and justifies the profuse display of coats and dresses, which may be remarked on entering the town. By the adoption of French fashions among the well-to-do population, by the use of a whole shirt, as here practised by the Indians, instead of the short shirt worn in the upper villages, it is easily to be discovered that savagery has been left behind us, and that we contemplate one of those main channels called capitals, where all the geographical, intellectual, political, and commercial currents of the country run into one.

During my stay at Barra, my days were conscientiously divided between work, baths, siestas, and promenades. The house in which I lived had no other furniture than a table of knotted wood, and a hammock which served me as chair or bed in turn; but it was quiet, and no troublesome noises disturbed me whether in reverie or in sleep. Morning and evening I descended to the river to wash myself and gaze upon its vast expanse of water, black as ebony, limpid as crystal, and always a magnificent spectacle, whether the sun gave it, at different hours in the day, a red or purple sheen, whether the moon scattered its silver light across its bosom, or whether a million stars twinkled in its shallowy depths. I have spent many charming hours stretched on its silver sand with the water half-way up my body, while my elbows formed a pillow; breathing the warm perfumes with which the air was loaded, listening to the indistinguishable sounds which seemed borne on the cold lap of Silence herself, and regretting that life and death, yea eternity, could not be passed in this exquisite repose!

The forests around Barra present no vegetable varieties beyond some Orobanchaceæ, a few Chamædorias with slender stalks, and the ever-recurring species which grow in the neighbourhood of the black waters, which I had seen elsewhere. A freshly arrived European would have deceived himself with respect to these forests by mistaking the apparent luxuriousness of the vegetation for that of virgin forests; they were however *capoëiras* a Tupi word used in Brazil to designate forests which have grown up on land which has been formerly cleared and abandoned by cultivators. It is a fact of which European botanists are perhaps not aware, that a tropical forest which has once suffered by the hand of man never recovers its original splendour, even were it left to itself for a century.[1] Some will say that this indelible mark is the seal with which man, as king of creation, impresses his conquest; others will be inclined to think that this miserable biped has, like the fabled harpies, the sad faculty of soiling and withering whatever he touches.

If I found neither exquisite flowers nor strange fruits in these defiled forests, I

[1] I have seen forests that were cut down towards the end of the sixteenth century, and left to themselves from about the same period until the present time, which still retained the traces of the clearing. I have also frequently remarked whilst walking through them that the trees, plants, and climbers, which form the second growth of these forests, are for the most part of different species from those which originally flourished there.

found at least a saw-mill under the management of a Scotchman, and moved by the water-power afforded by a small river. The man explained his machine, and enumerated its advantages in such rapid language, and so strange an Anglo-Portuguese dialect, that I could make nothing of his explanations. But the enthusiasm which brightened the man's face, and the bright glances of his keen blue eyes, told me that I was dealing with a man certain of the success of his industry, and already counting up in his mind's eye the fabulous sums with which it was certain to enrich him.

By way of compensation for the barrenness of the forests which surround it,[1] Barra affords to the lovers of natural scenery some very remarkable landscapes. Among these are two which claim attention from their diametrically opposed characters. We will devote a few lines to them, in order to spare future travellers the labour and weariness of hunting them up.

The first of these landscapes is commanded, as from a natural observatory, by the wooden balcony of Nôtre-Dame des Remèdes, a modest thatched chapel situated east of Barra in the open country. From this comparatively elevated post the view comprises in one direction the houses of the town, their courts, inclosures, and little gardens, the river-docks, the wooden bridges, the ships at anchor, and the green sward of the neighbouring shores. North, east, and south, the forest line surrounds all like a wall, and to the west is visible between two hills a large section of the Rio Negro, like a bit of black marble let into a mosaic.

The second view is obtained from the hill which forms the site of the ruined fortress. Less rich in details than the first, it surpasses it in the grandeur of its lines and the majesty of its whole character. It is composed of a single curve of the Rio Negro, about ten miles in length and three in breadth, bordered from the north to the south by a narrow bank and a wall of verdure. At sunset this scene, a single sheet of black water, without a breath of air to ruffle its surface or a bird to give it animation, assumes a strange, almost unearthly aspect; one might suppose the pall of death had been spread over the dead occupiers of this part of the country.

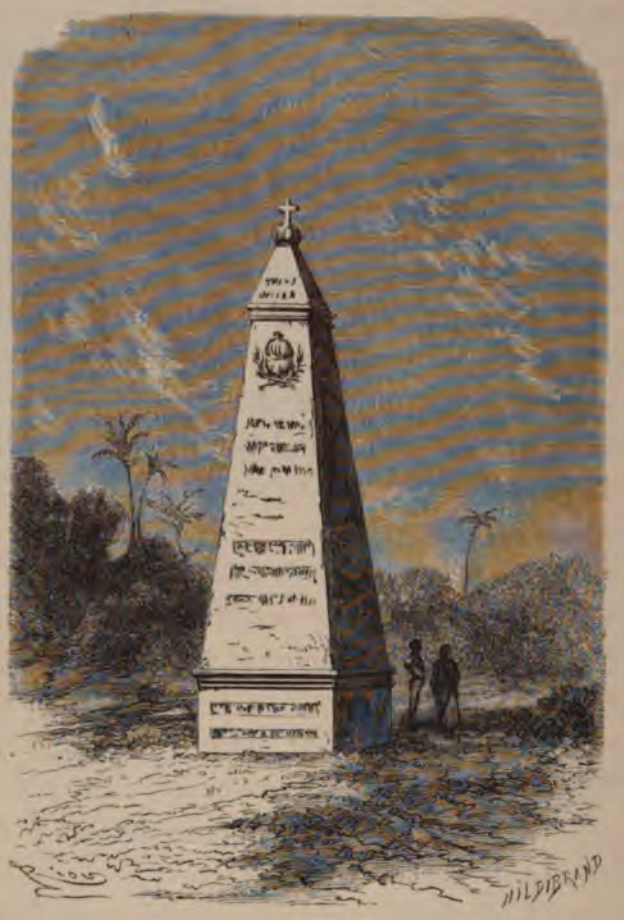
The cemetery of Manao, of which we have spoken, occupies the eastern slope of this hill. The antiquary, while occupied in seeking for the jar-coffins in which the ancient Manaos placed their dead, will find, at about one hundred paces to the south, in a hollow of the ground, two white marble capitals which belong to neither of the architectural orders mentioned by Vitruvius and Vignole. These capitals, four-sided pyramids, short and squat, with a fillet and moulding at their base, resembling those which decorate the top of Etruscan tombs, carry on their summit a spherical ribbed ornament which resembles the woody and dehiscent capsule of the *Hura crepitans*, or, to speak in simpler language, the cantaloup-melon with its prominent sections. A cross surmounted this odd ornament.

If, at the sight of these remains, which the air, rain, sun, and moon have combined to destroy, and the marble of which crumbles away beneath the fingers. any antiquary

[1] It must be understood that I allude only to the formerly cleared forests which border the town. Those in the interior of the Rio Negro, renowned for their *flora* and *fauna*, abound in precious vegetable species and rare and curious animals.

should dream of the existence of an American Nineveh lost for centuries, and which luck has enabled him to discover, he will greatly deceive himself.

These marble capitals date from the eighteenth century; they were intended to decorate the tops of the boundary pillars (*padroëns*) destined by the Portuguese to mark the Brazilian boundary on the sides bordering Dutch Guiana, Venezuela, the Equator, and Peru. Cut and sculptured at Lisbon, they had been sent to the Para, and



AN ANCIENT PADRÃO OR BOUNDARY STONE.

thence forwarded to Manao, to be there distributed as follows: one was to be placed at San Joaquin, on the Rio Branco; another at San José de Marabitanas, on the Rio Negro; a third on the river Içá; the fourth and last, at Tabatinga, on the Upper Amazon. But destiny, equally careless of man's projects and of the value of marble pillars, disposed of these padroëns according to its wayward fancy; two of them, on their way from Guiana for Venezuela, were wrecked opposite Barcellos, in the Rio Negro, where they at present lie, buried in the sand; the other two, instead of being sent up the Içá and the Upper Amazon, remained in the dirt between Manao and its fortress, where we found them. Our engraving represents one of these padroëns in its original perfect state, as it issued in 1750 from the workshop of the Portuguese marble mason.[1]

[1] These marble pillars, destined to replace the wooden ones which the Portuguese had previously used to define the frontiers, were composed of three pieces, which were put together and pulled down at pleasure: the base or pedestal, th

Speaking of antiquities, I remember that one of the houses of Barra had for a long time as a door-step, a statue of trachytic stone, representing a man-monkey, with half-closed eyes, and his arms crossed on his chest, squatting on his haunches, and exhibiting in his entire development the appearance of the symbol which the Egyptian priests carried in the Phallic mysteries, in memory of the mutilation suffered by their god Osiris at the hands of his brother Typhon. This image, which the boys of the town had industriously knocked about and ill-treated, was discovered in the seventeenth century on the frontiers of New Granada and Brazil, and near the sources of the river Uaüpès, by some Portuguese Carmelites on their rounds. Struck with the strangeness of this heathen relic, they picked it up and brought it by water to their mission of *Nossa Senhora das Caldas,* on the Rio Negro, where they converted it into an altar-step. More than half a century after the extinction of the Carmelite mission, a Brazilian, on a sarsaparilla expedition, found this statue half-buried in the ground, and made use of it to ballast his boat. Long borne in the ship's hold whilst on the Negro and its tributaries, the statue at length came aground at Barra, where it has remained.

In 1847 a travelling count, who descended the Amazon in an official capacity, and stopped at Barra, saw this image extended across the doorway of a house, and conceiving a sudden desire for its possession, successfully applied to its proprietor to make it over to him, and subsequently brought it in triumph to France, and presented it to the Museum of the Louvre. He was unable, however, to give any information respecting its origin, and as the curator for his part neither guessed nor invented anything, he placed the idol in a lower room with others which he thought of a similar class, and contented himself with designating it in the catalogue as the (No. 670) *Statue de Singe; hauteur, 1 mètre 35 centimètres:* a descriptive notice which might appear insufficient to inquiring minds, but which appears to have given general satisfaction to the Sunday-going public.

My careful allusion to this idol is inspired by the fear that some amateur traveller may attribute to the Manao Indians of the Barra do Rio Negro a sculptural work which must have been left behind them by the nations of the northern hemisphere, as evidence of their passage across the southern continent.[1]

Fifteen days had elapsed since my arrival at Barra. The pilot and rowers who brought me there had left for Loreto, after bidding me good-by. In order that these good fellows should not harbour any evil thoughts of me on account of the extra labour which my hydrographic fancies had occasioned them, I emptied into their hands the native basket which contained my articles of exchange, and thus provided them for

column proper, and the pyramidal capital. In the space between the summit and the moulding of this capital, the following inscription was engraved:—*Sub Joanne V. Lusitanorum Rege Fidelissimo.* Below this skirting, under the arms of Portugal:—*Sub Ferdinando VI. Hispaniæ Rege Catholico.* On the face of the pillar, *Ex Pactis Finium Regundorum Conventis Madriti Idib. Januar. M.D.CC.L.* And lastly on the pedestal:—*Justitia et Pax osculatæ sunt.*

[1] From its style, execution, as well as from the nature of the stone employed, this idol appears to belong to the series of works of Indo-Mexican art, of which the roving nations of the Anahuac plateaux brought the tradition into South America. I have given some examples of this sculptured work in my account of the Incas. Archæologists desirous of comparing the above idol with those specimens, are informed that they will no longer find it in the lower room mentioned above, but in the second floor of the new Museum of the Louvre, and behind the door of a narrow passage where are collected other dilapidated remains of Mexican statuary.

a long time to come with knives, scissors, fish-hooks, mirrors, beads, and other things, for which I had no longer any use in a civilized country.

The sloop *Santa Martha*, which was to take me to Para, had completed her lading, and was riding at anchor, waiting for the moment to start. Warned beforehand by the owner of the little vessel, an infantry major who spoke little and smiled less, I had prepared my luggage, and held myself ready to go on board at the first signal.

HILARITY AFTER LUNCH.

This signal was given me one morning at eleven o'clock. Since the evening before the sloop had been taken out of the dock, and was now riding in the open stream. A few Barra traders, who appeared to have interested themselves in my voyage, to judge from the friendly manner in which they had treated me, wished, at the termination of a breakfast, of which we had partaken together, to accompany me to the sloop on a raft, decorated with green boughs. The port-wine and rum, of which they had emptied several bottles, had a good deal to do with this resolution. The sloop lay half a league distant, and we rowed to it, singing and laughing with much merriment. Having reached the vessel, I took leave of the noisy troop, who saluted me with prolonged vivas, drank a last bumper to my health, and then, as they rowed homewards, a bend in the river shut them for ever from my sight. After descending with the stream for an hour, and passing the mouth of the Rio Negro, we set all sail, and keeping as

close as possible to the wind, we ran on the larboard tack our first course on the Lower Amazon.

Before we follow into a new region the great river, which, under the name of the Apurimac, we have traced from its source in the lake of Vilafro, at the foot of the Western Andes,[1] and past its junction in 10° 75′ with the Quillabamba-Ucayali, whose banks we have scrupulously examined, let us cast a last glance on the upper part of its course. The commandant of the sloop *Santa Martha*, a young Uaüpé Indian, with a dash of Portuguese blood in his veins, who is at once, captain, supercargo, and pilot,

THE AUTHOR'S FIRST TACK ON THE LOWER AMAZON.

states that the course we are running for San José de Maturi will last about one hour. This is more than time enough to square our ethnological account of the Upper Amazon. Before we change our tack we shall know exactly how we stand as to the past and present of the places, the men, and the things we have left behind us.

In 1637,[2] when the Portuguese Pedro Teixeira ascended the course of the Amazon, four powerful nations, the *Sorimaos*, the *Curucicuris*, the *Umaüas*, and the *Yurimaos*, occupied the part of the river comprised between the Rio Negro and the Javari. In that extent of country eleven tributary streams which unite their waters with the two before-mentioned affluents which the great river received on the right and the left were inhabited by ninety-eight nations.

Established on the shores and islands of the Upper Amazon, the four nations

[1] *The Sources of the Apurimac*: Scenes and Landscapes in the Andes, 1st Series, Hachette, 1861.

[2] I take this date for my point of departure, notwithstanding the fact that since 1615 the reunited states of the Maranhao and of the Para had been governed by a regular power, and that in 1620 a part of the Lower Amazon was already known, and its indigenous population got into harness, because that is the date of the first exploration of the upper course of the river by the Portuguese conquerors.

mentioned above lived in peace one with another; and if they warred at all, it was against some nation of the interior, and in consequence of an invasion or encroachment by the latter on that part of the river of which the first seem to have arrogated to themselves the monopoly. On the return of Pedro Teixeira the servitude of the red-skins was decreed. The pompous account of his voyage to Quito had given the Portuguese government of Para a taste for civilizing. Villages and missions soon began to make their appearance on the Upper Amazon. To people them it was necessary to draw upon the natives of the country, who were baptized, dressed in a shirt out of regard for the *convenances* of society, and distributed in the new settlements. The four nations dwelling in peaceful proximity on the river were the first to submit to the yoke of the conquerors; but soon others were added to them, drawn from the interior of the neighbouring rivers. In proportion as the number of cities and villages augmented, that of the indigenous population diminished. The sudden transition from absolute independence to a state of servitude, the change to a diet of which salted fish formed the staple, the labours and burdens of every kind laid upon them, to say nothing of the diseases imported by the conquerors, were all so many causes which conspired to their extirpation.

For more than a century these anthropological losses were easily repaired. The mine was rich; one vein was no sooner worked out than another was discovered; and by means of incessant draughts from the interior it was possible to keep the cities and villages of the Amazon supplied with their contingent of population. From the period 1760–80 the case was different, and all the activity of the Lusitano-Brazilian government failed to procure a sufficient number of recruits. Finding they were tracked like wild beasts, the indigenous castes, or such as remained of them, had deserted the embouchure and the lower course of the tributary streams which they inhabited, and had ascended towards the sources, where the government was compelled to leave them in peace.

Let us remark, before we proceed, that the same system of civilization applied by the Spaniards to the population of Peru caused, in lapse of time, the almost total extinction of the latter. Whilst here the missions and towns founded on the Solimoës, the Javary, the Içа, the Japura, the Rio Negro, and their affluents, died out for want of strength, there on this side and beyond the Andes the missions of Quito, of Maynas, of the Cerro de la Sal, of the Mayro, the Pozuzo, Apolobamba, and Moquehua, disappeared from the soil, together with the towns and villages attached to them. Of all the flourishing settlements on the Upper Amazon in the eighteenth century there remains only a simple notice in the statistics of the period. The missions, the cities, the towns built on the shores, and the sight of which *rejoiced the hearts of true Christians*, as we are told by a certain Bishop Bradão on his return from an episcopal excursion on the river, have vanished, and in their places the eight locations we have described alone exist. The course of the Rio Negro, which presented so stirring and animated a scene that it had the honour of being called *A corte do Solimoës*—the court or capital of Solimoës—is as desolate and silent as the tomb. As for the indigenous population, we may judge of the strange decline it has undergone in the period from 1640 to 1780 by comparing the

list of nations which peopled the Upper Amazon and its tributaries at that time with the list of those found there at the present day.[1]

1640–1680.

Upper Amazon, or Solimoës.—Yurimao, Umaüa, Curucicuris, and Sorimao Indians.

River Javari (affluent on the right).—Mayorunas, Ticunas, Marahuas, Huaraycus, Panos, Chahuitos, Chimanaas, Yameas.

R. Jandiatuba (affluent on the right).—Huaraycus, Marahuas, Mayorunas, Culinos.

R. Içа, or Putumayo (affluent on the left).—Yuris, Passés, Iças, Payabas, Chumanas, Tumbiras, Cacatapuyas, Parianas, Cahuhuicenas, Barrés, Mariatés, Coërunas, Macus, Yupinas, Manayas, Araruas, Pehuas, Yahuas.

R. Tunati (now the Tunantins, an affluent on the left).—Tunatis, Cahuhuicenas, Parianas.

R. Jutahi (affluent on the right).—Culinos, Tapaxanas, Huaraycus, Buruhès.

R. Jurua (affluent on the right).—Catahuichis, Cahuanas, Marahuas, Canamahuas, Yumas, Camaramas, Payabas, Papianas, Ticunas, Nahuas, Culinos.

R. Teffé (affluent on the right).—Uaüpès, Yanumas, Papés, Tupibas.

R. Japura, or Great Caqueta (affluent on the left).—Mepuris, Chumanas, Mariahuanas, Macus, Coërunas, Yuris, Yupuras, Cahuiharis, Yamas, Cahuhuicenas, Tamuanas, Maruhuas, Peridas, Periatis, Parahuamas, Purenumas, Jepuas, Poyaüas, Clituas, Coretus, Tumbiras, Ambüas, Maüayas, Parianas, Araruas, Yupiüas, Umaüas, Miranhas, Achuaris, Anianas.

R. Coary (affluent on the right).—Uaüpès, Muras, Cirus, Yahuanas.

R. of the Purus (affluent on the right).—Purus-Purus, Muras, Abacaxis, Maüès, Sapupés, Comanis, Aytonarias, Acaraiüaras, Braüaras, Curitias, Catahuichis, Uarupas, Maturucus, Catukinos, Sehuacus.

Rio Negro (affluent on the left).—Manaos, Uaracoacenas, Parahianas, Caburicenas, Bayanas, Uariquênas, Cayarahis, Guaribas, Cabuquênas, Uayuanas, Orumaos, Anas, Banivas, Tarianas, Uaüpès, Urinanas, Timanaras, Boanaris, Mamengas, Panenuas, Coërunas, Carayas.

1860.

Upper Amazon, or Solimoës.—Of the four nations who peopled this river, two, those of the *Curucicurus* and the *Sorimaos*, were extinct before the end of the 17th century. The *Umaüas*, transformed into Omaguas, and crossed with the Cocama race, have long been Christians, and individuals of this descent inhabit in Peru, on the left bank of the Amazon, the village of San Joachim d'Omaguas. The descendants of the *Yurimaos*, a race which was Christianized a century ago, and has crossed with the Balzanos and Cumbazas, converts of the ancient missions of the Huallaga, inhabit, on the banks of that affluent of the Amazon, the Peruvian villages of Chasuta, Balsapuerto, &c.

[1] The last French traveller who visited those countries *officially*—the same who presented the little statue to the Museum of the Louvre mentioned above—has given, under date of 1850–51, as we have given for the present time, a nominal list of the indigenes who people the Upper Amazon and its tributaries. That list, as he informs us, was copied by him from a journal of Santa Maria de Belen do Para, entitled *o Têlêgrafo Paraënse*, dated March 28th, 1829. It grieves us to add that the original is no more entitled to consideration than the copy, for the following reasons:—

No census (*relevé*) of the savage nations which people Brazil having been taken for more than a century, the Brazilian journalist attached to the *Têlêgrafo* had no better data before him than the rolls of the petty governors of the Rio Negro, and the *roteiros* or itineraries of the country published by Noronha and Sampaio in the period from 1750 to 1774. Besides, the same journalist, in his character of copyist, has committed a clerical error—unless it is to be attributed to the French traveller copying it in his turn—in confounding the *Jurua* with the *Japura*, and assigned to the first of these rivers thirty-three nations, whilst he has only given seventeen to the second. But this is precisely the contrary of what he should have written.

A fact which the Brazilian journalist and the French traveller equally ignore perhaps is, that the tributary streams on the left of the Upper Amazon appear to have had at all times an indigenous population much more numerous, and, above all, much more varied, than the affluents on the right of the same river. May we infer from this numerical difference that in their migrations from north to south across the plain part of South America, the greater number of the immigrants from the other hemisphere halted on this side of the Amazon, whilst only a small number crossed the river and pushed on further; or, that the migration being spread over a long period of time after the occupation of the southern parts of the continent by the travelling hordes, those who came after them fixed on the shores of the Amazon for the limit of their wanderings? The fact, however it may be explained, seems to merit the attention of the learned.

Not having at hand the number of the *Têlêgrafo* in which that nominal list appeared, we cannot compare it with the copy made by the traveller, and so decide whether it was he or the journalist who made the *lapsus calami* relative to the Jurua and the Japura. I therefore confine myself to remarking that the list in question, which gives the census of the Brazilian nations *at a former period*, and not *at the present time*, is self-convicted of error, and as such ought to be discarded by ethnographers.

R. JAVARY.—Mayorunas, Marahuas.

R. JANDIATUBA.—A few *Culino* Indians live in the neighbourhood of its mouth, and the *Huaraycus* are established in the neighbourhood of its sources.

R. IÇA, or PUTUMAYO.—A small number of *Yuri*, Passé, and Barré Indians, half civilized, still dwell on the shores of this river; the *Yahuas* have long since abandoned it to reside on the banks of one of its affluents, the Rio de los Yahuas. We need not repeat what we have already said of these indigenes. The *Macus*, formerly established on the shores of the Içá, are now wanderers in the forests of the Japura.

R. TUNATI, or TUNANTINS.—Quite dispeopled.

R. JUTAHI.—A few *Marahuas*, *Culinos*, and *Buruhès* live on the right bank.

R. JURUA.—Some families of *Anahua* Indians (formerly Nahuas) dwell near the mouth of this river; next to them are the *Catahuichis;* and following these a small group detached from the *Nahuas*. A few *Catukinos* dwell near its sources.

R. TEFFÉ.—Dispeopled.

R. JAPURA.—Some *Mura* Indians dwell around the lakes near its embouchure. In the interior are five or six tribes formed by the dismemberment of the *Miranha* nation. Some *Macu* Indians roam the forests on its left bank, and near its sources is established the pretty considerable group of the *Umaüas-Mesayas*, the remnants of the great *Umaüa* nation.

R. COARY.—Dispeopled.

R. of the PURUS.—A few *Mura* Indians and a very small number of *Purus-Purus* still dwell along the lower part of its course; *Catahuichis*, *Catukinos*, and *Sehuacus* extend as far as its sources.

RIO NEGRO.—All the descendants of the *Manao* nation, crossed with the Portuguese or with indigenous castes, have long since been Christianized and civilized; from the nation of the *Uaüpès* (now Uaopés), one of the most numerous of the Rio Negro, have sprung the two tribes of *Cubeos* and *Ipécas-Tapuyas*, or Tapuyas-Canards, who live in a state of nature, a good way up in the interior. A few *Guariba* Indians, whose name has been changed by time into *Guaribobocas*, also dwell near the sources of the Rio Negro.

If from men and places we pass to the products of the soil, it is observable that some of them have become rare in the forests of the Upper Amazon, while others have disappeared; resins, balsams, oils, gums, textile plants, dye plants, and medicinal plants formerly abounded on both banks of the great river; in our time their disappearance or their rarity obliges the village traders of the Amazon to send once or twice a year into the interior of the rivers Javary, Napo, Içá, Jurua, and Purus a sufficient number of Tapuyas to search for these products. These individuals fraternize with the natives, and obtain their assistance in collecting their vegetable harvest, repaying them with axes, knives, and fish-hooks. But the indigenes have a mania for cutting down the trees and shrubs to collect their fruit, and to tear the plant out of the soil to obtain its stalks or leaves. This folly leads in time to the impoverishment or total extinction of certain species. Sarsaparilla is one of this number. At the present time the neighbourhood of the Amazon is so thoroughly denuded of this Smilax that the river-side inhabitants are obliged to travel to the sources of the river to supply our European markets.[1] In 1860 one of these commercial expeditions, composed of a dozen egaritéas and a hundred individuals, explored during nine months the river Jurua and its tributaries, and returned to Ega, bringing, for all their booty, sixty-one quintals of sarsaparilla.

The introduction of steamboats on the Amazon, by lessening distances and multiplying commercial relations, has only added to the means of destruction employed by man. Already we foresee the time when sarsaparilla will have disappeared from Brazil, or have been reduced to regular cultivation like cacao (chocolate), that other spontaneous

[1] The sarsaparilla which Brazil now exports to Europe comes in great measure from the Spanish possessions. The inhabitants of the Sacramento Plain, the villages of the Marañon and the Huallaga, of Ecuador and Columbia, where the plant is still abundant, collect it in their forests, and convey it by the Upper Amazon, the Napo, and the Içá to the traders of Cayçara, Ega, Coary, and the Barra do Rio Negro, who forward it to Para.

THE FIRST STEAM-BOAT ON THE AMAZON.

product of the soil. Formerly this Buttneriacea was plentiful in the forests of the river; now it is scarcely ever seen except in the forests of the interior, and of the coasts of the equatorial region, where small traders still go in search of it. It is in consequence of its complete disappearance from certain points, and its rarity at others, that the Brazilians have established along the Lower Amazon, between Villa-Nova, on the right bank of the river, and Cameta, on the river Tocantins, the great chocolate plantations which we see in passing.

All that we have said as to the vegetable products of the Amazon applies to the animal species confined in its waters. For a long period the red man only fished to supply himself with food; the white man came and fished both for food and for what he calls *the necessities of commerce.* From this twofold demand and the destructive means employed during more than two centuries has resulted a frightful diminution of the cetaceans and fish of the river. In our day what fishing, though adopted in common by the entire river-side population, would produce in a fortnight, as in the first period of the Portuguese occupation, *ten thousand* pira-rocou and *four thousand* lamantins? These figures, enormous as they appear, represent, nevertheless, the product at that period of the fishing of a single village!

Harassed incessantly in the river, the lamantins and pira-rocou sought refuge in its tributaries and in the lakes of the interior; but the trading fishers have followed them into these retreats, and the massacre of their species has gone on as remorselessly as before. Nevertheless, even fish for fish, the results have been far from what they were in former days. *In the time of the king,*[1] the fishers affirm, *seventy* pira-rocou furnished on an average a quintal of salt-fish; to make the same quantity at present *a hundred and sixty*, or *a hundred and eighty*, are necessary. At the same period they obtained from one full-grown lamantin two pots of oil, equivalent to eight Portuguese arrobas, or 256 lbs. From this enormous difference in their produce, it is plain that the fish and cetaceans have no longer the necessary time to grow and get fat.

The lamantins of the Ucayali, upon the leanness of which we lately commiserated ourselves, are whales compared with the lamantins of the Amazon, and the proof is, that each of them furnishes, in round numbers, a pot of oil weighing four Spanish arrobas, equal to a quintal, or one hundredweight.

In like manner, to escape the persecution of man, the turtles have partly deserted the shores of the river which they once frequented. Under the Portuguese rule the period for gathering turtles' eggs was for the river-side populations—at the same time that it marked a sort of annual rent-day when nature punctually paid her dues—an opportunity for reunion and an occasion of pleasure. There were then in the midst of the stream long stretches of sand connected with its islands, and which may still be seen when the decrease of the waters in September and October uncovers them. A dozen of these sandy stretches, bearing the name of Royal Banks (*Plages Royales*), were renowned for the quantity of turtles' eggs collected there every year.

The first, connected with the island *Itapeüa*, stretched along the bed of the Amazon,

[1] In Brazil, as in Peru, the generality of people use this locution to designate the epoch of the Portuguese and Spanish rule in America.

from the opening of the river Tunantins, over an extent of fifteen miles. It was succeeded by the similar banks of the islands *Corasateüa, Iviratеüa,* and *Bararia,* which extended to the embouchure of the river Jutahy. These were followed by the banks of *Yérémanateüa, Huarumandia,* and *Arasateua,* which stretched as far as Fonteboa, where the great banks of Coro commenced, which only disappeared near the entrance of the lake of Coary.

Every year, on an appointed day, the inhabitants of the missions and villages of the Amazon set up their mosquito-curtains on these banks, and then formed as many encampments as there were distinct populations. At day-dawn the signal for work was given by the beat of drum; the sand was turned over, the eggs of the turtles gathered in heaps, and the preparation of the oil commenced.[1] A second drumming announced that the day's work was ended. To work succeeded pleasure. Games, dances, and libations of rum enlivened the evening, and were prolonged far into the night. Each camp, with the consent of the superiors, invited its neighbour to a terpsichorean and bacchic revel, and was in like manner invited in its turn. This evening it was Teffé which entertained San Pablo; to-morrow Fonteboa would treat Coary.

If the egg harvest secured to the river-side inhabitants of the Upper Amazon an uninterrupted succession of agreeable labours and noisy pleasures, it constituted for the fish of the river also a period of jovial festivity. All awaited, in order to recoup themselves for the compulsory fasts of the year, that carnival period which their instinct announced to them almost to half an hour. The refuse of the eggs broken and washed by the natives was no sooner thrown into the water than thousands of serrated mouths along the whole line of the river opened and shut with mechanical precision. *Pira-rocou, pira-arara, pira-yahuara, sungaros, surubis, tambakés, pacos, aramas, turas, chumbiras,* great and small alike of the family, gorged and stuffed themselves in perfect good fellowship with the dolphins and saurians, who also hurried up to take part in the carnage.

During this period of conviviality and camaraderie, men, women, and children bathed and frolicked in the midst of the caymans without the least fear of being chopped in two or having a limb amputated by their jaws. Pushed about without scruple, the hideous saurians came and went among the bathers with an air of perfect indifference.[2]

That age of gold has given place to the age of iron. For the last thirty years the banks of the Upper Amazon, abandoned by the chelonians, who go to lay their eggs far up in the interior of the tributaries of the Amazon, have worn that sad and desolate aspect which characterizes cities without inhabitants; all signs of life, wealth, and delight have vanished. Even in 1850 the turtles had become so rare in those localities

[1] The river-side inhabitants of the Amazon prepare this oil, boiling it and seasoning it in the same manner as the Conibos of the Sacramento Plain. Like them also they make use of an arrow with five points to pierce the soft shell of the eggs, a canoe for a tub, &c. &c.

[2] This fact, the invention of which would have done honour to our imagination, constantly occurs when in a fishery, or *feyturia*, the young fry and the heads and entrails of the great fish are thrown into the water. The caymans, gorged with food, do not then molest the bathers, who, for their part, entertain no fear whatever of that dangerous neighbourhood. These occasions excepted, no indigene would dare to bathe in the open water.

that at San Pablo one of these animals was valued at a Brazilian *pataca* (about ninepence). The banks of Itapeüa and Corasateüa, where the harvest of their eggs once yielded two thousand pots, or *thirteen hundred* quintals of oil, did not yield *six hundred* in that year. The banks of Yérémanateüa and of Huarumandia had produced nothing; and, lastly, those of Coro, which formerly gave thirty-six thousand Portuguese arrobas of oil—that is, *one million one hundred and fifty-two thousand pounds*—did not produce in 1850 more than *forty-three* arrobas, or thirteen hundred and seventy-six lbs.!

We cannot think that any change for the better has taken place since then; and if the sight of the first steamboat ascending the river, spitting out fire and smoke, was enough to astound the surviving savages of these countries, the noise of the fire-ship's paddles might well put to flight the last turtles who remained faithful to the Royal Banks.

However, that we may have done with this tableau of the state of things in the Upper Amazon, let us leave to others the care of arguing and drawing inferences, and limit ourselves, as usual, to the mere relation of facts. *Narro ad narrandum, non ad probandum,* says the illustrious and exact historian Tacitus. Some perhaps will see a sign of immense progress in the sensible diminution of the castes of red-skins, in the substitution of great-coats and flounced gowns for dresses of bark and feathers, the impoverishment of the forests, and the depopulation of the waters. Others will think that the conclusion is worthy of the premises; that the Portuguese conquest, and its sister the Spanish, have deposited in the countries and among the peoples anciently subjugated by them the germs of destruction rather than the seeds of life; that the political revolutions which, during the last fifty years, have succeeded each other in America, have done nothing but diversify the forms of institutions, without touching them fundamentally; that the present is still linked to the past by a thousand roots; that, in fine, the regeneration of this beautiful country is a work beyond its own power, and that a future is preparing for it under the form of a European immigration. The day when the old continent, superabounding in natural vigour and genius, shall seek an issue for its flood of population, in that day South America will be one of the points of the globe towards which it will certainly roll its seething waves.

I had scarcely finished this study when the captain of the sloop *Santa Martha* pointed out on the left bank of the Lower Amazon some houses scattered over a strip of denuded land. They were eight in number, besides a church. This was San José de Maturi, founded I know not when by a Portuguese missionary of the Rio Branco, who, weary of living in the interior of the country, had established himself on the bank of the Amazon. The inhabitants of this village must be accustomed to rise late, for at the time we passed—near mid-day—the doors and windows of their houses were all fast shut.

Opposite San José de Maturi, on the right bank of the river, gapes the embouchure of the Rio Madeira, which La Condamine has estimated at two thousand nine hundred Castillian *vares,* or seven thousand seven hundred feet, in breadth. Notwithstanding my inclination to reduce a little the shadow of the celebrated academician by a slight reduction of his figures, I found myself compelled to pass on beyond the point in

question, as the island of Mantequeira suddenly obstructed my view of the embouchure of the Madeira, by interposing its long belt of miriti-palms like a screen of green plumes.

The Madeira is one of those rivers of white water where the turtles, since their desertion of the Royal Banks, have been in the habit of coming every year to deposit their eggs. This circumstance, known to the fishers and oil-makers of the neighbourhood, brings them every year into the interior of the Madeira at the same time as the chelonians, and during fifteen days, from the 30th of August to the 15th of September, their tents and mosquito-curtains cover both its shores.

Formed in the interior by the mixed waters of the Beni, Mamoré, and Guapore,

VILLAGE OF SAN JOSÉ DE MATUBI, ON THE LEFT BANK OF THE LOWER AMAZON.

themselves swollen by numerous tributaries, the Madeira, in its course through the plains of South America, bears along, like the Ucayali, large trunks of trees fallen from the forests of Sorata, Pelechuco, and Apolobamba, and transported by the Beni. It is to these floating trees that the *Rio da Madeira*—River of Woods—is indebted for its name, which was given to it by Pedro Teixeira and his companions in their voyage to Quito. The name of Madeira entirely superseded that of Cayari, which it had previously borne.

At this period the embouchure of the Madeira and the canal by which it communicated with the Amazon[1] were inhabited by the remnant of the great Tupi or Tupinamba

[1] This canal, situated in the interior of the Madeira, at the distance of thirty miles from its embouchure, and on its right bank, is called *Uraïa* in its upper part, and *Tupinamparana* (River of the Tupinambas) in its lower. Its length is about ninety-six miles; its breadth varies from one hundred and fifty to three hundred yards. The Brazilian pilots, who call it indifferently *Furo dos Abacaxis o dos Tupinambas*, no doubt recall one of the sad pages of their history. Two or three small canals, the largest of which is the furo *Coroïé*, cut, by so many tangents, the curve described by the Tupinamparana, and make a communication between it and the Amazon. This canal receives in its course the overflow of eight lakes fed by rivers (*igarapés*) flowing from the interior. The largest of these lakes are those of Canuma, Abacaxis, Maüé, and Uaïcurupa or Vaïcorapa.

nation, whom the Portuguese, on their arrival in the Para, had found established on the right bank of the Lower Amazon.[1] Of a ferocious and warlike character, these indigenes did not submit to the yoke of the conqueror until they had vigorously maintained the struggle for three years, with the loss of a great number of their men and the destruction of the greater number of their villages. At length, whilst one part of the survivors went to people, *by command*, a mission of the Bahia do Sol—now Collares—the other part

ISLAND OF MANTEQUEIRA.

emigrated towards the Upper Amazon, and took up their abode at the entrance of the canal of the Madeira, to which they have given their name, and where Pedro Teixeira, who believed them to be extinct, was not a little astonished to find them on his return from Quito.[2]

In the measure that the Portuguese took root in the country the Tupinambas lost

[1] Come from the countries of the south, which it seems to have adopted for its place of residence at the time of the great emigration of the people of the northern hemisphere, the Tupi nation dwelt a long time in the interior of Paraguay, the pampas of Chaco, and the llanos of the Moxos, before occupying the flanks of the Sierra of Ibapiaba, conterminous with the provinces of Para, Maranhao, Pernambouc, and Bahia, from whence, at a later period, it passed to the shores of the Lower Amazon. A group detached from this nation, one of the most numerous which has peopled South America, existed so lately as the middle of last century, near the sources of the Beni.

[2] Twenty years before, in 1619, Pedro Teixeira had made a desolating war against these same Tupinambas, and had burned three of their villages, *Iguapé*, *Guanapu*, and *Carepi*, situated in the neighbourhood of the Para.

their hold. Some years after the expedition of Pedro Teixeira, the individuals of that nation established on the canal of the Madeira, around the lake Vaïcorapa, were dispossessed of their domains, baptized in haste, and sent, *in the name of the king*, to the river Tapajoz, to people the town of Boim, then recently founded. In these happy times, to people a town in the name of the king, or to row in his majesty's galleys, were, for the red-skins, synonymous expressions.

For two centuries the Tupinambas have disappeared from Brazil, but their idiom remains the current language in two or three provinces of that empire, and notably in that of Para. As that idiom, apart from some unimportant variations, is the same that is spoken at the present time by the Guaranis-Chirihuanos, old emigrants from Paraguay, established since the beginning of the seventeenth century at the foot of the Bolivian Andes, we are entitled to believe, until the contrary is proved, that the Tupis and the Guaranis are one and the same nation, dismembered at some remote period by the force of local circumstances.

The few words of the Tupi idiom which are here subjoined will save philologists the trouble of searching for these vocables, and will enable them, besides, to compare this specimen of the *lengoa geral* of Brazil with the specimens of American idioms which we have previously given.

TUPI VOCABULARY.

God	Tupana.
devil	yurupari.
heaven	uuaca.
sun	coracé.
moon	yacé.
star	yacétata.
thunder	tupa.
lightning	tupa uira.
day	ara.
night	putuna.
morning	cuema.
yesterday	coïsé.
to-day	oyara.
to-morrow	huirandé.
water	ê.
fire	tata, pira.
rain	amana.
cold	irusanga.
hot	sacu.
earth	euê.
earthquake	uiucataca.
stone	itaqué.
mountain	uitera.
sand	iqui.
river	parana.
gorge (quebrada)	igarapé.
forest	caá.
tree	muira.
wood	yapeüa.
life	sequê.
death	umanu.
man	apegasa.
woman	cunha.
child	taüna.
old man	tuisé.
old woman	oaïmi.
young person	coromin, pusasu.
father	ipaya.
mother	imaya.
brother	quihuira.
sister	sènèra.
husband	iména.
wife	chimirico.
head	iacan.
eye	sesa.
nose	apuinha.
ear	nami.
mouth	yaru.
tooth	sanha.
tongue	apeco.
chin	saïua.
neck	ayura.
shoulder	yatii.
arm	iua.
hand	po.
stomach	pea.
bosom	camui.
belly	marica.
navel	peruan.
intestine	ibachu.
thigh	huera.
knee	senepua.

leg	teman.	bat	anuira.
foot	pui.	land-turtle	iauti.
hair	ahua.	water-turtle	yurara.
down	sahua.	bird	huira.
house	oca.	parrot	parahua
canoe	igara.	duck	ipéca.
oar	apucuytana.	hen	sapucaya.
basket	erusanga.	cock	sapucaya-apegasa.
thread	inimu.	egg	supia.
shells (or shell-fish)	itanga.	fish	pira.
bow	uirapara.	serpent	boya.
arrow	uëua.	butterfly	panama.
club	uisaranga.	fly	meru, tumbera.
fish-hook	pinda.	mosquito	carapana.
hunting poison	urari.	grasshopper	iaquirana.
spade	tasera.	bee	muirera.
bench	apuicaüa.	ant	tasehua.
comb	quihuau.	white	murutinga.
pot	camuti.	black	pichuna.
plantation	tenau.	red	piranga.
manioc (yucca)	macachêra.	yellow	tahua.
maize	ahuati.	blue, green	suquira.
banana	pacoa.	thief	munaüasu.
melon (ananas)	nana.	to open	piraré.
sweet-potato	yutica.	to attach	pucuaré.
cotton	amanion.	to roast	mexira.
tobacco	petema.	to run	nhana.
arnotta	urucou.	to arrive	usica.
flour	putira.	to go out	usema.
liana	sipo.	to sleep	quera.
grass	capiin.	to awake	paca.
wax	irariputi.	to eat	amaü.
honey	ira.	one	iépé.
tiger	yahuaraté.	two	mocoën.
boar (pecary)	tayasu-capiïera.	three[1]	mésapéré.
guinea-pig	tayasu-memon.	one hundred	iépé-papasaü.
dog	yahuara.	two hundred	mocoën-papasaü.
monkey	macaco.	three hundred[1]	mésapéré-papasaü.
cayman	yacaré.		

The places abandoned by the Tupinambas were immediately occupied by Abacaxi, Canuma, and Maüè Indians, drawn from the shores of the neighbouring lakes and igarapés. All these indigenes were collected in two missions founded by the Jesuits; one of them received the Abacaxis only, the other admitted promiscuously Canumas and Maüès. In 1798 nothing was left of these missions but two poor villages, all but deserts. To repeople them forcible capture was made of the Abacaxis and Maüès, who lived in the environs in a state of nature, to whom were added a certain number of Turas and Mundurucus captured between the rivers Madeira and Tapajoz. The spiritual direction of the two posts was then confided to a Carmelite named José das Chagas, and their temporal direction to two captains of voltigeurs, named respectively Rodrigues Porto and Pereira da Cruz.

To these villages, which have long since disappeared, have succeeded the hamlets

[1] Above *three* and *three hundred* the Brazilians of the province of the Para count by duplication, or they avail themselves of the Portuguese tongue.

of Canuma, Abacaxi, and Maüè, situated on the lakes which bear the same names. The inhabitants of these insignificant places are vain enough to assert the purity of their race, but they are really the net product of the crossing of Abacaxis, Canumas, Maüès, Turas, and Mundurucus.

It is to the Maüè Indians that we are indebted for the discovery and preparation of *guarana*, a refreshing drink, which our purveyors of iced lemonade, &c., have not yet thought of submitting to the appreciation of their fashionable customers. The guarana is a liana of the family of leguminous Papilionaceæ, the seed of which is externally black, but white within. The Indians, after having roasted it and ground it, make it into a paste, and then fashion it into flat round cakes, which they harden by exposure to the smoke of green wood. To prepare the drink it is only necessary to scrape one of these cakes into good drinking water—about a spoonful of the powder suffices for a glass of water—and then, having shaken up the mixture, swallow it, with as little grimacing as possible.

The guarana is a favourite beverage in all the towns of the province. Citizens who pride themselves on their *savoir-vivre* make it a rule to offer their visitors a glass of this drink, as the Chilians their cider of camuesa, the Peruvians their chicha brewed from maize, and the Argentine republicans their favourite infusion of Paraguayan grass. The cooling qualities of the guarana endear it to the indigenes, who use it to mollify the burning sensation caused by the use of pimento, with which their food is so liberally seasoned. Although this local chocolate has the bitterness of hops, and an odour like old rhubarb, the native consumers drink it without sugar.

To have done, once for all, with the Madeira and the memories of every kind which it recalls, I will here add that this river was for a long time known to the Portuguese only by the account which Pedro Teixeira gave of it on his return from Quito. Some years after the passage of the adventurous captain, the Tupinambas, as we have before remarked, had been expelled from the lake Vaïcorapa, and exiled to the town of Boim. Two missions founded by the Jesuits had reunited the Abacaxis, the Canumas, and the Maüès; but no attempt had, up to this period, been made to explore the interior of the Madeira. All that was known from Teixeira's report related to the portion of the river comprised between its embouchure and the Uraïa canal, which is a stretch of about thirty miles.

In 1716 a certain Captain Joao de Barros da Guerra made the first ascent of the river, as far as its junction with the Jumary, one of its affluents. This journey, undertaken with the sole end in view of suppressing the hostilities of the Tura Indians against the two missions just mentioned of Abacaxis and Maüès, was fatal to the adventurer, who was killed by a falling tree. He had already succeeded, however, in exterminating one-half of the Tura Indians, and of putting the other half to flight, and the thought that he had thus effectively served his God, his king, and his country, served to sweeten the bitterness of his last hour.

In 1725 a second exploration of the Madeira was undertaken by Sergeant-major Francisco de Mello Palheta, who ascended as far as the mouth of the Rio Cayuyabas, an affluent of the Beni, observed the direction of its course, determined the position

of its twelve cachoeiras or rapids,[1] and gave to each of them a Portuguese but somewhat uncouth name, as he was at perfect liberty to do.[2]

To the sergeant-major of ordnance succeeded, three years later, a Jesuit of the name of José de Sampaio, who explored the interior of the Madeira, founded, opposite the embouchure of the Rio Jumary, a mission of San Antonio, in which he collected a few Tura Indians who had escaped the massacre of 1716, and, continuing his journey on the Mamoré, reached the Spanish possessions. The interior of the Madeira, once known, became the highroad, which was followed in preference to the river Tapajoz by the merchants, mineralogists, and adventurers whom the discovery and renown of the mines of Matto-Grosso and Cuyaba attracted into the provinces of the same name.

There, in 1756, the Portuguese founded the city of Borba. Thrice destroyed by the Mura Indians, and thrice rebuilt on a fresh site[3] by the Portuguese, who were resolved not to be baffled, that city rose from the ashes a fourth time, at the distance of seventy-eight miles from the mouth of the Madeira, where it exists at the present moment.

Running on a tack, in a direction north-north-east, we have passed the mouth of the Madeira, before which the reader has been too long detained. Our sloop now enters the devious tracks of the archipelago of Caniny, a group of islands separated by channels which the palms and puchiris cover with their shade. Pauxis (crested curassow—*Crax cristatus*) and parrots with a red rump dwell in these charming coverts. After three quarters of an hour's sailing we found ourselves coasting by the mouth of the river Urubu, celebrated for the massacre of the Caboquena Indians, perpetrated by order of superior authority in 1665 by Pedro da Costa Favella.[4] Immediately beyond the mouth of this river is the town of Serpa, consisting of some thirty houses ranged in a single line, on a bank of yellow and brown strata, which rises about ten feet above the level of the water. The houses stand so near to one another that at a distance they appear to form a single erection. Around the houses is a considerable expanse of stunted yellow grass; in the back ground rises the green wall of the forest. Behold Serpa!

Notwithstanding our sloop drew so little water that we could range along the shore near enough to distinguish, among the poor vegetation of the place, the flowers and green pods of some *galibis*, we looked in vain for an inhabitant, or for an open door or window along the line of houses. All was closed and silent. As we changed our tack the noise made by the badly greased pulleys of the sloop roused some watch-dogs whom we had not observed. Seven or eight of these animals, with backbones showing through their skin, ran to the edge of the water and pursued us with furious barkings.

[1] These rapids are caused by a prolongation of the chain of the Parexis, which crosses the bed of the Madeira between 9° and 11° of latitude. Some of them extend over many miles, and there are not less than a dozen of them on the Madeira and five on the Guaporé.

[2] The *Saut de Théotonio, Les Monticules, La Chaudière de l'Enfer, Les Trois Frères, Le Petit Mur, La Miséricorde, La Bananière, Le Grand Pieu*, &c. &c.

[3] The first time it was built in the interior of the Rio Jupary, the second time at the mouth of the Rio Giparana, the third time in the Praxiaon channel, the fourth and last time on the site of the old village of Trocano founded by the Jesuits.

[4] Seven hundred of these Indians were shot, four hundred were made prisoners, and thirty of their villages reduced to ashes. These terrible reprisals were to revenge the death of some Portuguese soldiers slain by them, and whom the governor of Para, Rui Vaz de Siqueira, had sent to treat with the red-skins for procuring the necessary levy for the culture and labour of the fields.

This phantom of a town, which was soon lost to sight, existed in 1755 on the right bank of the Madeira, about three miles above the canal Uraïa-Tupinamba, of which we have spoken. Its founder, Joachim de Mello è Povoas, caused it to be populated with Abacaxi Indians. At that time it bore the name of *Itacoatiara*—the Painted Stone. Having been burned by the Muras, it was rebuilt, in 1770, at the mouth of the Madeira, peopled with Tura Indians, and named Abacariz. The Muras destroyed it a second time. Its site was then shifted to the right bank of the Amazon, and the name of Serpa given to it, with a population derived from a variety of Indian tribes.[1] Again it was

TOWN OF SERPA, ON THE LEFT BANK OF THE LOWER AMAZON.

disturbed by the Muras, who recognized it under its borrowed name and other disguises. To escape their pursuit, the unhappy town abandoned the right bank of the river, and took up with the locality where we found it, on the left bank.

On leaving Serpa the sloop tacked again and ploughed the waters of the Amazon with three points of the wind in her sail towards the opposite shore. The noise of the water which foamed under her prow sounded agreeably in my ear. I could almost imagine that I heard the murmur of the great ocean. Entranced by this music, I omitted to notice the village of Silves, which we were leaving behind us on the left bank. By way of repairing this fault, it must suffice to remark that it was founded by the aforesaid Captain Joachim de Mello è Povoas about the middle of the eighteenth century on a spot named *Muratapera*—a melancholy word which may be translated to signify *a place where there have been Muras*—and that its population was originally composed of Portuguese mixed with Barré, Caraya, and Pacuri Indians, who were subsequently either extinguished or dispersed. The existing village of Silves is inhabited by a few mixed breeds—fishers of lamantin and turtle.

After emerging from the intricacies of seven islands, which are situated very near

[1] *Saras, Baris, Anicorês, Aponarias, Tururis, Urupus, Jumas, Juquis,* and *Pariquis.* All these castes are now extinct.

each other, and by which we coasted, the Amazon, now unobstructed, narrows itself, and runs straight (*se rétrécit*) by a point where we can clearly distinguish the trees of various kinds on both shores. We sail on this straight course for an hour, when an immense island encroaches on the left of the river, leaving on its right a kind of *furo*, or narrow canal, which our sloop takes with a rush. This canal deviates but little from a straight course, and though broad enough in some places, is so narrowed in others that the guy of our mainsail caught the foliage on the banks and dragged it away in tatters. But we very soon doubled the island, when the right shore, suddenly retreating, dis-

VILLA NOVA, ON THE RIGHT BANK OF THE LOWER AMAZON.

covered the entrance of the great canal which connects the Amazon with the Madeira. This is the canal of the Tupinambas, or Abacaxis, of which we have already spoken.

At two bow-shots from its embouchure, on the right bank of the river, fronted with the customary bit of poor yellow sward, we counted eleven small houses, with thatched roofs, backed in the distance by the forest. This was all that remained of *Villa Nova da Rainha*—the "New City of the Queen."

This new city was at first a simple village, founded at the beginning of the present century by one Pedro Cordovil, a captain of voltigeurs, who peopled it with Mundurucu Indians from the interior of the Tapajoz. In a short time after its foundation a decree of the governor and captain-general of the province of the Para, Marcos de Noronha è Brito, raised it to the rank of a mission, and gave it the charming name of *Villa Nova da Rainha.* Its spiritual director was that same Carmelite, José das Chagas, whom we have seen ruling over the two missions of the Abacaxis and Maüès on the Madeira canal.

One only historical souvenir, and that a melancholy one, is connected with Villa Nova. In 1804 a certain Colonel José Simoens de Carvalho, governor of the Rio Negro, died there of an indigestion caused by eating turtles' eggs. We searched

with our eyes in vain for the tomb of this functionary; all that we could discern were a few hens scratching about in the soil of the withered grass. Like the inhabitants of Serpa and San José de Maturi, those of Villa Nova must have been buried in an enchanted sleep. At four o'clock in the afternoon their doors and windows were still shut.

After passing Villa Nova, now called Villa Bella, there appeared for a distance of some thirty or forty miles on both banks of the Amazon plantations of cacao (chocolate), whose dark green foliage was soft and sweet to the eye in contrast with the brightness of the neighbouring vegetation. The homestead of each plantation

FIRST CHOCOLATE PLANTATION AT VILLA NOVA.

(*cacahual*) is a whitewashed house, either thatched or tiled, according to the means or the taste of the proprietor. These plantations, beginning at Villa Nova, extend on both sides of the river as far as Monte-Alegre. Beyond that point they appear on the right bank only, and stretch as far as Cameta on the river Tocantins.

I had opened my sketch-book, and prepared my pencils, ready to make a sketch of Faro, a village founded in 1755 at the mouth of the river Nhamondas, when four islands, so locked in one another that they seemed to make but one, barred our passage. Our sloop, as if she understood and answered the defiance, ceased to hug the wind, and drove full upon the right shore. We must be contented to see Faro in imagination instead of reality, but by way of compensation we shall learn something of its river Nhamondas, to the inhabitants of whose shores the great river we are descending owes its name of Amazon.

Let us remark, however, before passing on, that Faro and Nhamondas are almost modern names. At the time when Faro, a modest Indian village, was situated in the interior of the river Nhamondas, some twenty-four miles from its mouth, it was known as Paru. When rebuilt near the Amazon it was called Paro, and later, Faro.

If an *l* had been added it would have become *Farol*, that is to say, lantern, which would have been a cruel mockery.

As to the river Nhamondas, it formerly bore the name of Cunuriz, which was that of its primitive inhabitants. To these Cunuri Indians, who have become extinct, or at least have disappeared, succeeded the Néamundas, who came from the lakes of the interior. These indigenes, again, who were called, by elision or corruption, Nhamundas, and finally Nhamondas, disappeared one fine day, leaving, as their only memorial, their name to the river.

It was off the mouth of this Rio Nhamondas that Francisco Orellana and his companions, leaving Quito in 1539, and descending, hap-hazard, the Amazon, were assailed by a band of Indians, several women being among the combatants. Surprised by the incident, they made it a tale of wonder on their return to Europe, and as usually happens with news that passes from mouth to mouth, the story told by Orellana soon gained currency in an exaggerated form. Instead of a few women fighting among the Indians at the embouchure of an insignificant tributary of the great river, that river itself was entirely peopled with female warriors, whose valour was compared with that of the Asiatic Amazons.

In 1744, when La Condamine descended the Amazon, he stayed a while at the mission of San Thomé, which then flourished at the entrance of the Cuchiüara canal, supposed to be one of the mouths of the river of the Purus. There our traveller had the good fortune to meet with a sergeant-major of artillery named José da Costa Pacorilha, whose grandfather, so the man said, had actually seen one of these female warriors of the Nhamondas upon whom for two centuries the telescopes of science and the binoculars of the learned had been directed. She came, according to his statement, from the river *Cayamé*.[1]

In reply to certain delicate questions which La Condamine ventured to put with respect to the manners of these ladies, the sergeant-major replied—still speaking for his grandfather—that opinions were divided on the subject. According to some the Amazons were so savagely modest as to repulse those who solicited their favours at the lance's point; according to others they softened once a year towards the *Guacaris*—read Huacaris—a tribe of Indians established on the flank of the Sierra de Tacamiaba, between Portuguese Guiana and the river.

On returning to France La Condamine, with implicit faith in the statement of his informant, published an elaborate dissertation on the American Amazons, citing as a proof in support of their existence the original relation of Orellana—a little altered, it is true[2]—and the declaration of a female Indian of the Equatorial Sierra who pro-

[1] This river *Cayamé*, erroneously named in Spanish maps *Cayambé*, and in the great chart of Brué (published 1856) *Cayama*, is an igarapé of black water, seven or eight yards in breadth, which has its source in the interior of the forests, and which flows into the Amazon on its right between the lakes of Teffé and Juteca. A distance of about 500 miles, in a direct line, separates this stream from the river Nhamondas. In my progress through the towns and villages of the Amazon I have questioned a great number of people and searched in many old manuscripts to discover how it came to pass that La Condamine's Amazon was found isolated and at so great a distance from her compatriots on the river Cayamé. Neither the people nor the documents that I consulted threw any light on this point.

[2] The historian of Orellana speaks of women mixed with the Indians and combating with them, not of a body of women combating alone.

fessed to have visited the Amazons in their country, but had forgotten the road which led there, and could give no information as to its geographical situation. The absurd statement of this woman, made and published in the city of Pasto, and repeated by her before the *Real Audiencia* of Quito, had been transcribed by an official archivist (*escribano greffier*), signed by a judge and several assessors, and deposited as an official document in the archives of the city.

From these reports collected by La Condamine, and presented by him as testimony in the case, it was not easy to draw a rational conclusion. Nevertheless, the learned were unwilling to give up the point, and took a vast deal of trouble to arrive at an exact knowledge of the facts, and to elucidate the question. It was a great drawback that the Amazons of the river Nhamondas, satisfied with having broken a lance with Orellana, had not condescended to put in a second appearance. The issue touched the *amour propre* of the learned, who had committed themselves to a struggle against the impossible, and they retreated under cover of the supposition that these warrior women of America had emigrated to unknown parts. Some among them suggested that on leaving the river Nhamondas they had ascended the Amazon as far as the confluence of the Cayamé; others imagined they had pushed up the banks of the river of the Trombetas, as far as its sources; and still others that they had passed by way of the river Urubu to the Rio Negro, and from thence to the Rio Branco, and coasting the western limit of the Guyanas, had fixed their residence in Portuguese Guiana, in the hope that they might there pass the remainder of their days in peace. Raleigh, Laët, Acunha, Feijoo, Sarmiento, and Coronelli have written very strongly on the subject.

While denying both the past and present existence of the American Amazons as a separate people, or even as a distinct body of warriors, we hasten to add that viragos or *marimachos* are by no means rare on the southern continent. Numbers of women follow their husbands and brothers to war, either restraining their ardour, or exciting it, if necessary, by their cries and invectives. They collect the lances which have been hurled at their enemies by the combatants, provide the archers with arrows, and when the engagement is over despatch the wounded on the side of the enemy and despoil the dead. Such is the part taken in war by the women of the Murucuris in the east, those of the Mayorunas in the west, of the Ottomacs in the north, and the Huatchipayris in the south. The reader may remember how the brave Ticuna of the Atacoari struck her lance into the jaguar which had torn off her husband's scalp.

This bellicose humour of the softer sex in South America is not confined to the red-skins who live in the woods. It characterizes also their *soi-disant* civilized sisters who people the cities of the sierra on the Pacific coast. The mistresses of the Chilian soldiers follow them to war with the devotion of a dog, except that they abandon them again when peace is concluded. They prepare their food and camp covering, go on marauding expeditions to add some little luxury to their *menu*, and assist in ravaging the conquered country. The Rabonas of Peru, also, at once *Huarmipampárunacunas* and vivandières, form battalions often more numerous than the corps d'armée, which they precede as scouts, or follow as a sort of military train. They levy contributions on the villages through which they pass, and, as opportunity happens,

pillage, sack, and burn without the least scrupie. These women, indeed, are veritable Amazons of a most savage and formidable character.

But at the period when Francisco Orellana and his companions descended the river these facts were unknown to Europeans, and the sight of women fighting among the Indians, or exciting the latter to fight, appeared to the adventurers as surprising as it was new. When they returned to Spain the account which they gave to their countrymen was very soon modified, as I have before remarked, and finally disfigured by the spirit of exaggeration and the love of the marvellous which is natural to them, and which they appear to have inherited from their ancestors the Moors. It is to this habit of amplifying, ennobling, and idealizing ordinary facts—a habit which has become a second nature to the Spaniards—that the Indians of the river Nhamondas owe the distinguished honour of being compared to the celebrated female warriors of Thrace.

Since it is now amply demonstrated that if the viragos of Orellana and their descendants dwelt, and still dwell, in every part of South America, they have never existed anywhere in that continent as a governing body, the works of the learned which treat this romantic tale as serious history can possess no other value than that of waste paper which the grocer may find useful to wrap up his wares.

While losing its poetic Amazons, which no one has ever seen since the time of Orellana, the river Nhamondas preserved for a long time in a dozen lakes which succeed each other along its shores a peculiar variety of the lamantin called the *Pege boy de Azeite*. These cetaceans, as their Portuguese appellation indicates, yielded their captors little flesh, but, on the other hand, each individual rewarded them with thirty *almudes*—say more than five hundred litres—of oil. I am speaking of the epoch when their species was permitted to grow and get fat, which is not the case at the present time.

At Faro the jurisdiction of the Rio Negro terminates, and that of the Para commences. The imaginary line which separates these two provinces starts from Faro, upon the left bank of the river, and strikes on the right bank the hill of Parenti.

Except the chocolate plantations, with their whitewashed houses, which now disappeared from view at one point and now reappeared at another, the banks of the river presented nothing remarkable to attract our attention. To shake off the ever-increasing ennui of the situation, I persuaded myself that I needed exercise, and, leaving the sloop to run to windward, entered the canoe, which since our departure from Barra do Rio Negro had been towed astern. Casting off the rope, and accompanied by two Tapuya sailors, I rowed with the stream, keeping near the shore or avoiding it as prudence dictated.

Sometimes we quitted the sloop in the morning and did not return till sunset. At such times we went to beat up the forest, collecting wild fruits, plants, and flowers, with which the canoe was soon well laden. When the dinner hour arrived, if one of us had not brought the necessary provisions, we lighted a fire and roasted some nuts of the capuçaya (*Bertholletia*). Whilst the Tapuyas bustled to and fro, heaping up faggots and collecting the pith of certain trees, which served for tinder, if I did not feel in the humour to follow them, I seated myself on the bank and watched the

water of the river rippling over the grass which grew along its course. The sight of running water was always one of my pleasures. Here this pleasure clothed itself in new forms. Every wave that passed seemed like a messenger from the sierra bringing the memory or the adieus of an acquaintance. I interpreted as I would the noise of its swash against the shore. In the midst of the reverie into which I was plunged by the lulling murmur of wind and wave, some sudden noise would arouse me with a start. It might be the fall of an acorn from one of those *Quercus* common on the shores of the Amazon,[1] bringing a tambaké to the surface of the water; or perhaps the multilobed capsule of the *Hura crepitans*, which bursts with the noise of a gun, and showers down upon the subjacent foliage a hail of projectiles; or again, the sound might come from the depths of the forest, and be caused by the cracking, increased by the echoes, of an aged tree, which, in consequence of its base being rotted by the damp, would come crashing down upon a whole generation of small trees and shrubs which had grown under its shadow. When I grew weary of musing and listening I looked about me. The expanse of vegetation, lighted up with ever-changing effects, according to the hour of the day, presented some charming aspects; the foliage, showing ruddy in the morning light, and luminous at mid-day, with strong shadows, sparkled at sunset like molten rubies. When gently stirred by the evening wind these ruddy leaves suggested the idea of cascades of fire. Soon, however, the twilight spread over all the landscape its cold, gray mantle, and then entering the canoe we returned to our sloop, which would be awaiting us in its anchorage at the point of an island.

Perhaps I dreamed of fishing, and in that case left the vessel before daybreak. Followed by my men, who were not a little entertained by these excursions, I would repair with my lines to some little bay of the river, where the calm water, sheltered against the wind and the current, is dear to the fishy tribes who retire to such places to sleep. At the moment when the celestial archer darted the first of his fiery arrows against the still surface of this retreat—or to speak without metaphor, when the rising sun began to light up the bay—my hooks were generally pretty sure of their prey. Now it was a brown-skinned *surubi*, slippery and pliant, or a *sungaro*, with a blue back and a belly of silvery sheen, and now again a *tucunari*, resplendent with colour. These fishes, dangling at the end of a switch, or rolled in the big leaves of the American cane, presently acquired by cooking a most appetising flavour. We ate them without bread, salt, or lemon, and yet we thought them a delicious morsel. For wine we had the drupes of the assahy-palm crushed in a calabash of water, which produced a rich violet-coloured liquor. At such times we fared like princes!

Sometimes, at the hour of sunset, the proposition to idle away an hour on shore would be suggested by our pilot, and adopted with unanimity by the whole company. Having landed, we kindled a fire of sticks, over which we suspended our pot, and the pilot himself prepared a delicious cup of coffee, sweetened with molasses, each of us, furnished with some kind of cup, dipped it in turn into the pot. Our men mingled with the liquid a handful or two of manioc flour, and transformed it into a *bouillie*. This

[1] The genus *Quercus*, of the family of Cupuliferæ, is represented on the Amazon by trees of the fourth magnitude, and numbering more than twenty varieties.

its tail to imitate the fall of ripe fruit. This noise deceives the *paco*, the *pira-arara*, and the *surubi*, who imagine that a drupe of the palm or an acorn has dropped into the water, and hasten to swallow it. But scarcely has one of these credulous fish lifted its head above the level of the water when a stroke of the jaguar's paw tosses it out on the bank.

Often, too, this feline surprises the great turtle on the shore, and turns it over with

THE JAGUAR AND THE TAPIR.

its belly upwards. Then pressing it down with its left paw, and so preventing it from moving, it inserts its right paw between the upper and under shells, and rends the palpitating flesh in pieces.

The wonderful agility of the ape does not always preserve it from the teeth of the jaguar, who pursues it from branch to branch, even to the tops of the trees, and springs upon it, careless of a fall of some thirty feet, and seizes its prey like our domestic cat, which it also resembles in alighting safely on its four feet.

Fastening with its teeth and nails on the back of the tapir which it has surprised in the act of drinking, the jaguar allows itself to be dragged away over the broken ground and underwood, and plunges into the mud or the water with the pachyderm, rending it as it vainly tries to escape, and finishing the business by breaking the neck of its prey.

morning we found ourselves standing towards the Strait of the Pauxis—the name of which recalls to mind those black Gallinaceæ, with a bony and bright orange caruncule, to which we were more than once indebted for a lean roast or a watery kind of broth. Near this strait, on a site known as *Paricateüa,* the Portuguese engineer, Manoel da Mota de Siqueira, had built in 1697 a kind of redoubt in the form of an oblong rectangle with two returning wings. This edifice, constructed of wood and rammed clay, bore the sounding name of the Three Forts (*les Trois Châteaux forts*). At their base rose the village of Obidos, a group of houses adjoining the beautiful lake

OBIDOS, ON THE LEFT BANK OF THE LOWER AMAZON.

das Campinas, well stocked with lamantins and caymans. The village and the fortress were called indifferently Obidos or Pauxis.

From this comparatively elevated point the prospect embraced an immense curve of the river, and was lost in the interior of the Rio das Trombetas, in which direction the Amazons, after showing themselves for a moment to Orellana, had, if we are to trust the statements of the learned, effected their definitive retreat.

Towards the end of the eighteenth century the village of Obidos, influenced by motives which are unknown to us, crossed the Amazon, and fixed itself on the left bank, about six miles below the Rio das Trombetas, leaving the fortress of the Pauxis to keep guard on the abandoned site. For some years the redoubt stood it bravely, then, unable any longer to keep on its legs, sunk to the earth in very weariness.

At the moment when we came in sight of Obidos, which has prospered so well that the village has become a city, it was finely lighted up by the rising sun, whose rays took it in flank. We counted as many as fifty-five houses and a church, occupying the slope of a hill carpeted with yellow grass. The line of the forest rose above their roofs in the distance.

A broad path, roughly hewn by nature, and fashioned by man, led from the shore

to the town. Already the population was stirring, and going about its accustomed labours. Women, wearing short petticoats, and carrying on the thick plait of their hair a red earthen jug, were descending barefooted towards the river to fetch their supply of water. Some Tapuyas were completing the lading of an égaritea at anchor near the shore; others stood at their doors searching the horizon with inquisitive looks. The tinkling of a bell seemed to call the faithful to early mass.

But the sun continued to rise, and the contrast of shade and light which we had so much admired was gradually lost. We turned our backs on Obidos before it should entirely lose the prestige it had borrowed from the prime of the morning. In general, the picturesque effects of the inhabited points of the Upper and Lower Amazon depend altogether on the light under which they are seen. In the morning and evening the effect is good. From ten to four they look desolate, and a clear moonlight is not favourable to them.

After passing Obidos, the point of the island of the Pauxis prevented us at first from discovering, on the opposite side, the great bay formed by the confluence of the river Tapajoz; but in the measure that the sloop advanced in an east-south-eastern direction, the isle of the Pauxis grew more and more attenuated, until it was left behind. After running on a certain number of tacks between the north-east and south-east, we found ourselves off the embouchure of the river, and cast anchor at half a mile

THE CITY OF SANTAREM, AT THE MOUTH OF THE RIVER TAPAJOZ.

from the city of Santarem, situated on the right bank. The confluence of the Tapajoz with the Amazon forms a bay of greater magnitude than any I had hitherto seen. On the one side and the other, both of the great river and its tributary, the edge of terra firma receded so far that it fatigued the eye to follow its sinuosities. The junction of the Ucayali and the Marañon, which lately seemed so astonishing, appeared poor at this moment in comparison with the wide expanse of water before us.

A double line of hills, low and bare, bounded the right bank of the Tapajoz, formed in the interior by the union of several streams issuing from the chain of the Parexis. The colour of its waters is a doubtful green, cooled in tone with gray; their mass moves so insensibly that one might suppose it did not move at all.

At the angle formed by the junction of the river with its affluent, on the level summit of a long hill, are the mud-built walls of a fortress originally designed to protect the Portuguese possessions of the Amazon, and those of the interior of the Tapajoz, against the pillaging expeditions of the Indians, and the piratical attacks of the cruisers of Dutch Guiana.[1] At the base of this hill, under the shadow of the fortress, stretch the houses of Santarem, which extend some distance beyond the two square towers of a church. A few schooners, sloops, égaritcas, and canoes anchored before the city give an air of joyous animation to that capital of the Tapajoz, which counts a hundred houses.

The earliest exploration of the river Tapajoz dates in 1626. It was made by Pedro Teixeira, who ascended the stream between thirty and forty miles in company with a Capuchin monk named Christopher, a commissioner of the Inquisition, twenty-six soldiers, and a band of Tapuya Indians, nursed in the lap of the Roman church, and whose people had already received the double baptism of water and of blood. No one was ignorant of the object of this journey, and there is no need in our day to make a mystery of it. Pedro Teixeira went, in the name of the first governor of the province of the Para, Francisco Coelho de Carvalho, to make a treaty with the red-skins. Hands were wanted for labour in the cities and fields, and the Tupinamba, Tapuya, and Tucuju nations, who had supplied the demand hitherto, no longer sufficed to replace the Indians who, during a period of eleven years, had perished under the hands of the Portuguese in their new domains.

In this first expedition Teixeira only secured for the government some forty Indians, anthropological specimens collected in haste on the banks of some tributary streams of the Tapajoz. This was not much to boast of, but the capture of these individuals had enabled the explorers to take note of the country, to get some intelligence concerning the natives, and withal, to prepare for a second and decisive expedition.

That expedition was arranged two years later. The measures of the Portuguese were well taken, and their number sufficient; only no one had foreseen that the Indians would attempt to oppose force by force. It was necessary to join battle. But what could naked men with their lances and arrows accomplish against disciplined troops provided with fire-arms? Such a slaughter of these unfortunate natives took place that

[1] This fortress of Tapajoz belongs to the same epoch as that of the Pauxis, and was constructed by the same architect, Manoel da Mota de Siqueira.

the governor of the Para, disquieted by the public outcry, felt it necessary to recall his emissaries, abrogate the law he had promulgated on the subject of the treaty with the red-skins, and substitute for it a decree which limited to two battues a year, and a previous authorization, the otherwise permanent hunt. A great number of these man-hunters, however, eluding the decree, hunted without carrying arms in the forests of the king of Spain and Portugal.[1]

In 1654 a village, founded at the mouth of the Tapajoz, received the remnant of the Tapajo nation, who had either given their name to the river, or received their name from it. Subsequently other villages, Villafranca, Alter do Chao, Boim, Santa Cruz, Pinhel, and Aveiro, were successively established in the interior. Finally, the fortress, which still exists at the mouth of the river, was built in 1697 to assure the independence of these villages, and afford them the protection of the strong hand.

In 1758 a decree of the nineteenth governor of the Para, Francisco Xavier de Mendonça Furtado, raised to the rank of cities all the villages of the Upper and Lower Amazon. A certain corrégidor, named Pascoal Abranches, was charged with the notification of the decree. This functionary, accompanied by a numerous suite, ascended the Amazon in a bark garlanded with foliage, to the sound of the rebec, the viol, and the psaltery, but it is not recorded whether the new cities were moved by the announcement of their grandeur and leaped with joy like the hills of Scripture.

That same year the humble village founded at the mouth of the river Tapajoz disappeared, and was replaced by the city of Santarem. The new city prospered and increased rapidly. Every succeeding year added a flourish to its crown. 1798 gratified it with a militia, and 1799 endowed it with a public school. In 1800 the twenty-fifth governor of the Para, Francisco Souza Coutinho—the same who caused to be first whipped, and then drowned with a millstone round her neck, the accoucheuse Valera, and two of her companions, to whom he attributed the loss of his mistress, who had died in childbed—erected Santarem into the chef-lieu of a jurisdiction. In 1815 it became the seat of a tribunal; in 18——but really I must stay my hand, fearing to wound by too much flattery the modesty of the inhabitants.

Santarem, notwithstanding the small number of its houses—I counted no more than a hundred—enjoys among the population of the Lower Amazon a reputation for elegance and even classical taste, which, so far from disputing, I have great pleasure in making more widely known. I will even go so far as to say that, in this respect, it is with cities as with individuals—it is possible for a man to have a certain grandeur of spirit and character, and yet his trousers may be too tight, or his coat too short. A city may contain many good qualities, both public and private, in a very few houses.

For a long time I had indulged in a dream which our pilot was delighted to realize. This dream, which had become a fixed idea, as with sick persons and women in certain cases, was a longing to eat red haricots. Those of Santarem are renowned for their

[1] Portugal, annexed to Spain after the battle of Alcazar-Quivir, August 4th, 1578, recovered its independence after the battles of Linhas d'Elvas, Almeixial, Ribeira de Aguiar, and Montes Claros, successively lost by the generals of Philip IV., 1659, 1665. [The date generally assigned to the recovery of the independence of Portugal is 1640, when the dynasty of Braganza succeeded in the person of John IV., who was elected king by the insurgents. But the struggle was not terminated till near the end of Philip's reign in 1665.—Tr.]

quality. As the pilot went ashore, where he had to see a merchant of the city on matters of business for his owner at Barra, I begged him to buy for me in a *loja* or grocery store some *vintins de feijoens*—Portuguese words which may be translated "a few sous worth of haricots."

While awaiting his return I made a water-colour sketch of Santarem, with its gray houses, its line of barren hills, the edging of yellow sand which constituted what I may call the fringe to its robe, and its river of still water, which confusedly reflected the white and red sails of the vessels at anchor. The sun accelerated my work, for I had scarcely spread a tint when it was dried. In three hours the pilot returned, his face heated, and his air radiant. The smell of rum which exhaled from his breath disclosed at once the cause of his gaiety and his heightened colour. The haricots which he had bought, and carried in his pocket-handkerchief, had been washed and washed again, and put into a pot, which I placed over the fire, when the sloop raised anchor, and recommenced its voyage. In ten minutes more the city of Santarem, its fortress and its river, had disappeared from our view.

The village of Alemquer is situated twenty-four miles distant in a northerly direction from Santarem, on the left bank of the great river. A chain of wooded islands stretching in front prevents the inhabitants of the city from seeing the voyagers on the river, or being themselves seen. Many pilots, after sailing for twenty years up and down the Amazon, do not know so much as that Alemquer had changed its name to Alenque. Why should we be more favoured than they?

At some miles below Santarem two sierras or chains of mountains, looking softly blue in the distance, lifted their jagged summits above the line of the forests on either shore. I mounted into the cross-trees, and there, conveniently seated, explored with the eye these unknown hills. The first chain, that on the left, stretched along the Guianas from the west-north-west to the east-south-east. Its summits only were visible, its sides being hidden to the very base by the thickly grown forest. Between this chain and the river there stretch vast sheets of water, of so little depth that they are dried up in summer time. These temporary lakes are then covered with *capim* and thin-bladed grasses. Oxen and sheep from Obidos, Santarem, and Alemquer are driven there by their owners to recover a little flesh. On the return of the flooding, or when the animals are judged to be sufficiently fat—they were but lean specimens that I saw—they are sent to Para and sold to the butchers, who make them into fillets and cutlets.

The sierra on the left, I was told by our sailors, bears the name of Paruacuara. The chain on the right is one of the numerous ramifications of the Parexis; it is called the Sierra do Curua. Its flanks are bare from the base to the summit.

After passing Obidos, where the action of the tides is already perceivable, our navigation was sufficiently interesting. Instead of fatiguing ourselves with the labour of tacking from one side to the other in order to catch the wind, we cast anchor near the shore when the tide began to rise, and struck work. Whilst the current drove against the prow of the sloop, the crew landed, and each occupied himself as he pleased. One took the sarbacane (blowing-pipe), and went on a sporting expedition into the

forest; another carried off his lines to fish; here one might be seen sewing up a rent in his shirt, or putting a patch on his trousers; there another fast asleep, with his head in the shade, and his feet stretched out in the sun. These pleasant hours passed rapidly by, and it is with regret I speak of the moment when the tide turned. Then the pilot signalled the crew aboard, the anchor was lifted, the mainsail spread, and away we went again before the wind and tide.

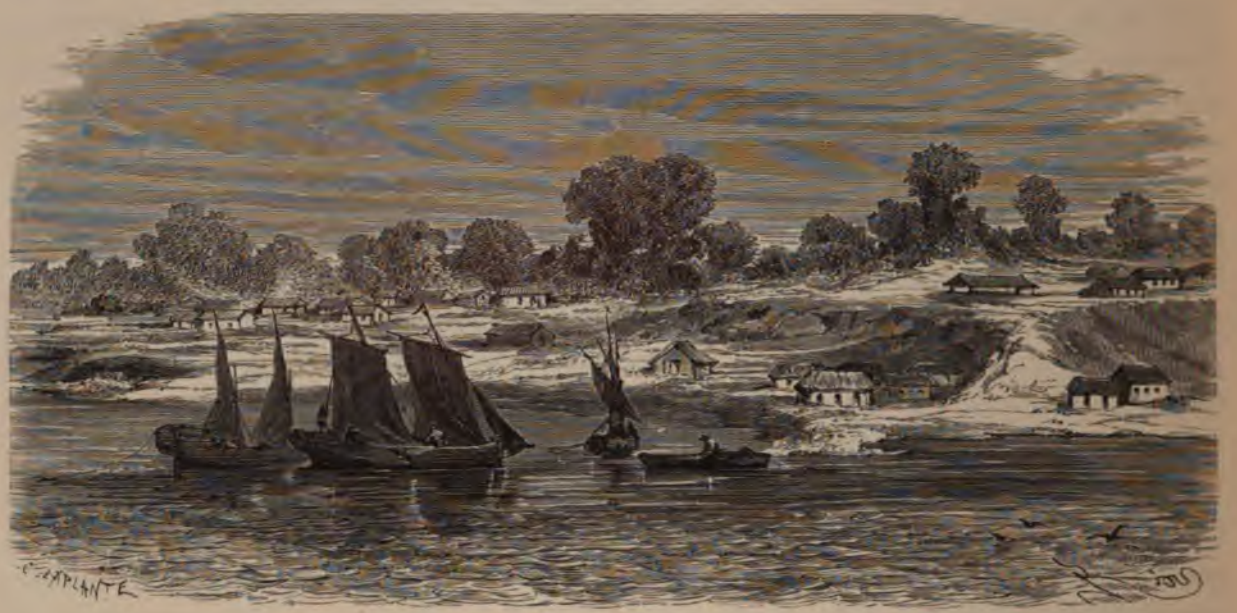
An island which stretched along the left shore prevented us in passing from seeing Monte Allegro, one of those village missions founded in the seventeenth century by the Portuguese Carmelites, transformed into cities by the decree of 1755–58, and which declined rapidly when the importance of Barra do Rio Negro decreased. During the time of its prosperity the city of Allegro was surrounded with chocolate plantations; there was within its walls a public school; on the banks of its river Gurupateüa there was a saw-mill, which cut into planks of various thicknesses the large and beautiful trees of its forests; lastly, at the foot of its hill, there was a manufactory of *grude*, or isinglass, for which the place was indebted to the commercial foresight of one of the governors of Para. Alas for the time that is sped, and the vanished glory!

Thirty miles below Monte Allegro is the village of Outeiro, now Praynha. Notwithstanding its change of name and its imaginary transformation from a village to a city, Praynha is still the same, or very nearly the same, village mission where, in 1785, the Bishop Gaëtano Bradão, then on his visitations, exhorted, confessed, or absolved a population of Maüè Indians, already crossed with the Portuguese race.

Praynha, for the very reason that it is still the Outeiro of other days, is worth the trouble of describing. A hill descending with a gentle slope, but cut perpendicularly where it touches the river, furnishes the site for some thirty houses, twenty-five of which are thatched and five covered with red tiles. Some occupy the summit of the hill, others are scattered along the shore. In the centre of a wide space among these houses is the church, itself nothing more than a square house with a door and two windows. In the back-ground, along the crest of the hill, is an irregular line of magnificent vegetation, in which palms, puchiris, cotton-trees, and héveas (india-rubber trees) form the predominating features. Along the margin of the river several small sailing vessels, riding at anchor, completed the happy and almost gay physiognomy of this little village, which, in spite of decrees and ordinances, has had the good sense to preserve the character which God has given it.

The tide was just about to flow as our sloop arrived off the village. Drawing near the shore, we cast anchor in the mud, and an instant afterwards I was seated in the canoe, which two Tapuya rowers drove through the water like a bird on the wing. The great river had changed its aspect. Its surface being no longer studded with islets, we were able to follow the yellowish fringe of its shores, and the line of their forests, which describing an immense curve, faded away on the horizon in a fog of atmospheric azure and light. The chocolate plantations which commenced at Villa Nova had disappeared before we reached Monte Allegro. With them also had disappeared the *engenhos*—those rustic, whitewashed houses, whose red tiles and green shutters had such a civilized look.

But civilization had yielded for a moment to barbarism. The right bank was now clothed with thick forest-trees, among whose waving boughs blue and red parroquets were occasionally seen on the wing. Bundles of lianas, springing in appearance from one common trunk, which seemed to be infinitely ramified, enlaced the trees, and bound them one to another as by powerful cables garlanded with leaves and flowers. In these hammocks of verdure, swung by every breeze, and shaken by every storm, there gambolled whole companies of Liliputian apes—Saimiris, Tamarins, and Ouistitis—who uttered sharp cries as we approached, looked at us in astonishment with those black pearls we call their eyes, and then hid themselves in the dense foliage, or, if the distance



PRAYNHA, OR OUTEIRO, ON THE LEFT BANK OF THE LOWER AMAZON.

which separated us from them did not appear sufficient, sprang in three bounds to the top of a tree.

One of these charming little imps, more daring or more confident than the others, approached so near that we could distinguish the colour of his skin and of the annular markings of his tail. By the smallness of his stature—about five inches—by his gray and almost bare feet, and by the black and white rays of his tail, we recognized the Ouistiti mignon or *Jacchus pygmæus.* The pretty little creature, seated in the manner of a squirrel, held in its hands a drupe of the palm-tree about the size of a nut, which it nibbled, and at the same time turned rapidly round. The pericarp of this fruit, hard enough to blunt the blade of a knife, could not resist the incisors of the little monkey. In a few minutes the ligneous envelope fell to the ground in fine saw-dust, and the sight of the milk-white kernel drew from the animal the most comical of his grimaces.

Having secured the canoe ashore, the crew went in search of the fruits of the assahy-palm, and left me alone. As I had no hooks for fishing, and no pen or pencil to write with, it occurred to me to enter the forest, and at any rate enjoy the benefit of its shade. Regarding, from the decorative point of view, that fine confused mass of vegetation,

and comparing it, for the hundredth time, perhaps, with the tropical forest as interpreted by our Parisian landscape-painters, I recognized, for the hundredth time also, that the text and the translation, the original and the copy, were essentially different. To what is this owing? the curious will inquire. To a very simple cause, I reply. It arises from the fact that the generality of painters and decorators, having never seen that aspect of nature which they are called upon to render, have thought they could meet the demand by reproducing the interior of a greenhouse, where we see, for want of space, the palm-trees of India elbowing the cacti of Mexico, and the zamias and cycas of Africa mingled with the mimosæ and the orchids of Brazil. Hence, in their work, that symmetrical arrangement which we never find in a tropical forest, and—still graver defect—that incongruous assortment of the vegetable species of different countries which causes botanists and horticulturists almost to tear their hair when they meet with them in a picture or in the scenic decorations of the stage.

Besides the hot-house, of which these artists have made a sort of *maquette,* or lay figure, for their designs, there is also a mistaken ideal, or prototype of this kind of portraiture, adopted by inexperience and consecrated by routine, which is often consulted, and which has contributed not a little to the falsification of their taste and judgment. I allude to the hideous virgin forest of M. de Clarac, vulgarized by engraving, which for

VEGETATION ON THE BANKS OF THE LOWER AMAZON.—THE VIRGIN FORESTS.

the last forty years has graced the windows of the picture-dealers. What can more belie nature than this interior of the woods, made up of scraps and details without the least regard for their discordant colouring? In that composition of unconnected fragments, where everything is found, where nothing is wanting except the one thing that we call truth, the tree-fern displays its fan under the shadow of bamboos, the Strelitzia flourishes side by side with the orchid, Aroideæ cluster round the base of the palms, and Orobancheæ are purposely hung on the branches of trees to make a picturesque opposition to the Nymphæaceæ of the hollows. Nay, as if this strange pell-mell were not sufficient, complaisant vistas opened in the forest permit a torrent, come we know not whence, to roll its foaming waters into the foreground, and the sun to light up certain places and leave others in shade, not because the fact is so, but for the greater glory of what the painters are pleased to call *effect*.

Far be it from me to use the work of another as a butt for the arrows of my criticism. But in literature, as in art, there are enormities which stir one's bile, and produce the same effect upon one's temper as a red rag upon a bull. The "Virgin Forest" of M. de Clarac is of this number. If I were the government—a foolish hypothesis—it would not be long before this pretended specimen of tropical nature should be burned by the common executioner, and its publishers condemned to pay a heavy fine to the state.

From that pseudo-Brazilian forest which so impudently violates the laws of botanical geography, which throws into utter confusion the distribution of plants, and confounds the theory of isothermal lines, let us pass to the veritable forest—that, for example, to which the reader has now accompanied me. His first impression will be one of stupefaction, speedily followed by disenchantment. Instead of the light and space he has been led to expect, a greenish twilight will show every object of the same uniform tint. Instead of the umbrageous glades and broad foot-paths through which he has wandered in imagination, an inextricable entanglement of leaves and branches, savagely armed with sharp spines and claws, will arrest his progress at every step. Laden with the exhalations of the soil and the perpetually decaying vegetation, the air—dense, humid, hot, enervating, saturated with fœtid odours and overpowering perfumes—will react on his brain and nervous system. Every object, exaggerated by a singular optical illusion, will assume an air of mystery, and strike him with dismay by its very contour. The decaying trunk, half-smothered with foliage, will suggest the idea of an enormous jaguar crouching in the shade. In the liana of the Strychnos he will fancy he sees a python ready to swallow its prey, and in the various species of Sarmentaceæ so many snakes suspended from the branches of the trees. Let a breath of wind but stir these mysterious forms and give them the semblance of life, and the tree, the liana, the Sarmentaceæ will begin to roar, to bite, to spring upon him. In the midst of profound silence strange sounds will suddenly be heard, of which he will find it impossible to explain the cause,—low rumblings, curious knockings, gratings, cracklings, now here, now there, in the dense thickets; feeble sighings, vague complainings, stifled groanings, which he will be tempted to attribute to human voices, will chill his blood with an indefinable terror. At times the accumulated détritus on which he treads will seem to

move, and the thickets to open, as if to give passage to beings of uncouth shape; his very footsteps will affright him, and he will return to the light of day scared by the noise of the branches clashing and fretting against one another.

Between this picture of tropical vegetation, bushy, bristling, entangled, teeming in the luxuriousness of its growth, and almost visionary by reason of its strangeness, and the virgin forest of M. de Clarac—drawn to model, shaped, pruned, opened up to the light of day, made to order to please the eye—the reader who has accompanied me will not fail to observe the distance is great, the opposition decided, the contrast sharp. If he has ever cherished the desire of visiting his imaginary forest, and dreaming away

VEGETATION ON THE SHORES OF THE LOWER AMAZON—MIRITI-PALMS.

an hour within hearing of its bubbling streams, he will now relinquish his romance, and emerging from its delusive shadows into the full light of day will gladly return to real life.

The Tapuyas, during their ramble in the woods, had loaded themselves with the fruit of the assahy-palm, contained in one of those baskets which they fashion in the twinkling of an eye from a single frond of the tree. A painter must have admired the fresh opposition of tints presented by the sombre violet of the drupes of the assahy in contrast with the tender and shining green of its leaves; but a basket-maker would surely have marvelled at the promptitude with which these indigenes had constructed a fruit-basket of its petiole and folioles.

The sloop had profited by the interval between the rise and fall of the tide to make a little way. We found her lying broadside-on off a little creek. My people had not judged it expedient to disembark and go ashore at the place off which she had anchored. Just by there commenced one of those forests of miriti-palms so common on the shores of the Lower Amazon, along which they sometimes extend three miles without a break. The straight, smooth stems of these trees give them the appearance of shafts of gray

marble supporting an architrave of foliage. Beyond the palms, in a clear space between the river and the forest, were two or three cecropias. The trunk of one of these trees harboured a swarm of bees. The idea of smoking them out, in order to appropriate their honey and wax, occurred to my Tapuyas. As they went to reconnoitre, one of those animals which the Indians name an *aï*,[1] but which the Portuguese have called the *préguiça*, and which the learned know as the *Bradypus* (commonly called in English the sloth), uttered a sweet, prolonged cry, something between the mewing of a cat and the complaining cry of a human being. To this manifestation of the animal's terror the Tapuyas responded with exclamations of joy.

The sloth was seated near one of the cecropias, which he seemed about to climb, as with his left arm he embraced the trunk of the tree, while his right hung by his side. Such an encounter was a new experience for me, and the slowness of the animal's movements guaranteed me, up to a certain point, against any evil intentions on his part. I approached to take a closer look, while the sloth threw up his head in the attitude of examining me. In that big, round head were round eyes, veined like agates, and softly clear, like those of children. I was surprised, almost moved by their expression, there was so much in it of sweetness, of melancholy, and of resignation. The colour of the creature's long rough fur was white at the base of the hairs, gray in their middle, black at their extremity. Every time that the Tapuyas made pretence of laying hands on the beast, it swayed itself languidly, and with its right arm, which had remained free, struck its breast like an old woman saying her *Mea culpa.* This curious gesture of the sloth is its customary manner. When one of the men daringly grappled with the beast, the three-hooked claws with which each extremity is armed in this species were struck into the body of the imprudent fellow, and clung to him like grim death.

A running knot and a shower of blows with our sticks soon compelled the poor tardigrade to succumb, and his corpse was then thrown into the canoe. On returning aboard, our men, who in the excitement of their capture had forgotten all about the honey with which they had meant to regale themselves, suspended the body of the sloth to the shrouds, and skinned him and cut him up as a cook would have treated a rabbit. The poor animal was little else than skin and bones. It was evident from the enormous size of the muscles of his arms and legs that the sloth made great use of them in climbing slowly the trunks of trees or in suspending himself from their highest branches.

With the back of the beast, a few onions, a little strong pimento, and what remained of the red haricots of Santarem, one of the Tapuyas prepared a ragout of a somewhat equivocal character, the steam of which, however, was by no means ungrateful to the sense of smell. I ate a little of it, but could not forget the almost human look with which the aï had regarded me before his death. The pilot and the crew, less scrupulous, left the pot quite clean.

While this incident was passing on board, the sloop had made way, aided by wind and tide, and had left to larboard, lost to sight in the distance, a village of which I could

[1] There are the *great aï*, and the *little aï*, which the Indians distinguish by the names of the *aï-huasu* and the *aï-miri;* the Brazilians call the first *à gran préguiça*, the great sloth.

obtain no further information than that it was called Almeïrim. The reader will agree with me in remarking the singular resemblance of this name to that of the paresseux (*aï-mirim*), of which our men had just made a fricasee.

A whitish-looking sierra, to which the setting sun had imparted a ruddy hue, stretched beyond the village which had escaped my notice to the horizon.[1] With that sierra there is connected a legend, which I intercalate so much the more willingly in my text from the consideration that traditions and supernatural tales are rare on the Amazon. Except the legend of *Juruparitetucaüa*, in the interior of the Rio Negro, which relates, as its name indicates, that the demons come at night to dance on the hills, I have not collected on my journey one of those fantastic stories with which the grand-dames of the olden time amused the little ones round the family hearth.

The sierra which commands the village of Almeïrim is called *A Vieja Povoa*—the poor old woman, or the old poor woman, as one might say. According to the legend, all responsibility for which I must disavow, its formation dates anterior to the elevation of the Andean chain and the deluge which followed that event. The story goes on that at the period when the waters, leaving their ancient bed, invaded this part of the globe, they rose one morning as high as the foot of the sierra. An old Indian woman, a good and devout Catholic, lived here in a thatched hut, dividing her time between her devotions and her household duties. Seeing the waters surround her hut, the old woman mounted upon the roof; but the waves still rising soon dislodged her from that position. She then sought refuge on a neighbouring hill, but the waters reached her there too. From hill to hill, still pursued by the rising waters, the old woman went on until she reached the highest summit of that cordillera, when, whether from want of power or weariness, the waters stayed. Once freed from danger, the old woman sat down on the highest peak of the mountain, and instead of returning thanks to God for having saved her, she began to deplore the loss of her little house. For a long time she only murmured her complaints; but wearied with having nothing else to do, she at length, in a loud voice, wished that anything might happen for a change. The devil, hidden under a heap of stones, heard her wish, and resolved to grant it. He took the shape of a *carapana* (mosquito), with a thousand suckers, and attacked her so furiously that the unhappy woman, not knowing to what saint she could appeal for assistance, or with what hand to scratch herself, threw herself into the sea which bathed the country. When the infernal carapana, which even now had not quitted her, touched the water, it hissed and boiled as if a red-hot iron had been plunged into it.

Some time afterwards the waters retired, and the face of the ground was once more visible; but to perpetuate the remembrance of the old woman's chastisement, the Almighty decreed that the carapanas, which had till then inhabited other regions, should emigrate, *en masse*, and deposit their larvæ at the foot of the sierra. Owing to this decree the place obtained the name of *Carapanateüa*,[2] and the cordillera itself that of *Vieja Povoa*, which they retain to this day.

[1] This sierra of Almeïrim is simply a prolongation of that of Paruacuara, which we have seen on the left bank of the river a little below Santarem. It changes its name according to the countries which it traverses.

[2] *Carapana-teüa*—literally, "where there are mosquitos."

If this legend of the poor old woman of Almeïrim seem to any reader to be wanting in raciness and colour—to fall a little flat, in short—the fault is not ours, but that of the locality itself, which yields neither corn nor wine, those two emblematic products of countries which are prolific in legendary lore.

The bed of the river, so narrowed between Monte Alegre and Almeïrim, suddenly widens enormously. The river Xingu—pronounced Chingou—flows into it on the right, and causes the main stream to sweep round in an immense curve, the outline of which, in a north-westerly direction, is scarcely visible.

Issuing from the northern flanks of the chain of the Parexis, the river Xingu flows about midway between the Tapajoz, with which the reader has already made acquaintance, and the Tocantins, to which we have not yet introduced him. Although the equal of both in the breadth of its bed, the length of its course, and the interest of its past history, the Xingu is far from enjoying the celebrity of the first, its neighbour on the left, and of having made so much noise in the world as the second, its neighbour on the right. I do not pretend to account for the fact; but the good people who believe that destiny has some hand in their affairs will tell us, if we ask them, that the poor Xingu has never had a chance.

This river—which official travellers disdain to notice, which all the world forgets, and which for that very reason we feel a pleasure in recalling to memory—was a witness, at the period of the conquest, of the struggles which Portugal had to sustain against Holland, France, and England, relative to the possession, in whole or in part, of the Guyanas and the key of the Amazon, of which each power desired to constitute itself the sole guardian. While they, in turn, blockaded the mouth of the river, Spain besieged it at its sources.

In 1616 the Dutch entrenched on the right bank of the Amazon, between Gurupa and Matura, had constructed in the interior of the Xingu, at a place called *Mandiateüa*, now the site of the city of Veiras, a mud- or clay-built fortress, which they occupied till 1625, when Pedro Teixeira, with some fifty Portuguese soldiers and seven hundred Tupinamba Indians, dislodged them from the post. The Dutch then established themselves at Cameta, on the river Tocantins, and there, aided by the Tucuju Indians, who inhabit the islands of the Amazon between Cameta and Gurupa, they endeavoured to make a stand against the Portuguese. Their resistance, however, was in vain. The Capuchins of the Para, and Father Christophe at their head, had preached the crusade among the Tupinambas, their converts, and had let them loose like dogs against the idolatrous Tucujus, enjoining them to exterminate these sons of Baal who lent the support of their arms to the cause of the Dutch. Tupinambas and Tucujus then proceeded to slaughter one another for the greater glory of their masters, and this with such rage and ruthlessness that their case was soon like that of Dr. Magendie's rats, which fought so desperately that nothing was left of them but their tails.

The Dutch having been driven from the Amazon and the province of the Para pacified, the Portuguese applied themselves to the exploration of the Xingu. Three villages, Veiras, Pombal, and Souzel, were built on its shores. Since the year 1624 some monks of the Carmelite order had founded near its confluence with the Amazon at a

place named Maturu, a mission-village, which preserved that name for more than a century. By the decree of 1755-58, this village was transformed into the city of Porto de Mós.

It was at the mouth of the Xingu that, in 1664, Pedro da Costa Favella halted to await the reinforcements sent to him by the governor of the Para, Rui Vas de Siqueira, to enable him to undertake the sanguinary expedition to the river Urubu. It was also on the shores of the Xingu that, in 1710, so far as tradition has preserved any memory of the fact, the plough was first used in this country. If the Portuguese corn thrown into the furrow has yielded no harvest, the fault rests, they will tell you, with those gallinaceous gourmands, the *Pezus* and *Inambus*, which devour it.

Of the twenty-one castes of red-skins who formerly peopled the interior of the Xingu along its whole course from its embouchure to its origin, the Yuruna caste (now Juruna), of which there still exists some representatives, alone deserves to be mentioned, for their skill in weaving cotton, extracting an oil from the ahuassu-palm, and stealing children from the neighbouring tribes for the purpose of selling them to travellers who pass through their territory. The Yurunas wear, for their only clothing, a girdle made of the bark of the tahuari. They wear their hair like a horse's tail, pull out the hairs of their eyebrows and eyelids, blacken the upper part of their faces, and wear necklaces made of the teeth of their neighbours. Like the Mundurucus of the Tapajoz, they cut off the head of the enemy whom they have slain, expose it to a gentle fire, and when it is nicely dried, daub it with arnotta, put in false eyes, and sell it to the river-side inhabitants of the Amazon, by whom it is again sold to some merchant of the Para, who, in his turn, despatches it to Europe, where it becomes the property of some enthusiastic amateur of natural history. In the Xingu a head so prepared is worth about ten francs in articles of toy-ware, in Europe it fetches about five hundred francs.

The manners and customs of the Yurunas recall at once those of the indigenes of the Sacramento Plain and of the Ticunas of the Upper Amazon. Like the Conibos, they bury their dead in a corner of their huts, and disinter them after a certain time, in order to wash and brush up the bones, which they envelop in a linen or cotton rag, and suspend like a chandelier from the roof-tree of their dwelling. For hunting purposes they use arrows winged with two hollow balls soldered one to the other, and pierced with a hole like the old-fashioned plaything which, under the name of the *devil*, our quinquagenarians played with when they were children, by making it dance at the end of two rods. These arrows, which the Yurunas launch so adroitly as to strike their prey and terrify it without doing it any harm, enable them to catch alive the quadrumana and birds in which they trade. It is said that the whistling of these bullet-arrows terrifies the most courageous of the apes, and causes the most determined females of the species to fall into a syncope.

If we say nothing of the *Achipaïs*, whose idleness is proverbial, or of the *Curihïais*, quarrelsome of mood—if we pass lightly over the *Ticuapamoinis*, lofty of stature, the *Anenas*, skilled in launching poisoned javelins, and the *Impiudis*, whose dwellings are so low that they can only enter them by crawling in upon their knees—it is because for the

last half century these natives, crossed or mingled with other castes, do but imperfectly recall the type of their nation at the period of the conquest.

It is opposite the mouth of the Xingu that the current of the Amazon ceases to fill the bed of the river, and, taking a north-north-easterly course, hugs the left bank, abandoning the right to the action of the tides alone. The stir and animation of the river follow the direction of the stream. Those trunks of trees garlanded with climbing vegetation, with which we have travelled in consort—those islands of *capim* floating hap-hazard—those canoes carried away by a sudden flood, and whirling along in the eddying stream—all these waifs and strays, as they pass the mouth of the Xingu, are rudely seized by the current and hurried away towards Guyane, where, by following an east-south-easterly course, they are pretty certain to be thrown ashore at Para.

Nor is it such inanimate objects alone that are subject to the influence of the current; turtles, caimans, fishes, and other inhabitants of the river, are equally in its power. They all rush with the stream in scattered columns towards Macapa. Other creatures not less alert than they follow in the air the same direction. The nine legions counted by the redoubtable corps of mosquitos emigrate in a body. The *carapana-pinima*, the dull gray mosquito striped with white; the *morotuca*, in gray and velvety livery; the *garaqui-pirira*, a variety with white feet; the *carapana-i*, the always watchful dwarf; *pium*, the blower of trumpets; *marihui*, the little fifer; *mutuca-pinima*, the harlequin; *mutuca-pichuna*, the great negro; *mutuca-tapera*, the red man of the woods: all these monsters with sharp suckers have taken leave of us, and will no more drink our blood. May our curses accompany them!

The enormous alluvial mass of Marajo, that fat ecclesiastic of the islands of sweet water, has operated this sudden change in the direction of the current. It was sufficient for the giant to rest his haunch on the right bank, and the river, repulsed by that obstruction, is thrown rudely towards the left, there to find a channel for its abundant flood.

Below the mouth of the Xingu, we pass successively, after leaving Porto de Mós, which the pilot corruptly calls Punto de Mós, three villages and a city. The villages are Boa-Vista, Valhorinho, and Garrazedo. The city bears the name of Gurupa, and recommends itself to notice by its comparatively illustrious antecedents. We cast anchor in front of the city.

It was to the successive invasions of the Dutch, the English and the French, that Gurupa first owed its existence. Without the armed reconnaissances pushed up the interior of the river by the representatives of the aforesaid nations, Gurupa, retaining its primitive name of Mariocaï, had remained a mere clump of miriti, assahi, and murumuru palms, under whose shadow the Tupinamba Indians sometimes halted in the middle of the day to drink their palm-wine.

In 1622 Bento Maciel Parente, seventh captain-major of the Para, raised the site of Gurupa out of its obscurity, by constructing a mud block-house, in which he placed fifty soldiers charged with watching the passage of the river. Ten years later the block-house, transformed into a fortress, sheltered within its walls a garrison of 150 soldiers. A few engagements upon the river between these soldiers and the Dutch, in which

the former were conquerors, established the military reputation of Gurupa. Some Portuguese Carmelites built a little convent—*conventinho*—there. The red-skins of the neighbourhood, baptized and catechized, constituted a Christian population; village missions, established in the outskirts of the city by the Portuguese Capuchins, placed themselves under its jurisdiction; everything promised Gurupa a happy future.

In 1662, its fortress had the honour of serving as the prison of a dozen Jesuits, who tried to subvert the neighbouring missions, and to substitute the patronage of St. Ignatius Loyola for that of Saint Elias and Saint Bonaventura.

In 1674, an epidemic having carried off a part of the inhabitants of Gurupa, and dispersed the rest, the fortress was abandoned by its garrison, and the convent by its monks. In order, however, that this convent, the work of their predecessors, should not profit the rival order, the Carmelites before quitting it overthrew its walls, not by sounding a trumpet as Joshua did at Jericho, but by a free use of the pickaxe.

Again, after a lethargic sleep of some years, Gurupa woke up, and vegetated obscurely for more than a century. In 1798 we find it, widowed indeed of its population of Tupinambas, of its Carmelites, and its brave garrison, but supplying these various losses by other advantages. A civic guard, composed of natives, had learned to keep step and perform their military exercises. The government had founded a public school,

THE CITY OF GURUPA, ON THE RIGHT BANK OF THE LOWER AMAZON.

to which the little boys and girls resorted every day, slate in hand, and eyes cast down, as became the modesty of childhood. Civilization, as far as one could judge, had taken an immense stride. From that period, our only landmark in the history of Gurupa, are the registers of marriages, births, and deaths, which keep up the monotonous tick-tack of an existence working with the regularity of a clock. The seasons go and return, one generation succeeds another, and the river still continues to flow.

At the present moment Gurupa, weary of civilization, is striving with all its force to return to its primitive barbarism. Shrubs and parasitical plants have almost overgrown it; its ancient fortress, a little out of order, but coquettishly adorned exteriorly with convolvulus and other climbing plants, keeps up some show of dignity. It might be taken for one of those virgins, who, before assuming the veil, and being buried alive within the four walls of the nunnery, as in a tomb, crowns herself with flowers, and enjoys for a moment the pomp and vanity of the world. This comparison, which a morose critic might denounce as somewhat florid, is so much the more just in its application to the fortress of Gurupa, seeing that no Dutch, Spanish, English, or French bullet has caused it shame or violated its security

A few thatched roofs, a few ruined walls, gray and dilapidated, are visible in the distance over the tangle of vegetation, the meshes of which are multiplied year succeeding year. Among this sordid débris, a single house fixes our attention. Squarely built and white-washed, with a conical roof, this house, standing boldly out from the back-ground of the forest, diversified with fronds of the talipot-palm, is the church. Man falls asleep, weary of his decaying work; the spirit of God continues to keep watch.

Although, in reality, we had not quitted the bed of the river, during the last hour and a half we no longer sailed upon the Amazon. We were threading the intricacies of the canals—*Os Canaës*, as the pilot said. It is by this name that the river-side inhabitants and the hydrographers of the province designate the agglomeration of islands which constitute the right bank, from the site of Gurupa to Para, a distinct region. On my asking for an explanation of this singularity, they gravely replied, that the left bank of the river having monopolized the current, the wind, the open space, the turtles, the fish, and the mosquitos, it was natural that it should also preserve the name of the Amazon. I found myself unable to offer a serious objection to the remark.

The canal on which we were now sailing is called the Canal des Brèves, in allusion to the length of way which it abridges or shortens. It opens the series of *furos*, and of the great and little *paranas* (*huasu* and *miri*, as they say here), which cross and bifurcate in the most extraordinary manner, and give to the fluvial network of this part of the country the appearance of an immense net, in which the outline of every mesh is traced by a course of water.

Along both banks of this canal extend magnificent forests, the sight of which consoled me a little for the absence of the river which we were no more to see. These forests, fresh, shady, luxuriant, formed as it were two great parallel walls, the summits of which, drawn down by the weight of the lianas, overlapped like a volute. A green carpet of aroideæ extended at their base, covered the line of the shore, and dipped its vegetable fringe in the water.

The entrance of the canal, about three hundred yards broad, grows narrower in proportion as we advance into the interior. Like the great river which it resembles on a very minute scale, it has its islets, capes, and bays, which give a charming variety to its physiognomy. At the moment when our sloop crossed the bar the sun was nearing the horizon. Soon it disappeared, and the day rapidly declined. The shadows of the forests threw their sombre masses upon both shores; the middle of the canal was of a grayish hue like unpolished silver.

VEGETATION OF THE CANAL DES BRÈVES.

Rapidly the twilight crept over the whole landscape; colours faded, forms and outlines vanished, every object put on a sombre and uniform livery,—it was night. In the general obscurity the middle of the canal remained luminous, and as it were living; the stars as they lighted up the heavens were reflected in the water, and transformed it into a Milky Way.

The tide which was falling bore us gently to the east. The motion of the sloop was scarcely appreciable; its prow cut the water without a shock and without noise; we might have persuaded ourselves that we were drawn along upon a bed of wool. So gently Aulus Gellius crossed from Ægina to the Piræus, and the epithet of *Clemens Mare* which he gave to the waters of the Archipelago might justly be applied to those of the Canal des Brèves. Decidedly I could not regret the Amazon, where the *prororocas*,

the *terroadas*, and the typhoons were a constant danger. Here nothing similar menaced us. Our voyage to Para would now be only a bucolic promenade, an eclogue in action, across streams of milk and fields of living verdure and flowers.

Under the influence of these pleasant ideas I entered the roufle or kamarotos which served me as a sleeping chamber. From its walls was suspended the hammock in which I usually slept. A Tapuya had closed the door of my cabin outside, and left me in complete darkness, with some sacks of chocolate which were stored in this place, and which I called my chamber comrades. I was soon sleeping, and only agreeable images occupied my mind.

In the middle of the night I was awoke by the unaccustomed shaking of my hammock. I was on my feet in a moment, but hardly had I touched the floor when it seemed to fall away from under me, and, reeling like a drunken man, I fell upon a litter of chocolate-seeds. The pile of sacks had fallen down in confusion without my knowledge, and in falling some of them had burst, and their contents were strewn over the floor. I imagined for a moment that I must be the sport of a dream; but the pain that I felt in my right arm soon made me sensible that the upset was a reality. As I scrambled to my feet and felt about for the cabin-door, I heard outside a noise of confused voices, while the roof of the cabin creaked under hurried footsteps. To enhance the terror of the situation, the sloop rolled frightfully from starboard to larboard, and so often as the rolling threw me against the sacks of chocolate, so often did these sacks, rolling upon me, threaten to flatten me against the partition. I was in the perplexing situation of a captive mouse, which one dashes from side to side against a mouse-trap, in order to stun it. The door seemed to have vanished; on whatever side I felt with my hands it was still the cursed sacks with which they came in contact. Suddenly a brilliant light flashing through the chinks of the partition illuminated the interior of the roufle, and I discovered that I had turned my back to the entrance. To rush against the door, to assail it with my feet and my fists while I shouted for help, was the work of an instant; the possibility of fire presented itself to me, and at the idea of being grilled alive upon a bed of chocolate, I felt, as some celebrated littérateur has said, my very hair stand on end. Fortunately the uproar which I made was heard by the people on deck, a ready hand withdrew the bolt, the two leaves of the door were suddenly opened, and a gust of wind lashed my face.

A frightful tempest was raging. North, east, and south the heavens were opened in fantastic perspectives by rapidly succeeding flashes of lightning. It might have been supposed that a dozen volcanoes were blazing at the same instant. Neither the crackling flashes of Patagonia, nor the blinding fires of a storm in the Andes, could compare in brilliancy with the lozenges of fire which crossed and recrossed each other around us. A furious wind bent and shook the trees on either side of the river. The water of the canal, so profoundly calm at sunset, was wildly agitated, and resembled boiling milk. The sloop, under bare poles, flew rather than sailed over that foaming surface, with its skeleton masts and rigging standing out in black relief against the background of a sky glowing like a furnace, giving it the aspect of one of those phantom cruisers which traverse, with the rapidity of an arrow, the

A NIGHT TEMPEST IN THE CANAL DES BRÈVES.

foggy ocean of legendary stories. The Tapuyas clinging to the shrouds seemed to have lost their heads. The pilot alone preserved his presence of mind. Grasping the tiller firmly with both hands, he compelled the sloop to run in the direction of the canal, which the glare of the lightning rendered plainly visible.

This disorderly and furious course, in the middle of the dark night, with all the elements of nature at strife, had its grand and poetic aspect, which exalted my faculties, and rendered me indifferent to the dangers we encountered. I was seated upon the hatchway, to enjoy more at my ease the spectacle which chance had presented to me, and I admired with unaffected enthusiasm the effects of deepest blackness and intense light which succeeded each other at short intervals.

While I was reflecting on the parallel that I imagined between this apocalyptic landscape and the biblical scenes portrayed in aqua-tinta by Martin, a dull noise was heard in the ship's hold; the sloop, arrested in her flight, seemed to settle down on her right flank, whilst the left suddenly assumed the perpendicular. Unprepared for this geometrical figure, I rolled from the hatchway on to the deck, and passing through the port-holes, disappeared in the river.

Lest any of my impressible lady readers should be alarmed, I hasten to say the word disappeared applies only to my calves. The sloop had grounded on a bank of sand which stretched across the canal, and which the retreat of the tide had partly uncovered. It was to this I was indebted for a surprise so startling, and for my unexpected foot-bath, to which the elevation of the temperature lent a certain charm.

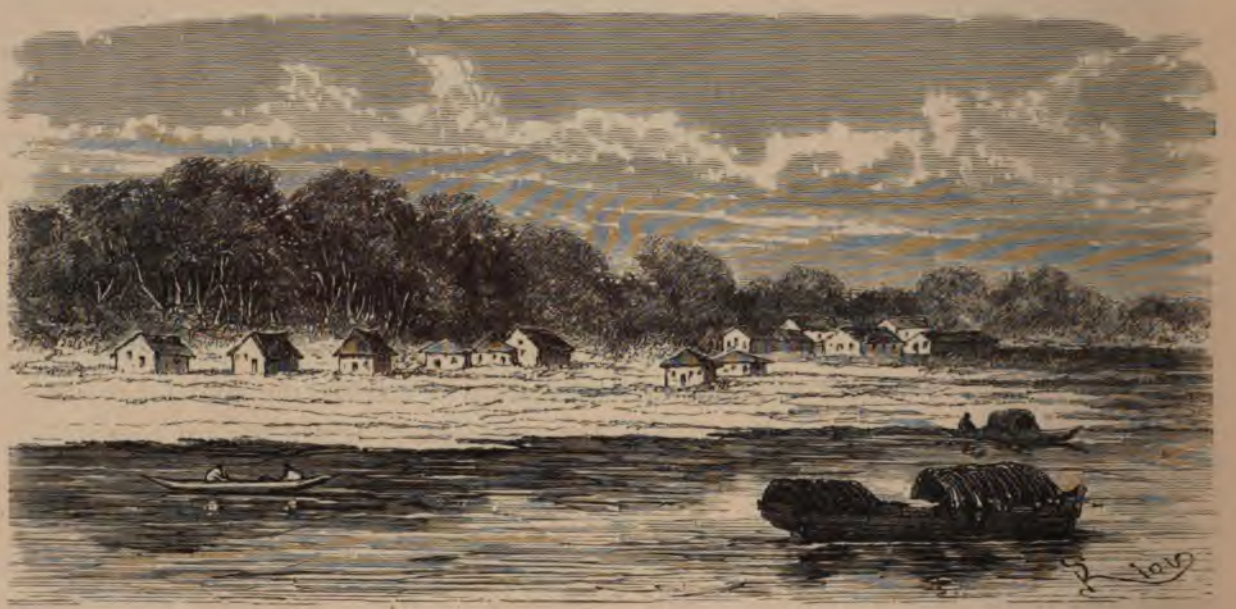
That magnificent tempest ended prosaically in a shower of rain. The accident that had happened to the sloop owing to the fall of the tide was repaired, six hours later, by the tide itself, in virtue of the homœopathic motto, *Similia similibus curantur*. Boats and other vessels in these canals frequently ground in the same manner, and trouble themselves very little about it. The crew generally land, light a fire, hunt, fish, or sleep, and await the return of the tide to float the vessel off again.

If the pilot and his men quickly forgot the frightful night we had passed in the Strait of Brèves, it was otherwise with me. The entire confidence I had placed in its calm waters—a confidence which they had so unworthily betrayed—justified the irritation I felt against them. From that hour I not only lost my faith in the infallibility of proverbs, in which I had previously trusted, but I even went so far as to mistrust all appearances. I had learned to my cost that it is still water which is most to be dreaded.

The village of Brèves, which the incidents of the night have prevented me speaking of till now, is situated on the right bank of the canal of that name. It counts a score of small houses, and four or five times that number of inhabitants. I would not venture to say whether this village has given the name of Brèves to the canal, or has received it from it; but what I believe to be certain, is that the ancient name of the canal was *Parahüau*, and that in 1615 it was still inhabited by *Caraïbu* Indians—the old Caraïbes, perhaps, who vanished before the breath of the Portuguese conquests. Subsequently, from the name of Caraïbus was derived the appellative *Caraïbobocas*—mouth of the Caraïbus, which was applied to the canal. This canal, in fact, is a mouth, or rather trunk, which the Amazon plunges into the great bay of *Limoeiro*.

The Caraïbus merely put in their appearance, and disappear as suddenly; but the Tupinambas, their neighbours, and once their allies, struggled desperately in this same canal against the Portuguese, and did not submit to the yoke until their villages had been destroyed, their principal chiefs executed,[1] and their tribe almost totally exterminated. To the Tupinambas succeeded the Tucujus and the Tapuyasus, two nations that had ceased to exist in 1650.

The Tapuyasus or Tapuyas have survived to our day, but only as to their patronymic, in that population of slaves recruited from every part of the Amazon. The existing Tapuya is in turn, and according to the needs of the state, which forcibly enrolls him, or



VILLAGE OF BRÈVES.

the fantasy of the proprietor, who serves him as patron,—soldier, sailor, hunter, fisher, mechanic, or simple porter. He is the highest term of that series of enslavement which commences with the beast of burden, passes to the negro and the cafuze, thence to the Mamaluke, and ends in the Indian.

Our sloop had now entered the narrowest part of the canal. From one shore to the other the breadth was not more than eighty yards. The landscape still preserved its grand style, and abounded in charming details; but the rural properties, adorned with white-washed houses, which had shutters of the colour of bullocks' blood, mingled discordantly with its beauties and disfigured them. These fazendas and engenhos seemed to me like pustules on a beautiful body.

This morning, as we passed one of those houses built on piles, I saw through the open window a woman, gaunt and yellow, with unkempt hair and scarcely anything in the shape of clothing, spreading a kind of varnish, with a woollen rag, over a new mahogany console. The woman left off her work, and looked at me with an astonished air, to which, perhaps, I replied with a grimace. In fact, there could have been no

[1] Bento Maciel Parente, Capitão-Mor of the province of the Para, hung twenty-four of them on the same gallows.

impropriety or wrong in doing so. What was there in the Strait of Brèves, in the midst of one of the most splendid landscapes nature had ever created, to harmonize with that mummy of a housewife and her bit of mahogany furniture, which she rubbed as assiduously as a soldier polishes his knapsack!

In the measure that we advanced, the country diminished in altitude. The base of the forests was concealed by the mass of river-side vegetation, consisting of superb

VEGETATION OF THE CANALS OF THE LOWER AMAZON.

plants, with their stems submerged in the water, and their leaves and flowers alone showing above the surface. Always conspicuous among these plants were masses of heliconias, marantas, canacorus, colocasiæ, and arums, whose yellow fleshy axis, in the centre of a milky-white spathe, looked like a roll of fresh-butter in a cup of alabaster. That vegetation, so richly modelled, so fresh, so cool, and so glossy, excited an almost irresistible inclination to roll oneself in it.

In some places the rhizophora-mangles, arching their naked branches at the edge of the water, presented a pell-mell of Roman arcades and Gothic ogives, the most curious and amusing in the world. In the heated penumbra cast on the water by their vaulted formation, a whole population of little bi-coloured crustaceans crawled and disported themselves. Like the pagoda fig-tree, the mangle has the faculty of acting as its own horticulturist, attaching itself by a root to whatsoever it touches. Hence

that complication of arches and sections of arches, of vaulted arcades, semi-circular or elliptical, which it constructs around it, crossed, mingled, and combined as the richest fancy might suggest.

Towards mid-day, when the sun burned fiercely in the open, incidents of the highest interest to the entomologist and conchologist were passing under these fresh and shady bowers. Tadpoles (*têtards*), water-beetles (*gyrinæ*), crane-flies (*tipulæ*), water-bugs (*hydrocorisæ*), water-spiders, mosquitos, ephemerides, performed their marvellous fantasies and their sportive chases, to the applause of the liliputian crustacea, who represented the mass of the public; oysters gravely seated in the joints of the branches, like judges in a tribune, seemed to preside over these nautical games, acclaiming the victors, and showing their pity for the vanquished by that expressive yawn which is the language of their species.

Some time after mid-day, at low tide, when our sloop was grounded in the mud, and the crew were roaming the forest in search of the drupes of the assahy-palm to make wine, I armed myself with a spear and waded into the canal, the water of which scarcely wet my ankles. I had not proceeded for more than a moment or two along the shore, peering into the interior of the bowers of mangles, and amusing myself with the real or simulated combats of the insects I have just mentioned, when, on rounding a corner of the river's bank, I observed three égaritéas grounded like our own sloop, and like it awaiting the return of the tide to continue their voyage.

These vessels, which lay alongside of each other, presented each a distinct scene. On the first, provided in its stern with a kind of roufle, constructed of plaited palm-fronds, there stood motionless a young woman, a red-skin, with an infant in her arms; and near her was seated a man of the same colour, leaning his back for support against the uprights of the palm canopy, and either really or apparently asleep. A third individual, bending over the forepart of the égaritéa, was dipping in the water, in order to fill it, a wide-mouthed jar attached to a bit of cord. A pot stood in the bottom of the vessel. Some rags of clothing hung here and there. A red and blue parroquet was climbing up the roufle.

The two neighbouring boats were tied together by a hammock, the cords of which were attached to the mast of each vessel. In this hammock lolled a fat old Tapuya, naked to the middle of his body, smoking a clay pipe with a long stem. In the vessel, beneath the old man, one of the rowers was playing a flute; and opposite to him sat an old woman, who was rummaging the hair of a child, and putting in her mouth the insects she picked out. In the third boat, by the side of an Indian lying flat on his stomach, two individuals, a man and a woman, were jointly occupied in making a rush basket.

The three barques thus peopled touched on the very edge of the forest, whose verdant mass, lighted by the sun from behind, wrapped the foreground in a deep shadow. A few furtive rays alone gilded the upper extremity of the branches. A greenish and misty half-tint enveloped every object, rounding off their too sharp outlines, softening their too vivid colours, and spreading over the whole that veiled and subdued charm so pleasing to certain temperaments. A painter could have found

nothing to re-touch in that finished picture. He could but have reproduced it indifferently well, with its vague and confused reflection in the yellow water of the Brèves.

When the tide served, our sloop drew near the other vessels; our men opened a conversation with their crews, and we continued the voyage in company. These Tapuyas, otherwise a little Bohemian in their habits, were *Seringueros*, who, by way of turning their industry to profit, were in search of a propitious forest and fruitful trees. Humble preparers of the milky juice of the *Hevœa guianensis*, called by the ancient Omahuas *cahechu*, they passed from canal to canal, carrying with them their axes and their moulds of baked clay, making a halt of a month or two in the straits where the *Ficus* most abounded.

At the instant of parting from us, they declared that competition had so paralyzed their labours that they were unable to realize enough to satisfy the demands of their stomachs. A few poor mouthfuls were all the satisfaction they could give from time to time to that importunate viscera. The greater number of them suffered the pangs of a chronic and unappeased appetite of many years standing. The pot that bubbled on the deck of one of their vessels was an illusion; instead of food, it contained only dirty shirts. That which I had taken for a sauce or a stew, was a lixivium for the wash! I gratified the poor famished creatures with a basket of manioc-flour, in return for which I received the hearty thanks of the women, and a blessing from the old Tapuya with the long pipe.

The story of the Seringueros, whom we left behind us, was that of all the *industriels* of the same stamp who had been driven by competition from the isles of the Lower Amazon, where caoutchouc (*seringa*) is prepared for export on a large scale. The canal region where these pariahs of labour had taken refuge offered but a poor reward for their industry. They had to seek far and long among the lactiferous trees, and when found, they had still to suffer great hardship before they could be sure of a little to eat, a little to clothe themselves, and to defray the costs of their vessels. After six months of constant labour, and after despatching the produce of that labour to Para, they returned to the forest as destitute as when they left it. Around them were no hospitable villages, no charitable resources, to which they could have recourse for a breakfast or a dinner in case of need. The neighbours, when there were any, were Seringueros like themselves, and as hungry as themselves, intent on preserving carefully for their families the handful of flour or the bit of dried fish they might happen to possess. In that region of canals, as in the Tower of Famine of Dante, there was not an individual who was not more ready to eat his neighbour than to share with him his ration of necessary nourishment. An apostle of Communism who should have preached among these Seringueros, in the name of Virtue, the partition of their worldly possessions, would have been instantaneously stoned like St. Stephen, crucified like St. Andrew, or roasted alive like St. Lawrence.

If the reader should think it strange to see these poor devils a prey to the torments of hunger, when, as he imagines, hunting, fishing, and the produce of the woods ought to furnish them at least with the necessaries of life, we must reply that edible fruits are very rare in the forests of the Lower Amazon; that the game, rendered wild by being constantly pursued, has taken refuge in the interior of the country; and that the

fish have followed the direction of the current, and established themselves in the great arm of the river. The species which inhabit the canal region have grown more crafty than the Frontins[1] of comedy, and well know the twenty kinds of traps that man has invented to take them captive. They are, besides, but sorry bream, and poor starved bleak, with a flavour of their native mud, which no one would think of eating, except in despair of anything better, or when driven to it by sheer starvation.

One day when our sloop was anchored opposite the site of an engenho, a long-haired and bearded half-breed, wearing an embroidered shirt and earrings, whom I had observed tugging at a sort of drag-net, and had asked about the success of his fishing, replied in Portuguese, with a tragi-comic air, "Ah! señor, the devil only knows how to take these fish. They are so profligate, they even understand Latin!"

The scourge of destitution which afflicts the part of the country we are now traversing is a sad blot on its picturesque charm. We feel a sense of irritation against that perverse Nature which displays itself in a senseless luxury of beauty, and refuses to man the supply of his poorest needs. Every day these places are the witness of scenes which would appear farcical if they were not too afflicting. Scarcely does a vessel coming *from above*—so they designate the upper course of the Amazon—appear in the canals, than voices coming one knows not whence are heard to hail its crew. Then the bushes open and the wan face of a Seringuero shows itself at the edge of the water. "Have you any flour to sell?" he cries to the Tapuya sailors, who reply no otherwise than by shaking their heads. Instead of a man, it may be a woman who puts this question to the same sailors, in which case they return a pleasant answer, but in so significant a manner that the poor creature disappears more quickly than she appeared.

On passing the farm-houses and *métairies*, situated on the river-side, and always built on piles, which, by the way, gives them the appearance of being mounted on stilts, similar demands are addressed to voyagers coming from the west. A head appears at the open window; a handkerchief is waved by way of a signal; women run in advance of the vessels, and wade into the river up to their middle, addressing the most touching appeals to the crews, which the latter receive with laughter. Some of these women, more daring or more hungry than the rest, enter a canoe, and having rowed to the vessel, actually board it. The reward of their courage is sometimes a broadside of abuse, sometimes also an *alqueheiro*[2] of manioc-flour, which they obtain of the skipper for a few sous' worth of copper, or for the love of God, and which they carry joyfully ashore, where their family awaits their return to eat a *chibé*.[3]

[1] Frontin is the convenient valet of the old French comedy, whose ingenuity is devoted to his master's service, whether for pleasure or business. The character is found in the comedies of Le Sage, Gresset, and others, dating at the end of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth centuries.—Tr.

[2] This is a basket of about fifty centimetres square, resembling in shape the European bottle-baskets. The Indians make them of the folioles of the palm, or the leaves of the great American cane (*balisier*), and always in dozens; the housewives use them for keeping manioc-flour in, after it is dried, covering it with leaves, and securing the whole by means of a liana. These baskets, so fragile that they easily break in one's fingers, are good for nothing when once emptied but to throw away.

[3] *Chibé*, or *mingao*, is a liquid aliment which the Indian himself prepares as he needs it. It suffices to throw into a calabash a handful or two of manioc-flour, upon which cold water is poured, when it swells without dissolving. The whole of this preparation is swallowed, commencing with the liquid and finishing with the solid, that is to say, with the residue of the flour remaining at the bottom of the vessel.

Two of these poor outcasts, coming from some neighbouring igarapé, boarded our sloop one day while she was at anchor. Our pilot having little sentiment in his nature, talked of drowning them like kittens if they did not that instant leave the vessel. With great difficulty I obtained for them the favour of being allowed to pass some hours with us. I am not very sure of what it was they had to eat, but they left the sloop at sunset with every appearance of having had enough for a week.

We have now reached the extremity of the Canal of Brèves. Before us, stretching from north-east to south-east, is an apparently boundless sea; on our right an affluent of green water, of which we can only see a single shore, seems to come from the south That ocean is the Bay of Limoeiro. The river on our right is the Tocantins.

The sun was still high above the horizon, and five hours had sufficed to cross the bay, but our pilot thought it blew too strong to venture on that enterprise, and was resolved to cast anchor, with the understanding that we should set sail at daybreak on the morrow.

When we weighed anchor the trees on the shore stood out in black relief on the background of a grayish sky. A light wind, the zephyr of the poets, arose with the dawn, and sufficed to fill our sail. The pilot was ready at the helm, and took care that not an inch of canvas should be lost to that propitious breath. When the croaking of the parrots (*psittacules*), and the howling of the *guaribas* (a large species of Brazilian ape), began to be heard, the mouth of the Canal of Brèves had closed again behind us. We sailed in the open; water around us on all sides. In the measure that we advanced the wind freshened, and the waves increased. When the sun appeared we were in the midst of the bay; the sloop rolled, pitched, and plunged its bowsprit in the billows. We might have imagined we were in the open sea. To increase the illusion, flocks of white gulls, with ash-coloured backs, came and went, skimming the waves as they flew.

We cut the water with marvellous rapidity. A bluish line could be made out on the starboard. The sloop, as if spurred by our pilot, who eased off more and more, inclined almost on her beam-ends, so violently the wind pressed in her sail. The blue line grew larger and turned green. We began to distinguish the waving summits of the forests. Soon, we could make out the palms; and white points, presumably houses, stood out in contrast with the wall of verdure.

"Pilot, are those the houses of Cameta?"

But wholly occupied with the management of the sloop, which flew as if the unchained winds stormed with inflated cheeks in her stern-ports, the pilot disdained to reply. Whilst he was doubtless calculating how much longer time was necessary to cross that immense expanse of water called the embouchure of the Tocantins, a frightful shock tore the rudder from his hands, and left him, at some three steps distance, *assis sur son derrière*. Before he could spring to his feet a crashing noise followed the shock, and the vessel grounded on a sand-bank, which the pilot had not observed. Admirable pilot!

The Tapuyas howling and swearing threw themselves into the water. With the help of props and levers they tried to float the vessel off, while the waves beat savagely against her; but she had driven so deeply in the sand, that all they could do availed

nothing. After all, the accident had no more disastrous result than the loss of time. When the tide rose, the stubborn little vessel got off without assistance.

The land appeared, clear and distinct, at the distance of a mile and a half. To be so near, to be impatient to land, and yet be compelled to lay off, was to experience in some degree the tortures of Tantalus. It was to have, like him, the fruit and the water touching our lips, without the power to eat the one or quench one's thirst with the other. To dissipate the ennui which oppressed me, I conceived the idea of making a reconnaissance in the river of the Tocantins,[1] which was here of such a breadth that all we could

GROUNDING OF THE SLOOP SANTA MARTHA IN THE BAY OF LIMOEIRO.

discern of its shores was a strip of land which appeared to form a part of its right bank.

It is hardly necessary to inform those who are instructed in geography that the Tocantins, and its principal affluent the Araguay, rising in the northern flanks of the water-shed of the Sierra of Santa Martha in the province of Goyaz, run parallel with each other from south to north through an extent of about twelve degrees, receiving in their course a great number of unimportant tributaries, and effecting their junction in the fifth degree of latitude. From that point the double river takes the name of the Tocantins, which it bears to its confluence with the Amazon.

A first exploration of its course was attempted in the year 1625 by the Capuchin Christophe, accompanied by three monks and two lay members of his order. One of the latter, who was attached to the chief of the expedition in the character of secretary, was expected, in the performance of his duty, to write, under his dictation, the interesting particulars of this voyage, undertaken for the sole purpose of *subjecting the infidels to the true faith*, as the Spanish and Portuguese authors of the seventeenth

[1] So called from the Tocantino Indians, who once dwelt near its embouchure.

century, gravely inform us. I am not aware, however, that any narrative of the kind was written. Leaving Para on the 7th of August, the explorers returned there on the 24th of October, after penetrating about 120 miles into the interior of the Tocantins.

That interval of time, short as it was, had enabled the expedition to establish on the banks of the river four villages; two upon the left bank—*Cameta* and *São Bernardo da Pederneira*, afterwards called Alcobaça, and two on the right, *Baiao* and *Funil*. Of these, Cameta alone extended its boundaries, thanks to its situation near the embouchure of the Tocantins. The others remained in their obscurity.

Ten years after the expedition of Father Christophe, Cameta, raised to the rank of a city by the Capitão-Mor of the province of the Para, Luis do Rego Barros, took the name of Villa Viçoza de Santa-Cruz de Cameta, and became the most important point of the Lower Amazon. A few lines more devoted to the past history of this capital of the Tocantins will bring out its features in a little higher relief.

It was from Cameta, on the 24th of October, 1637, that the daring captain Pedro Teixeira started on his expedition to the Equator. The *Armada* which he commanded was composed of two feluccas (*lanchas*) and forty-five canoes, manned by sixty Portuguese soldiers and a thousand Indians—archers or rowers. His staff consisted of a captain and four officers, an adjutant, two sergeants of ordnance, a treasurer, and a clerk (*plumitif*) doing duty as secretary. The population of Cameta, terrified at having to feed so many mouths, did all in their power to hasten the departure of the expedition.

On the 6th of December, 1639, on his return from Quito, Pedro Teixeira halted at Cameta. He had followed the road traced a century before by the Spaniard Francisco Orellana. If he had not, like his predecessor, actually met with the Amazons, he had heard speak of them, as appears from the narrative of his historiographer.

Time passed. The years as they succeeded each other only added to the prosperity of Cameta. It became the port of trade, at which the navigators and merchants who ascended or descended the course of the Amazon invariably made a call. The discovery of gold mines in the provinces of Goyaz and Cuyaba, and the influx of adventurers which they drew into the interior of the Tocantins, where, report said, this metal abounded, increased still more the importance of Cameta. It is true indeed, that the search for gold was only a pretext with the greater number of the adventurers. Once on the Tocantins, instead of rummaging the mountains, they beat up the forests and laid a heavy hand on the Indians. Their victims were the Guarajus, Guaranis, Tambiras, Carajas, Apinagés, Gaviaos, and other castes of *pelle avermellada*, as the authorities call them, which peopled the two shores of the river and the banks of its tributaries.

A hundred and twenty years had rolled by since the foundation of Cameta. To the autocracy of the Capuchins had succeeded that of the Carmelites, and these, in their turn, had given place to the Jesuits. The star of Father Christophe had disappeared from the horizon, eclipsed by that of the Jesuit Vieira, a famous preacher and a man of fiery temperament. The common crowd were stirred by the discourses of this ecclesiastic, who thundered and fulminated, and struck with all his might the worshippers of the golden calf, who overran the Tocantins. Blinded by his continually increasing success, Vieira delivered his homilies with such vehement eloquence, and

defied so rashly the opinions and habits of the majority of his hearers, that one day the people, with little regard for his propositions and syllogisms, dragged him from his pulpit, embarked him at night, together with many of his adepts, and conveyed them to the fortress of Gurupa. The governor lost no time in releasing them from prison, but despatched them to Lisbon.

For many years afterwards the history of Cameta is a blank; then adventurers in search of gold began once more to plough the waters of the Tocantins. With them reappeared the kidnappers of the red-skins, who pushed their armed reconnaissances up all its tributaries. The man-stealers and the gold-seekers were organized so thoroughly and on so vast a scale, that the captains-general of the Para felt it necessary, as a means of putting some limit to their depredations, to erect fortresses in the interior. One of these, armed with swivel-guns, was placed under the peaceable tutelage of Notre-Dame de Nazareth. Around these fortresses the indigenous population naturally gathered. From this epoch dates the fortified villages of Arroïos, Muru, Itaboca, São Joao de Araguia, and some others.

Affairs remained in this state for more than a century, when a new political era commenced for Brazil. The form of its government was changed. But Cameta was now changed also! The gold of the Tocantins had become rare, and its indigenous population had remarkably decreased. Who would recognize in the Cameta of the present day, fallen into obscurity and almost forgetfulness, the city once alive with a stirring and riotous commerce, where incessantly came and went, like the ants of an ant-hill, a whole population of merchants, adventurers, and navigators?

While I thus deplored the fate of Cameta, the expected tide had risen, and our sloop, having floated off by its own buoyancy, was far from the sand-bank, which had so long detained us. We had reached one of the branches of the trident, which the river Moju (otherwise Muju) plunges into the Amazon, between the right shore of that river and the isle of Marajo. We ascended the branch of the trident to the point where the iron, so to speak, is hafted in the wood, and turning our backs on Moju, found ourselves in a canal so narrow that the oars of our rowers caught in the vegetation of its banks.

This narrow channel, scarcely a mile and a half in length (two kilos.), dates from 1821, when it was cut through the woods to facilitate the transit between the river Moju and the Igarapé-Miri. The work was intrusted to a captain of engineers, named Ignacio Pereira, who, if we can trust a certain major, the historiographer of the province of the Para, was ignorant of the first elements of arithmetic (*ignaro até dos primeiros principios da arithmètica*). Whatever might be the acquirements of this engineer, the work he had undertaken was successfully accomplished, except that it failed in attaining perfection, owing to its want of depth. After a while, therefore, the channel became impassable. The government then engaged in the task of deepening the channel, and to provide for the cost, levied during a year a tax on the navigation, amounting to one or two *tostoes* upon every vessel exceeding a hundred arrôbas in tonnage.[1] This measure of

[1] The Brazilian *tostao* is worth about twenty-eight centimes, or nearly threepence. [The *arrôba*, as before explained, is a Spanish and Portuguese colonial weight of about 25 lbs. English.—Tr.]

finance caused a great outcry among the inhabitants of the country; but the government, little disquieted by the agitation, enforced the impost with that severe and serene impassibility which is the distinctive characteristic of governments in general. At present the channel scarcely exceeds a fathom in depth at low-tide. There is every reason to believe that the sand and argillaceous mud deposited by every tide may in time fill up its bed, yet the inhabitants, disregarding the natural fact, attribute the fault

VEGETATION ON THE BANKS OF THE MOJU CANAL.

solely to the government, which, while imposing the tax, has neglected to clear the channel. From these malevolent insinuations it appears that the tax of a few tostoes which they were forced to pay in 1846-47 still weighs upon their hearts.

This channel, however, which unites the river Moju with the Igarapé-Miri, enables vessels going to or coming from Para to avoid the dangerous coasting along the right bank of the Amazon, which is sometimes exposed to violent storms. That part of the great river which is very narrow in the neighbourhood of Brèves, on this side of the Xingu, increases in breadth as the rivers Tocantins, Moju, Acara, Guajara, Capim, and Guama contribute their waters, until some sixty miles lower down it forms the immense hemicycle without a visible shore called the Bay of Marajo. The trevoadas and typhoons which sweep over this expanse are in no whit inferior in destructive force to the tempests which lash the part of the river on the left which alone keeps possession of the name of the Amazon.

Igarapé-Miri—the little river—is about forty-five miles in length. Its breadth is from forty-five to fifty yards; its depth varies from two to three fathoms. Ordinary tides raise its waters some ten or twelve feet, as we may judge from the remnants of confervæ caught in the bushes, and which the periodical return of the tide enables to

VEGETATION ON THE BANKS OF THE CANAL OF THE IGARAPÉ-MIRI.

preserve their green colour and their moist lustre. But there are extraordinary tides —and of their number is the *prororoca* or mascaret—which reach the higher branches of the trees, and sometimes even cover their summits. The hair of the naiads, dry and discoloured, flaunting in the wind at the height of some forty feet from the ground, is sufficient evidence of these abnormal floods, which may rather be called deluges.

At the period of neap-tides, from the 15th of August to the 15th of October, for example, the descent of the Igarapé-Miri is like a charming promenade, during

which the dreamer and the artist may admire at their leisure the vague reflection of the forests which line either bank in the clear and tranquil water of the canal, erroneously called an igarapé.

A hundred agile barques ascend or descend with the tides. Their white, pink, or red sails, slightly bent, resemble at a distance the open wing of a bird—an egret, a spoonbill (*Spatula*), or the greater heron. They come from the furos, the igarapés, and the neighbouring paranas, loaded with arnotta, caoutchouc, honey, rum, capuçaya-nuts, or andiroba-oil, which they carry to Santa Ana, the chief town of the Igarapé-Miri, from whence these products are forwarded to Para. Some of them, more adventurous than the rest, even venture into the river Tocantins to collect in the environs of Cameta the chocolate cultivated there. This busy eagerness of the little barques, which, like industrious bees, forage and gather booty on all sides to enrich the mother-hive, constitutes one of the gaieties of the Igarapé-Miri.

Flooded banks and engenhos, or rural homesteads, succeed each other at short intervals. The coquettish airs of the latter indicate that we are approaching a centre of civilization, the happy influence of which extends even thus far. Seen from a distance they have all a brand-new look, thanks to the white-wash with which they are daubed over. They have doors and shutters, painted yellow, green, or red, glass windows and curtains, cages of birds, and pots of flowers. Unhappily, the enormous piles upon which they are built, while protecting them from the invasion of the tidal waters, disturb a little the symmetry of their construction. That black entanglement of beams and girders cemented with mud, serving as a pedestal to these elegant habitations, suggests the idea of a peacock, clothed in a coat of velvet and gold studded with turquoises, with dirty legs and rugged feet.

The tide was no longer propitious. The crew were not in the humour to row, and the pilot talked of casting anchor before the city of Santa Ana do Igarapé-Miri, the first houses of which were already visible in the distance through the trees. In twenty minutes more we were moored accordingly, and so near the shore that the bowsprit of the sloop projected into the Place of Santa Ana, in the centre of which stood a red cross. The city, which we saw at a single glance, consisted of scarcely fifty houses, but these houses, standing symmetrically in a row, were of different colours—white, brownish gray, and pale yellow, and roofed with bright orange-coloured tiles. Some of them, the very élite of the place, had porches, belvederes, and dormer-windows. The characteristic of all was the prodigious number of doors and windows with which they were endowed.

The church, situated at one end of this line of residences, constituted one holy link in the profane chain, and worthily occupied the place of chief dignity. This edifice, of a noble presence, consisted of a nave, terminating in a façade with a triangular pediment, and supported on either side by a square salient tower. These towers were crowned with four-sided cupolas, and each of their angles was adorned with a finial in the shape of a note of exclamation. Some mouldings soberly distributed through the mass, a few windows with or without recessed openings, a central portal, and two side-gates painted green, completed the physiognomy of a church without a rival in that country.

The only artistic reproach that we could urge against the parochial edifice of Igarapé-

Miri, built some forty steps from the river-side, is its want of air and perspective. One has the feeling of literally overlooking it. From the place where our sloop was anchored, a facetious sailor might almost have stretched out his arm so far as to reach the clock in one of the towers, and alter the time of day.

This defect of the church—if it be a defect—is sufficiently compensated by the regularity of the city, the air of health and enjoyment in the houses, the coquettish aspect of the whole scene, and the piquant grace of certain details. Without mentioning the quincuncial arrangement of miriti-palms which made a boulevard at the entrance of Santa Ana, what could be more picturesque than the piles, crossed by steps like ladders, which formed an exterior revêtement to its port? The reflection of their stakes and beams, greened by moisture, trembled confusedly in the water, which rippled at their base and surrounded them in passing with a pearly foam.

What shall I say of those steps, covered with mould, embossed with oysters, and fringed with confervæ, whose long filaments, like hairs, were incessantly dragged and combed, so to speak, by the current? To what shall I compare the warmth and intensity of their tone, the freshness and softness of their shades of colour? To velvety mosses, to rainbow-coloured lichens, to sedums or leprarias[1] bathed in dew? Marilhat, Decamps, Delacroix, O masters of art! let us suppose that you were here, and that you could paint at this moment from the life, which of you could rival these piles of Igarapé-Miri, whose splendid blotches would suit so well the brush of the colourist?

While I mused in ecstatic admiration upon these rotten planks, our sloop, the *Santa Martha*, had joined other vessels of its tonnage and acquaintance, and had learned from them, in sloop language, something about the commercial aspect of the market, the presumable rise in price of certain products, and the decreased value of others,—matters of which I had no knowledge. Leaving the sailors to scream at one another, I had taken my album under my arm, and, striding over the vessel's side, had gone to seat myself upon the plinth of the cross. A drove of sucking-pigs, in charge of an Indian, crossing the place, I made a hasty sketch of the man and his little beasts. Some citizens of the place, who seemed puzzled by my presence there, had gathered in a circle round me, and stood looking on without addressing a word to me directly. While working at my drawing, however, I observed that they whispered to one another, and with a titter jogged one another's elbows. What could they be laughing at? Was it at my personal appearance? At my drawing? At my dress? At all three perhaps. At length I caught the sense of a few words, from which I understood they were amused by my costume.

These gentlemen—whose whiskers were cut like mutton-chops, who were dressed in white from head to foot, and adorned with gold chains and other gew-gaws—had found it out of place, ridiculous, even unconstitutional, that an individual had dared to appear among them wearing a long beard, with his hair flowing over his shoulders, a straw-hat rent by thorns, a red shirt, canvas pantaloons, and nankeen shoes. Happily, my sketch was finished, and I was able to effect my retreat without being pursued by the gamins

[1] Sedum—a genus of plants, of which the house-leek is a familiar example. They belong to the order of Crassulaceæ. The Leprarias are a genus of lichens, often found on old palings and rocks, and of a prevalent yellowish colour.—Tr.

of Igarapé-Miri, with the carnivalestic hue and cry which our polished Parisians have rendered so celebrated.

What! I said to myself, on regaining the sloop, these habiliments—so vivid in colour, which have been the admiration of savages, and which they have felt with a secret covetousness—only excite the ridicule of a civilized population! What! I must disrobe myself of these vestments, and put on another livery; bid adieu to nature and to pantaloons without braces, wear false collars again, and make myself presentable in society! Horrible prospect! Well, let the future chances of my life, and the fortunes which the Fates prepare for me, be what they may; fear not, dear castaways, after

AN INCIDENT SHOWING THE INFLUENCE OF COSTUME ON MEN IN GENERAL, AND ON THE BRAZILIAN BOURGEOIS IN PARTICULAR.

having done me honour in the desert, to pass over a corner of its boundary into the bag of the rag merchant! On returning under my roof, I here register a vow to hang you on that nail to which Ali Bey when he became vizier suspended his one-time shepherd's frock. It may well happen that I shall require your services again!

Mid-day was sounded by the civilized timepiece of Igarapé-Miri when we weighed anchor. The tide had began to ebb, and we profited by it to continue our voyage. We sailed on without an incident for seven hours, when we halted in our course off a submerged shore, where buildings of considerable size were raised on piles. A landing-place on a declivity, protected by railings, led to these buildings, which we were informed were the common dwellings and domestic offices of a *tuilerie,* worked by some fifty negro slaves. The *tuilerie* and its *personnel* were the property of a sexagenarian priest named Father Philippe.

The full moon, which soon afterwards rose and threw upon these buildings a vivid light, enabled us to see a little door made in a part of the wall in the manner of a *tête-du-pont.* That wall, built like an oven with an arched vault, and surmounted by two towers, was, they told us, the apsis of a chapel, to which the toy-towers served as campaniles.

A bell rung in the interior. Immediately afterwards a kind of confused humming, slow, monotonous, interpolated with pauses, which seemed to escape through the vibrant pores of the edifice, suggested that a prayer was being said in common. An isolated voice, probably that of the master, intoned the antiphone; the slaves made the response. In that solitude, on the shore of these calm waters, in that hot, peaceful night, the voices of these unfortunate people, raised towards God as if to call upon him to witness the unjust rigour of their destiny, and to beseech him to shorten the too prolonged trial, had a pathos which sensibly moved me. In that invisible choir, the expression of sorrow without hope, one voice alone was out of tune: it was that of the

THE TUILERIE OF FATHER PHILIPPE.

Reverend Father Philippe. How could he appeal to God, without stirring his wrath against him, that priest-possessor of a herd of slaves?

The voices were hushed. The prayer was said. Each slave returned to the common cabin in which he shared. An instant afterwards the little door opened and gave passage to a negro, who stretched himself upon the landing-place to smoke his cachimba. When the provision of his pipe was exhausted, the man laid it down near him and began to sing to the moon one of those *caplaos* of the coast of Guinea, of which the measure is so slow and the air so plaintive. While listening to this negro and looking at that chapel dedicated to Jesus, the apostle and the martyr of holy liberty, I could not help comparing in my mind the simoniacal priest who had built it, and his poor slave who was singing, with living irony, before the threshold of the crucified One.

Towards midnight we weighed anchor and went with the stream, aided by oars, as long as the tide would serve. At eight in the morning we halted before a house of some sort built on piles. The gates and windows were hermetically closed, and during the five hours of our stay we saw neither man or woman, dog or cat, poultry or pigeons. The reflection of the sun from its white-washed walls almost blinded us.

The second ebb of the tide floated us under the walls of an *engenho de moer cannas* —read sugar-house—on a site which bore the name of Juquiri. Not far from the same place was a vast timber-yard, a dépôt or entrepôt—I know not which—of building wood belonging to the state. The day was Saturday, and as Saturday is very near Sunday, and Sunday in a Christian country is a day of rest, the cessation of labour in the sugar establishment was announced at six o'clock in the evening by the twanging of a guitar and the noise of mingled voices, which towards ten o'clock resembled the howling of beasts rather than the expression of human gaiety. As the bacchic and terpsichorean assembly took place in the interior of the building, we were unable to see the company,

SUGAR ESTABLISHMENT OF JUQUIRI.

so that the pilot and the rowers were reduced to conjecture as to the probable cause of the uproar, which the first-named attributed to a Tapuya marriage, and the second to the anniversary of a saint, whom they honoured in the American fashion with dances, songs, and a few bottles of *eau-de-vie*. As for myself, knowing nothing of the country or the manners of its inhabitants, I had nothing to say on the subject, and was content to listen. Certainly, if the intensity of the pleasure is to be measured by the noise which those make who partake in it, the people we heard without seeing must have been highly amused indeed.

The next day a thick fog spread over the water, and came near to causing us some serious damage. At an angle formed by an arm of the Moju and the embouchure of the river Acara (otherwise Huacara), our sloop struck against a rock covered with magnificent oysters. A well-timed pull at the helm by the pilot swung the little vessel to larboard, so that she escaped with a slight scratch on the bow.

The succeeding tide bore us into the midst of a pleasant archipelago, formed of islands nearly a mile in circuit and of islets not exceeding ten feet in length. Trees with branches which interlaced or with intermingling foliage sheltered these islands and

islets under a canopy of verdure. Unlike Ariadne, our pilot succeeded in threading the labyrinth without the help of a clue, and as I complimented him upon his cleverness he smiled, and signed for me to be silent and listen.

The chiming of bells, calling to the vesper service, reached our ears. The noise seemed to come from behind a tongue of wooded land along which we were coasting at the moment. A few minutes afterwards the point of the cape was passed, and the city

AN ARCHIPELAGO IN THE CANALS OF THE LOWER AMAZON.

of Santa Maria de Belen do Para, the capital of the province, came into view, with its long line of houses and steeples, from whence flew, like winged voices, the pleasant chimes we had heard.

We cast anchor at that part of the bay called Arsenal Point, from whence we could see at a glance the entire eastern face of the city, that is to say, an interminable line of many-storied houses, square-built, and shining with white-wash; their summits standing out in bold relief against the clear blue of the sky, and their base as distinctly marked on the yellow sands of the shore. A few happy details compensate in some degree for the dryness and stiffness of the *ensemble*. On the left was the rococo dome of a convent; in front the three-sided penthouse of the customs establishment; and here and there the end of a shaded street which lost itself in the perspective, or perhaps a landing-quay, whose line of piles had the effect of a gigantic comb stuck in the mud. Above

CITY OF SANTA MARIA DE BELEN DO PARA.

d'Alfama, and lets lodgings either by the week or month to captains of ships. Monsieur will be comfortably lodged with *la Gaïvota*—read: la Mouette. He is a most respectable person—neither old nor young, and his charges are moderate."

"Thank you, pilot," I replied; "your proposition would suit me exactly if I remained in the city; but, for the present, my purpose is only to pass through it, as I am going to Nazareth.'

"Monsieur knows Nazareth?"

"Not the least bit in the world."

"Then how comes it that Monsieur observed he must pass through the city to go to Nazareth?"

"Some one told me so."

"That 'some one' has told you the truth: Nazareth is a mile and a half from here at the other end of the city; but as the city is large, as it has many streets, and Monsieur is ignorant which he ought to take, I will order the cockswain to accompany him."

"There is no necessity; I prefer to go alone."

"Notwithstanding that Monsieur does not know the road?"

"The more reason to succeed, my friend."

"Monsieur is certain to lose himself!"

"Where? in your streets? What an idea, pilot, when at the very moment I am speaking to you it is just a year and fourteen days since, after a hearty breakfast, I engaged to find my way, not through the city of Para, but through the whole breadth of America, and since, with a cigar in my mouth and my hands in my

pockets—*en flâneur*, as we say in France—I took my departure; and having made the journey, here I am. Having accomplished this task, and crossed America without asking any one to tell me the road, you may easily understand, my worthy Palinurus, that I am able to find my way to Nazareth through your city of thirty streets and a few thousands of inhabitants."

The man said no more. As he looked at me with an astonished air, I took advantage of the confusion of his faculties to express a hasty wish for his perfect health, a sky without storms, and a speedy return to the city of his household gods, Barra do Rio Negro. In five minutes afterwards the Tapuyas had landed me on the soil of Para.

Having hauled their boat ashore, they landed my luggage, and carried it into a *loja*, a humble grocery, haberdashery, and liquor store, the proprietor of which was a friend of theirs. This local grocer—a big man, a cross between an Indian and a negro—appeared at the same instant, and consented with a good grace to take care of my packages till I returned.

While he discussed a glass of rum with the Tapuyas, and congratulated them on their happy voyage, I quitted his store, and walked down the first street that presented itself. From that street I passed into a second, which was cut at right angles by a third. While proceeding as chance might direct, I amused myself by observing the character of the local industries; I inspected the exterior of the houses and the physiognomy of the inhabitants; I sketched extraordinary faces and heterogeneous things. Here and there individuals smiled or frowned at my approach; one regarding me with every sign of good-will, another examining me with a defiant aspect. Negresses with animalized profile, and head-dress like a parasol, elbowed me in a significant manner; cafuzes and mulatresses, with a flower nodding in their hair, puckered their lips. In some of the narrow streets matronly personages, with capacious bosoms, leered at me, and said smiling. *Minho branco*—mon blanc. It is scarcely necessary to say that I made no response to these oglings and provocations. Mute as a Pythagorean, or as a fish, I saw, I sketched, and I went on my way.

The aspect of that urban population was more varied than the pattern-card of a fashionable tailor. Every hue of skin, every colour possible in costume, were displayed and combined without being confused. Each patch of colour preserved its distinct value. Softened by shadow, the effect of these raw and discordant tones might have been less hurtful to the eye; but in the full blaze of the sun the effect was so dazzling as almost to cause giddiness. After a twenty minutes' walk, I could endure no longer the perpetual movement of the motley crowd.

The temperature was that of a bakehouse; I literally panted in the close hot air. If I had not remembered that I was a Frenchman, and that it was my duty to represent the respectability of my country among foreigners, I should have ventured to take off my coat, my hat, and my cravat, and have allowed my tongue to hang out some six inches. There was neither café nor restaurant at hand where I could have demanded a venal hospitality, so barbarously unprovided was this place; nothing but squalid lojas, or grocery stores, from which issued in hot puffs an odour of codfish, leather,

rum, lard, and cheese from which a peasant of the Cantal Mountains would have fled in disgust.

At the turn of a street the church of *Nossa Senhora das Mercès,* upon which I had reckoned somewhat, appeared before me, as welcome as the shaded ouadi to the Arab in the desert. I entered it both for the purpose of praying and profiting by its cool shade. With the chevrons and billets, the complicated ornamentation and interlaced cyphers of

CHURCH OF NOSSA SENHORA DAS MERCÈS AT PARA.

its rococo Lusitanian architecture—not to be confounded with the rococo French—the hospitable church offered me the accommodation of a wooden bench, on which I seated myself, and a delicious freshness of temperature which I breathed through every pore. In a hot country the interior of the churches, fresh, shady, secluded, are well calculated to dispose the Christian to ecstacy, if he is not overcome by an irresistible desire to sleep. This accounts for the somnolency observed among the greater number of South American canons during the performance of their offices. After a few minutes I felt myself invaded by the mystical fluid, and was able to verify its stupifying effects. My sight was disturbed, my ideas became confused, all my muscles relaxed like cords that are unfastened. In order to shake off this torpor and recall my senses to their duty, I bit my fingers and pinched my thighs. Thanks to these heroic remedies, if I was not

able to vanquish utterly the tendency to sleep, I at least weakened it so far that I was able to sleep with one eye open and the other shut.

Refreshed both in mind and body, I bade farewell to Notre Dame. Once more perambulating the streets, I made simultaneously two observations, the subject of which would perhaps have caused any of my readers who had been in my place to laugh, but which I was weak enough to consider seriously: the legs of my trowsers, white as snow when I left the vessel, had acquired a red tint, and my socks were black with fleas. As the reader might guess for a long time without discovering the reason of this transformation, I will at once explain that the soil of Para consists of a red and powdery earth—*tuyuca puëtani*—which varies in character according to the period of the year, being reduced to dust in the dry season and converted to mud by the rains. Besides the inconvenience of powdering or pasting with red whatever creature or thing comes into contact with it, this earth favours the multiplication of fleas and lice (*chiques*), the utility of which parasitic vermin has never yet been clearly established. It was now August, a period of the year when the heavens, without a cloud, shine with undimmed splendour. The soil of Para, dried even to calcination, had crumbled to dust, and the feet of the pedestrians, which raised that dust in clouds, set at liberty myriads of fleas which were concealed in it.

Deploring this unhappy mischance, and rubbing my ankles one against the other in order to checkmate the tactics of the enemy and escape the infliction of his bites, I proceeded towards my destination, confident in the old saying that every road leads to Rome, and should therefore lead to Nazareth.

After a certain number of zigzags, I reached the south-western extremity of the city, where an abrupt change in the scene presented itself. The continuity of the streets was broken, the passengers had disappeared, the houses were scattered and rare, and the roads were skirted by palings: the city was left behind me. I entered on a plain, in a region of stunted grass, gently undulating, where poor copses, called *capouëras*, replaced the virgin forests with which I had recently been familiar. Numerous foot-paths wound over these irregularities of the ground, some continuing till they were lost in the bush, others leading to pretty villas, hidden like birds' nests in the shade of mangoes and cotton-trees.

On turning a corner of one of these foot-paths, a noise of music reached my ear. I stopped to listen. These melodious sounds—sharp, however, like a draught of Argenteuil—seemed to come from a clump of trees on my right. I crossed over, and discovered, behind a border of orange-trees, a square white house, with shutters painted gray. All the windows were closed with the exception of one, which at a distance looked like a black hole in the façade. This opening appeared to be intended to renew the air of the apartment, vitiated by the acid gas which exhaled in waves of sound the discords of a cracked piano.

The tones of the instrument, broken and tremulous in the bass, were marked in the higher notes by sudden inflections, ringing and metallic in quality, which produced on the tympanum an effect analogous to that of an unripe grape on the palate. A pair of hands, which from the feebleness of the fingering I concluded were those of a woman,

rattled the keys, and tried to extort from the instrument a few variations on the old French air, *Fleuve du Tage, je fuis tes bords heureux*, &c. But the only response of the horrid instrument to her solicitations was a medley of hiccoughs and grating sounds like the scraping of brass.

While regaling my ears with the performance of this Brazilian piano, I regretted, from an artistic point of view, not having met with its parallel in the Géhenna of Dante, where its introduction would have produced a dramatic effect, and multiplied by so much the list of tortures of the *perduta gente*. But pianos were not invented when the Ghibelline wrote his mystical trilogy. Had it been otherwise it is probable that the translators of the poet would have found in his vision of hell some wretched maestro, in consequence of having been too ready in his lifetime to slander the work of his confrères, condemned after his death to play eternally before them upon a broken-down piano the choicest morsels of his répertoire.

Very soon—whether it was that the performer had exhausted her patience, or that every sound had been hammered out of the instrument—it ceased to play, and I resumed my desultory walk. A foot-path which I took hap-hazard led me to the edge of a wooded space of considerable extent, where fine trees, irregularly but picturesquely grouped, formed here and there the entrances of shady walks and plots of quincunxes. Looking into the depths of the foliage, the view was lost in a bluish haze crossed with golden rays of light. I was so much the more charmed with the place because it was solitary. No greatcoat or petticoat disturbed one's meditation. The only animated beings that I saw were serpents of various colours, which crossed my path with a slowness of movement favourable to observation.

I had wandered some ten minutes in this Dædalus of trees when something white in the distance, barring their trunks, attracted my attention. In that form I was not slow to recognize a geometrical figure, and in that figure a pyramid. A pyramid in such a place! the thing, it must be granted, looked like a prodigy. I ran to the spot with all the speed of which my legs were capable.

It was indeed a pyramid, a veritable solid form of four triangles, having one and the same square for their base, and united at their summits. On examining it more closely I perceived that it was composed of wood, plastered over with white, and resting on three steps of stone. With this discovery the light broke in upon me. Like Archimedes of Syracuse, I struck my forehead, exclaiming *Eureka*—"I have found it!"

Three or four years previously, while rummaging in the library of Lima, where I was quite a privileged person, I chanced to lay my hand on a History of Para, opening which I read that in 1782 the twenty-third governor of that province, one Senor José de Napoles Tello de Menezes, had erected, outside of the city of Santa Maria de Belen, and exactly on the boundary of the *Largo da Polvora* and the *Paso de Nazareth*, a four-sided wooden obelisk, with stone steps, to commemorate an insignificant and purely local act of conciliation. The legend *Concordia bonæ fidei et felicitati publicæ*, inscribed by order of that functionary on one of the faces of the obelisk, served to explain to passers-by capable of reading Latin the meaning of the event it commemorated.

As the city of Para, which I had pretty well explored in every part, contained nothing

in the shape of an obelisk but two slender pyramidions on the front of its cathedral, my discovery outside of the city, on the boundary of a promenade and an avenue, of a monu-

THE CATHEDRAL OF PARA.

ment so exactly agreeing in material and style with that of the pyramid attributed to the late José de Napoles, left me in no doubt of its identity. One point alone could have furnished a pretext for debating and pamphleteering on the subject among archæologists: this was the absence of the pacific legend—sufficiently explained, however, by the vandalism of the moderns, who had concealed it by a coat of white-wash.

I seated myself on the steps of the monument which had borne such intelligent witness to a remembered fact, and smoked a cigarette; then, turning my back on the pyramid, I left it to the south and walked northwards. To reach Nazareth was only a part of my task; to complete it, I had to find a particular house, at present unknown to me, but where my business lay. Chance, in which I never lost confidence, would once more, I had no doubt, prove propitious to me.

I had advanced about two hundred paces in a direct line, when I espied on my left hand, behind a low wall surmounted with a trellis of painted wood, with a railed gate for the entrance, a clump of mangoes of the most beautiful kind. No pruning knife, no officious arboriculturist had ever interfered with the natural inclinations of these trees, whose interlaced branches, at thirty feet from the soil, formed a covert impenetrable to the rays of the sun. A charming habitation, painted with bright colours, was embosomed in this mass of verdure. To the pillars of the verandah, built along its façade, were suspended, at a certain distance from each other, the cotton hammocks with lace curtains such as the ladies of Para and their black slaves weave conjointly in the mystery and ennui of the harem.[1] From the roof of the verandah an iron circle was suspended, like a lantern or chandelier, which served at once as perch and swing to a magnificent red and blue parroquet. A circular plot edged with jasmin from the Azores, plumérias, hibiscus, and cardamums formed, as it were, a perfumed belt round the elegant lodge.

The presence of a negro, in addition to the parroquet, gave the final stamp of exotic completeness to this abode. By the aid of a scythe-blade, which he used in the manner of a reaping-hook, the man was clearing away the rank growth of vegetation around the house. Sometimes he paused in his work, and standing with his hands resting on his hips, and his nose in the air, with that look of idleness which distinguishes the descendants of Ham from those of Shem and Japheth, he listened to the twittering in the foliage of the woodpecker with white eyelids and the blue tangara. During one of these idle moments he turned his head towards the road, saw me, and started, like a schoolboy surprised in the act of loitering. But his fright was only of momentary duration. Observing that I smiled, his mouth opened sympathetically from one ear to the other, and when I signed for him to come near, he stepped quickly up to the fence.

"My good fellow," I said, "can you tell me where to find the house of Senhor Bernardino Maciel?"

"Oueh!" he exclaimed, "why this is it, Vossa Mêcé"—which being interpreted means Your Grace.

"What luck!" I rejoined; "and this senhor, is he at home?"

"Oui, Vossa Mêcé, my master is within."

"Eh bien! go and tell your master that a friend of his son-in-law the commandant of the *Vicar of Bray* has arrived from Peru, and would like to hear news of the captain."

[1] The inhabitants of Para honour the thoroughly oriental custom of secluding the women in their own apartments, with the view of preserving them from the sight of strangers. Unless one is extremely intimate with the fathers or the husbands of these ladies, it is hardly possible to see them except at a church or a ball, and always under the surveillance of defiant and jealous looks. This gives them the poetic aspect of roses surrounded with thorns.

On hearing this simple message the negro shrugged his shoulders prodigiously, gave me a scared look, and ran as fast as he could towards the house. I supposed that he had gone to inform his master of my visit, and though a little surprised by his strange gesticulation, awaited his return.

Very soon he reappeared, moving with as much composure as his departure had been rapid. To the manners of the ape which characterize the negro in general, I began to think this particular individual added a touch of insanity.

"The senhor my master sends you his compliments," he said, "and begs you to excuse him if he does not receive you. When I told him of your arrival, and that you wanted to hear news of the captain, he boxed my ears and gave me a kick; but whilst I rubbed the place, he softened and said, "Valerio, the white stranger who comes from Peru has nothing to do with that unhappy affair. Invite him to come in and serve him with refreshments. Would Vossa Mêcé come into the salon and drink a glass of cachassa, of assahy, or of lemonade?"

"Many thanks, my good fellow. I have found a spring, or, as you call it, a chafariz, by the wayside, and I have had a few draughts of water out of the hollow of my hand."

"So Vossa Mêcé will not take anything?"

"Absolutely nothing! But I want to know why your master struck you, when you mentioned my desire to have news of the captain. Is it his custom to beat people who come to chat with him about his son-in-law?"

"Chit, chit! Vossa Mêcé, don't ask me that!"

"But, why? Is it a matter that you know nothing about?"

"No, Vossa Mêcé; but if my master knew that I had said anything he would have no mercy on me."

I had in my pocket a few Peruvian silver coins, half-oxidized; and though not certain that they were current at Para, I selected the largest piece—four reals, I believe—and offering it to the negro, simply said to him—

"This will get you a glass when you go into town."

His discretion was not proof against such a bribe. After having rolled his great white eyes hither and thither as if to assure himself that no one could see or hear, he approached the trellised fence, and in a Portuguese brogue mixed with Tupi, which he had hitherto used, and which, out of regard for European ears, I have translated into intelligible language, he said to me in a low voice:

"Since Vossa Mêcé is a friend of the captain's, he cannot be ignorant that he came to Para to marry the only daughter of my master, and to engage in partnership with him. The Englishman had made a good bargain too, for my master is rich: he has an engenho at Ara-Piranga, two cattle-farms at Marajo, and great stores in the city in the Rue de la Praya. The marriage took place after eight days, and the bride's father and the son-in-law went into partnership. A short time afterwards the senhora brought into the world a fine boy, at a moment when the captain was at Marajo. When he returned they presented him with the child, already baptized. But instead of taking it in his arms, and thanking God who had sent it, he pretended that the poor little thing was none of his,

called it an ape and a moricaud (tawny-skin), and made a scene by breaking the windows. The senhora died of the shock this caused her, and naturally my master took up the cause of his daughter. The captain, whose bile was stirred, replied by abuse, and when the senhor menaced him with the intendant of police, the Englishman seized him by the throat and would have strangled him if we had not come to his help. It took five of us to drag him away from his father-in-law. These Englishmen are as strong as bulls.

AN UNEXPECTED THUNDERCLAP.

He foamed with rage and called us dogs of negroes. At last we got the better of him, but not without carrying away his marks. Blas the cook received a blow on the eye, and the sambo Manoël had three teeth broken. In an hour afterwards the furious man had done up his luggage and left the house. The next week we heard that he had left for England on board a ship of his nation. Now that you know the whole story, Vossa Mêcé may judge of the effect produced on my master when the captain was recalled to mind by your message."

"I can appreciate it so much the better," I replied to the negro, "since I understand well the cause of your master's chagrin. It is like that of the bird-catcher in my country who sees the lark which he had just captured and expected to imprison in a cage, escape through a hole in his net. If I cannot but congratulate the lark, I mean the captain, on

having regained his liberty, I shall always regret, my good fellow, having been the involuntary cause of the cuffing and kicking you have received. My thanks to your honourable patron for his offer of lemonade."

I quitted Nazareth, where I had nothing to do, and returned along the road to the city in a pensive mood. The sad fate of the captain had quite clouded my ideas. As I walked on, counting my steps, and fanning myself with my handkerchief, I mused on the succession of incidents in the conjugal drama of which the islander had been the hero. Poor Englishman! so chivalrous, so methodic! Before he could have been brought to libel his first-born as a brown-skin, and fly at the throat of his father-in-law, his

THE CABILDO OR PALACE OF THE PRESIDENT AT PARA.

guardian angel must have deserted him, or the heat of the Brazilian climate, to which he had not been sufficiently accustomed, must have produced a brain-fever!

My reflections on this adventure, and my endeavour to comprehend it, ended in my no longer seeing it in its true light. The mind, like the eye, is sometimes, after too great a strain, clouded as by an obscure halo. That black infant born of white parents, which I had first regarded as one of those phenomenal occurrences generally admitted by science—which differs in that respect from the civil code—was now no more for me than a philosophic abstraction, a myth, emblematizing the destinies of man, for ever in pursuit of happiness, a phantom which lures him on and flies from him incessantly, till at the moment of seizing it he stumbles into a ditch full of darkness, which he had not perceived, and there disappears with his unrealized chimera.

On the next day but one I took passage in the merchant brig *Nautilus* bound for Buenos Ayres. This vessel had to touch in succession at Pernambuco, Bahia, Rio de Janeiro, and San Francisco. Arrived at its destination, instead of crossing the country to Peru, I proposed to round Cape Horn, penetrate into the Pacific Ocean by the Strait

and Archipelago of Magellan, and then take Chiloë on my way to Valparaiso, where I should embark in a steamboat for Lima. At the rate at which I travelled, this was another year added to the length of my journey. But how many years one loses in much more profitless pursuits during a lifetime! And then, I must confess, I was by no means pressed to return. The example of my old chum, the captain, had shown me the folly of always travelling post-haste, and the danger of staking all on success. To what purpose lengthen your mast and set your top-gallants, and plough the seas at the rate of seven or eight knots an hour, only to founder ridiculously on reaching port! In travelling, as in literature and many other things, to attain the end it is necessary *to hasten slowly*. A prudent slowness is the necessary condition of all achievement. Horace has erected this formula into a maxim, the classic Despréaux has made it the subject of an alexandrine, and if this long recital is supposed to need a "moral," I could not subjoin a better.—*Vale.*

THE END.

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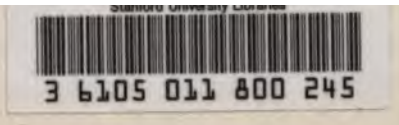
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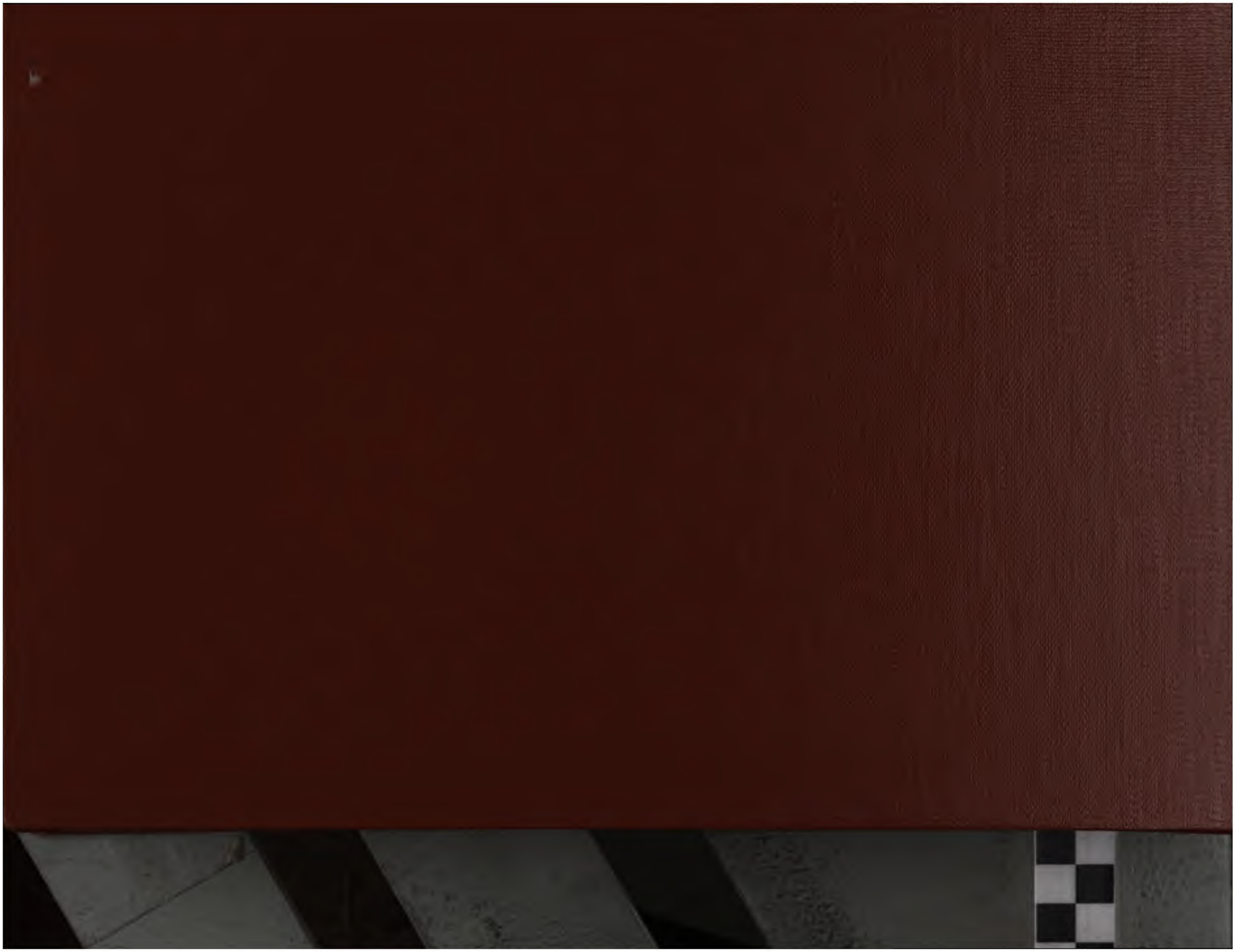
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